Collier's

FEBRUARY 17, 1945 TEN CENTS

E CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

Beginning

THE STORY OF JENNY WINGATE

—what the war did to one family

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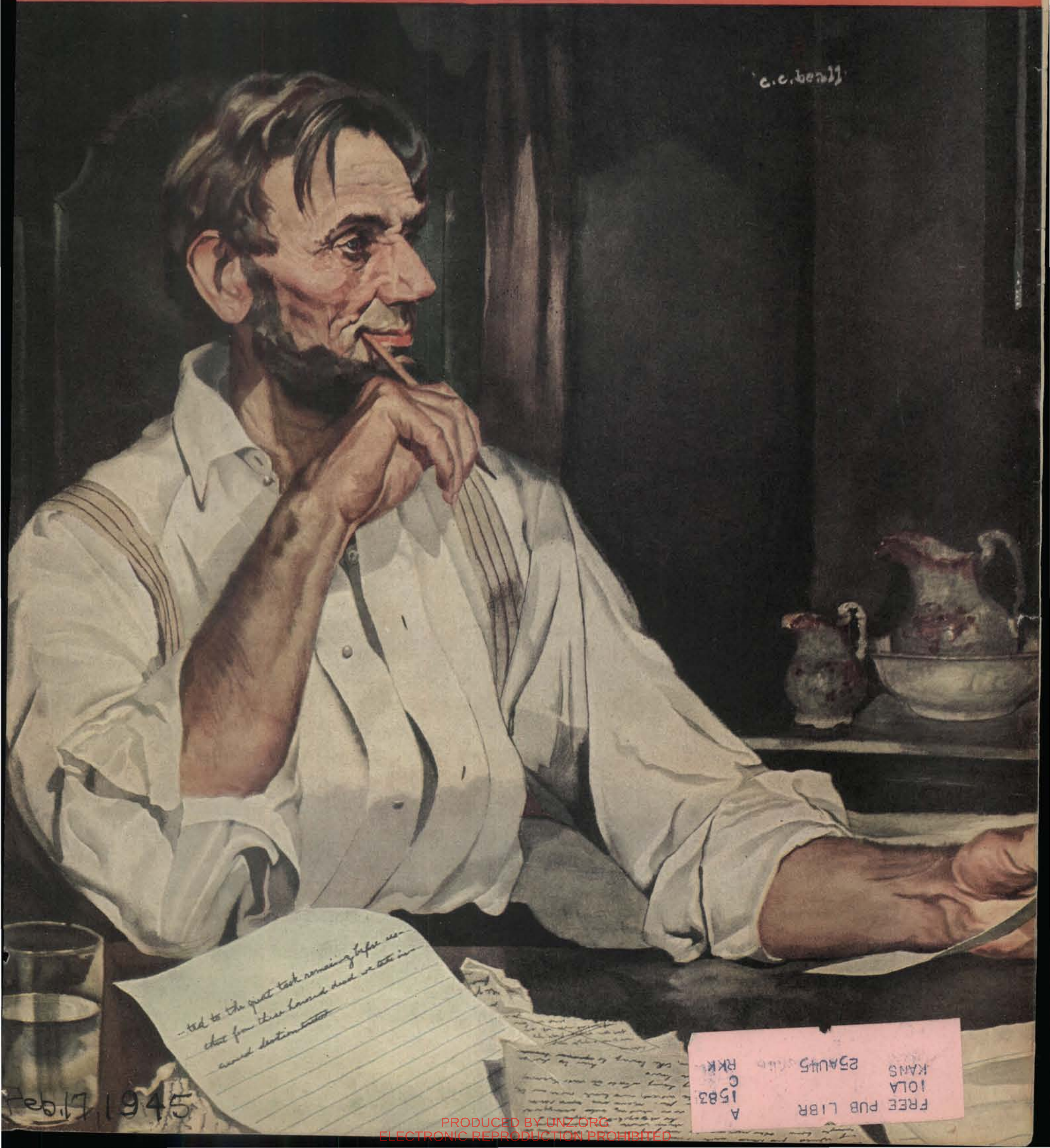
c.c.beall
—ted to the great task remaining before us—
that from these honored dead we take in—
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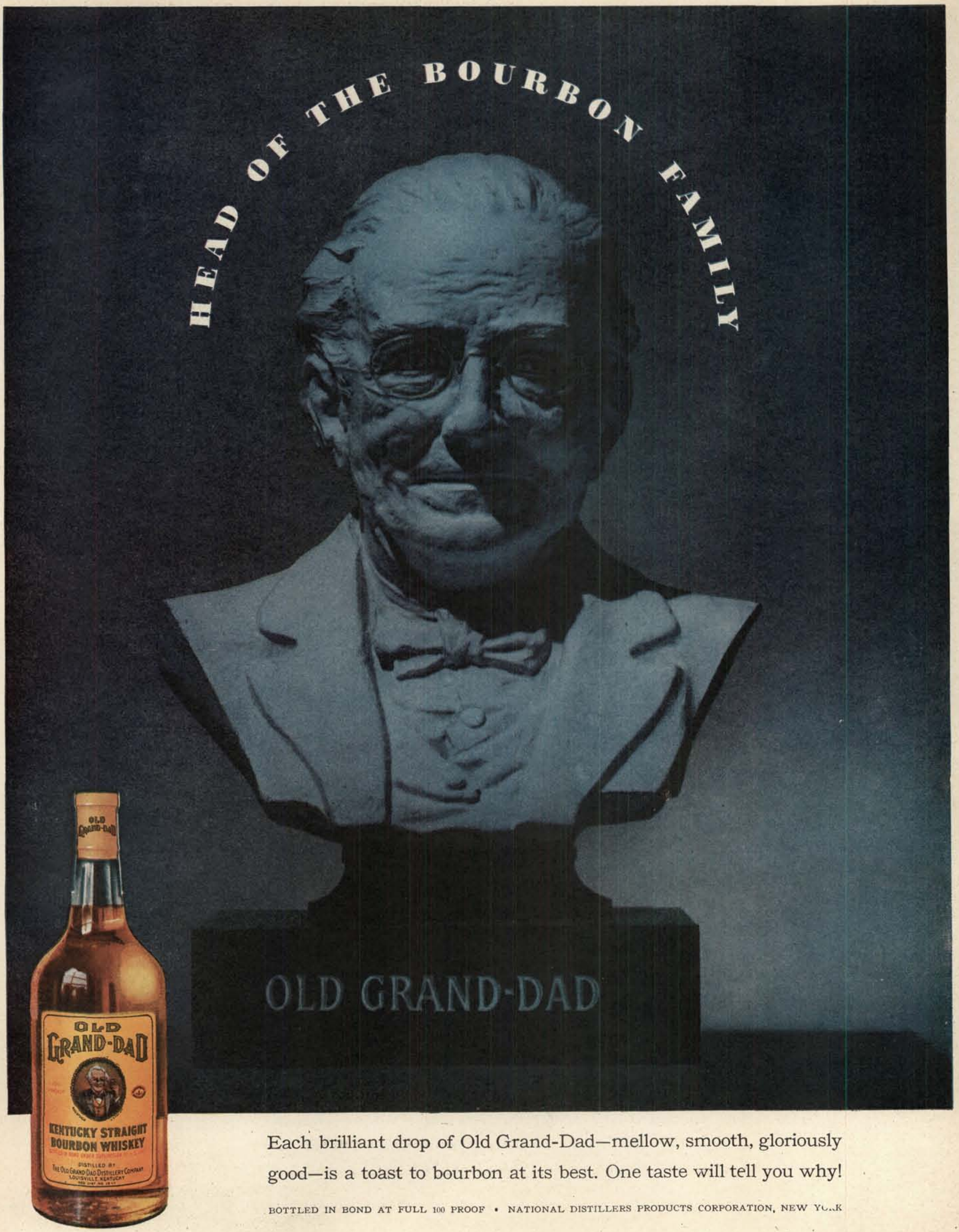
HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY
OLD GRAND-DAD
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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
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THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Each brilliant drop of Old Grand-Dad—mellow, smooth, gloriously good—is a toast to bourbon at its best. One taste will tell you why!

BOTTLED IN BOND AT FULL 100 PROOF • NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK

The tire that was "frozen and fried"

It started life in Pittsburgh and moved to San Antonio. Look at it, then guess its mileage

When Russell Angert, shown above, worked in a Pittsburgh shipyard, he bought a B. F. Goodrich *all-synthetic* tire. Two months later, believing that these new synthetics were O.K., Mr. Angert bought two more.

Driving 46 miles a day to and from his job, Mr. Angert covered roads that he classes as "newly constructed," "extremely bad," and "impossible." Most of this driving was done in the coldest part of winter. Most people didn't know *then* whether synthetic rubber could take that kind of usage.

Later the tires that had been "frozen" on Pennsylvania's winter roads were sent to "fry" in San Antonio. Mr. Angert had to drive cross-country to a new job, on pavements that could fry eggs in less than two minutes. Most people didn't know whether synthetic rubber could take *that* either.

The tire you see here had covered 21,000 miles when this picture was taken. It has not been recapped, and Mr. Angert says he expects "at least another 25,000 miles." (That seems optimistic, but B. F. Goodrich tires have set even higher mileage records, and we can't help admiring his enthusiasm.)

Tires of *synthetic* rubber may not yet be quite as good as pre-war tires, but they're a *definite success* when made the B. F. Goodrich way. Mr. Angert's case is just one of many. One reason is that B. F. Goodrich had a three-year head start in making and selling tires containing synthetic rubber. That was in 1940, eighteen months before the war. After that *extra* experience, B. F. Goodrich tires today offer extra wear, extra safety, extra value to essential drivers who qualify for them. The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.

In war or peace

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

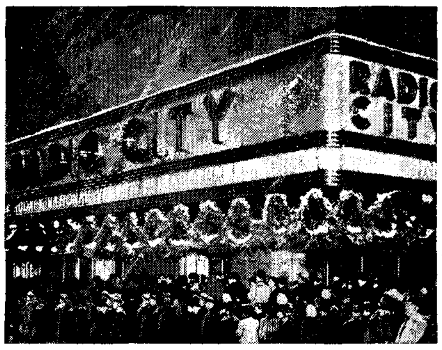
Picture OF THE MONTH

In columns past, we've tried to be the staid reviewer, calmly looking over the field of the cinema and advising you on the best. Once in a while, we admit, we may have been carried away just a wee bit by our enthusiasms.

Last month, for instance, we really went to town about M-G-M's "National Velvet". In fact, we told you we'd seen it twice and liked it even better the second time. Since then, as a kind of test, we've gone to see it a third time at its World Premiere.

There we got the verdict—from more than a million people who braved rain and sleet and snow to break all box-office records at Radio City Music Hall, the world's largest theatre!

And the critics! In upper case and lower case, bold face and italics, in several languages but with one voice, they cried from the housetops and the broadcasting towers and the editorial rooms throughout the nation that "National Velvet" is "Tops in entertainment!" (Louella Parsons); "A picture hard to match!" (Walter Winchell). And Bosley Crowther of *The New York Times* and Howard Barnes of *The New York Herald Tribune* chose "National Velvet" as one of the ten best pictures of the year!



Stack those opinions up with our one little burst of enthusiasm in this column last month! For our money, it was the understatement of the year.

Yes, sir, M-G-M has a hit—one of those pictures you see and love and talk about and practically drive all your friends into seeing also. And it's a picture that deserves to be a hit. You'll be thrilled, excited, moved to tears! You'll have the time of your life!

You've never seen a better Mickey Rooney; you've never met a more lovable girl than Elizabeth Taylor; you've never seen Donald Crisp in a better role since he won the Academy Award; you'll see the best "screen mother" of the year portrayed by Anne Revere. Supporting the principal players are Angela Lansbury, Jackie Jenkins, and Arthur Treacher, plus many more.

"National Velvet" is a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture in Technicolor and is based on Enid Bagnold's best-seller of two continents. A Clarence Brown production, it was directed by Clarence Brown (of "The Human Comedy" and "The White Cliffs of Dover") and produced by Pandro S. Berman. The screen play was by Theodore Reeves and Helen Deutsch.

P.S.—And don't say we didn't tell you about this film treat! Twice!

Collier's

FOR FEBRUARY 17, 1945

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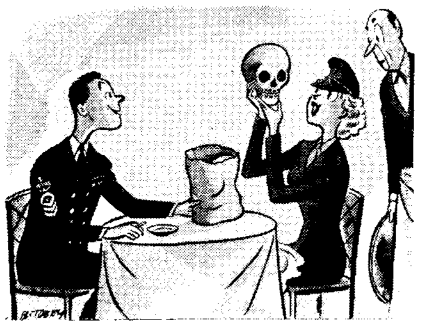
COVER By *C. C. BEALL*

any week

A FRIEND of ours took us to a fish-food restaurant in Washington. At the next table sat a girl Marine and her favorite man, a Merchant Marine petty officer. He'd just come back from a Mediterranean port, and they were obviously very glad indeed to see each other. He had brought her a nice present. It was in a large paper bag, and just before they left, she opened the bag and let us look: two human skulls, both bleached white, and with rather large holes in their backs.



A FELLOW who works for the War Production Board has been chiding us for something our magazine has said about his organization. WPB, he insists, is doing much better than it used to. For example, it wasn't so long ago that our engineers discovered that American screw threads and British screw threads were not the same at all. American screws are made with a truncated thread while the British make them round—the hill-and-dale type, as of course you knew all along. So a group of American engineers went to England to study British screw threads, and a group of British scientists came to the United States to look into screw threading here. After some weeks both sides withdrew to their own countries, knowing all there was to know about each other's screw threads, to write pamphlets about them. This, our friend tells us, is the sort of thing that is bound to bind the two countries together "for many minutes to come."

THE BOYCOTT of the black market (meat) advocated by the Honorable F. H. La Guardia, Mayor of New York, has aroused many of you, too. Mr. Ben Fulham of Baltimore, Maryland, thinks the idea might be taken up with profit by the police. They could, he says, boycott burglars and other malefactors, putting such nuisances to shame by refusing to have anything to do with them.

WE DIDN'T feel like saying anything, but we knew it would happen. The War Mobilization and the War Manpower powers had scarcely closed their mouths after decreeing that horse racing and professional athletics weren't necessary to

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"... but that means losing my home!"

Yes, John, the court knows the damages it has awarded will ruin you. It knows that you ordinarily are neither a willful nor a reckless driver—that a momentary lapse and a slippery pavement caused you to swerve into the other car. But a fellow citizen has been seriously crippled in an accident for which, unfortunately, you are legally responsible. The debt must be paid. Such tragedies happen daily to scores of drivers who neglect such a trifle as their automobile insurance.

Yes, automobile insurance is a trifle, but what a *tremendous trifle*—tremendous in its consequences, trifling in its cost. More than 1,000,000 State Farm policyholders have discovered, however, that all auto insurance is NOT alike—that theirs is different in many ways that benefit *them*. No wonder that State Farm Mutual is today the largest automobile insurance company in the world.

IMPORTANT NOW! State Farm has a plan to help you save 3 ways when you buy your next car: (1) on purchase price; (2) by financing through any cooperating bank; (3) on insurance. Send today to the State Farm Insurance Companies, Bloomington, Illinois, for *FREE BOOKLET* which describes not only the STATE FARM *Bankway* PLAN but also shows you how to compare life, fire, auto, personal and residence liability insurance values before buying. Or get in touch with your friendly State Farm agent. There are more than 6,000 agents in the U. S. and Canada at the service of State Farm policyholders.

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Why Can't I Grow Bristles
as Good as PROLON?

PROLON
Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic
WITH PROLON BRISTLES OF DUPONT CHEMISTRY
PROLON "ROUND-END"
ORDINARY BRISTLE
Actual Photomicrographs

For years only hog bristle made fine tooth brushes. Then Science made round-end *PROLON*

Far and away the best of the new synthetic tooth brush bristles, being marketed under various trade names, are those made by duPont.

"Prolon" is *our* trade name for the very finest grade of this duPont synthetic bristle.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: *How can the same duPont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?* You know the answer . . . it can't!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big *plus* is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends. It's a fact! *Under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.* See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to Round-End Prolon, the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": **1.** The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. **2.** Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. **3.** A *written* guarantee for six full months of use.

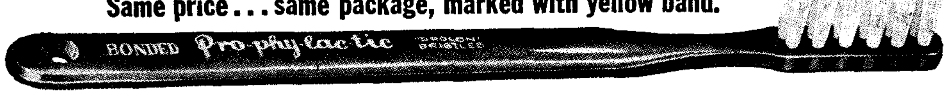
Next time, get the most for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

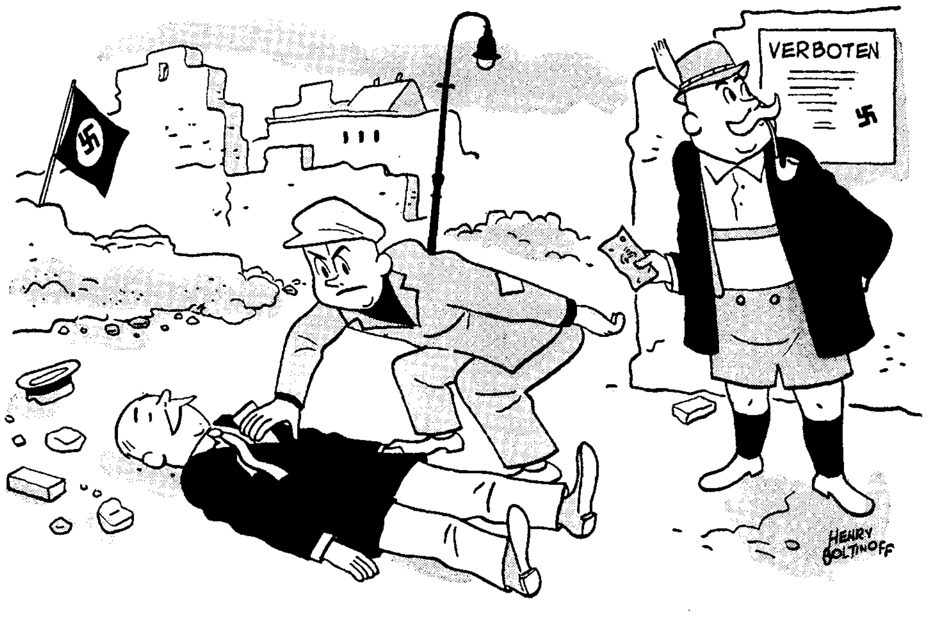
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.

Attention! Users of Smaller Brushes

Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic 2-ROW PROFESSIONAL has Round-End Prolon plus extra agility of professional-type compact brush head, only one inch long.

Same price . . . same package, marked with yellow band.





Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

After every sizable air raid on a German city, dealers quickly buy up the identification papers of men killed and sell them to others of an approximate age and description who wish to be recorded as dead. In this way, thousands of army deserters have eluded the Gestapo and are living today under other names.

Allied bombers are now using a new American navigation device that enables them to find their targets when concealed by fog or cloud.

Soon after Pearl Harbor, American airmen, finding the Japanese designations for Jap airplanes too clumsy, developed and adopted officially their own system, giving the code name of a boy or girl to each type. Thus, Sally is used for the Mitsubishi Army 97 bomber, Dave for the Nakajima Navy 95 reconnaissance, and Tony for the Kawasaki Army 03 fighter.

The Selden Patent, one of the greatest patent monopolies in American history, collected more than $6,000,000 in license fees from automobile manufacturers between 1903, when a federal court upheld the patent's validity in an infringement suit against Ford, and 1911, when a U. S. Court of Appeals reversed the decision. During these eight years, manufacturers, except Ford, paid a royalty to George B. Selden on every car, not knowing that his patent actually covered only the two-cycle engine, not the four-cycle engine which they had used for well over a decade.

The term "cancan" is a good illustration of the extent to which a word may be changed, in the course of time, in both meaning and as a part of speech. While now used as a noun and a name of a French dance, it is derived from the Latin conjunction *quamquam,* meaning "although."

While the Nazis have expressed only the utmost contempt for the Versailles Treaty, they took the trouble to locate and steal France's copy before they retreated from Paris.—*By Alberta B. Summers, New York City.*

When a giant Australian earthworm, ten to twelve feet in length, bores its way through the ground, the gurgling and sucking sounds it makes are so loud that they are clearly audible to a person on the surface.

A new electronic control for the shutter of aerial cameras opens it about one one-hundredth of a second after the bursting of a flash bomb whose light sets it in motion. Thus, in synchronizing the exposure with the illumination at its peak, the device enables pilots to get excellent reconnaissance photographs from high altitudes at night.

A code for communicating secret messages, so ingenious that it never aroused suspicion, was invented and used by a woman spy during the recent civil war in Spain. At the hours on the days when her confederate was to stroll by her pet shop, she placed seven small aquariums of varied size in the window and conveyed her information to him by their arrangement and their contents—the quantity of water and the number and kind of tropical fish.

The world's most primitive people are certain nomadic tribes living in Central Australia, who still do not wear any clothes, cultivate any land, possess any animals but dogs, or build any kind of home, merely setting up temporary windbreaks on cold nights

No radio show broadcast today in Mexico City approaches in popularity *La Hora Intima,* or The Intimate Hour, a 30-minute Thursday-night program on which Augustin Lara has sung his own songs and accompanied himself on the piano for the past twelve years. His success is due to the widespread appeal of his 500 compositions, which are sensual and tragic while expressing the philosophy, moods and sentiments of all kinds of women. Last year, Lara and President Roosevelt were presented with identical watches by the Mexican government.

A new aeronautical dictionary, published in the United States and designed for universal use, gives both technical and nontechnical definitions in nine languages: English, Russian, Chinese, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, German and Japanese.

Among the several kinds of oil too heavy to float on water are those of clove, sassafras and wintergreen.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

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There's still a tough war to win

Gun crew officers, in helmets and flash gear, keep careful watch following an attack on their carrier. Action took place in the Southwest Pacific. Officer at right is relaying observations by telephone.

THE telephone and radio on ships and planes have made a vast change in naval warfare.

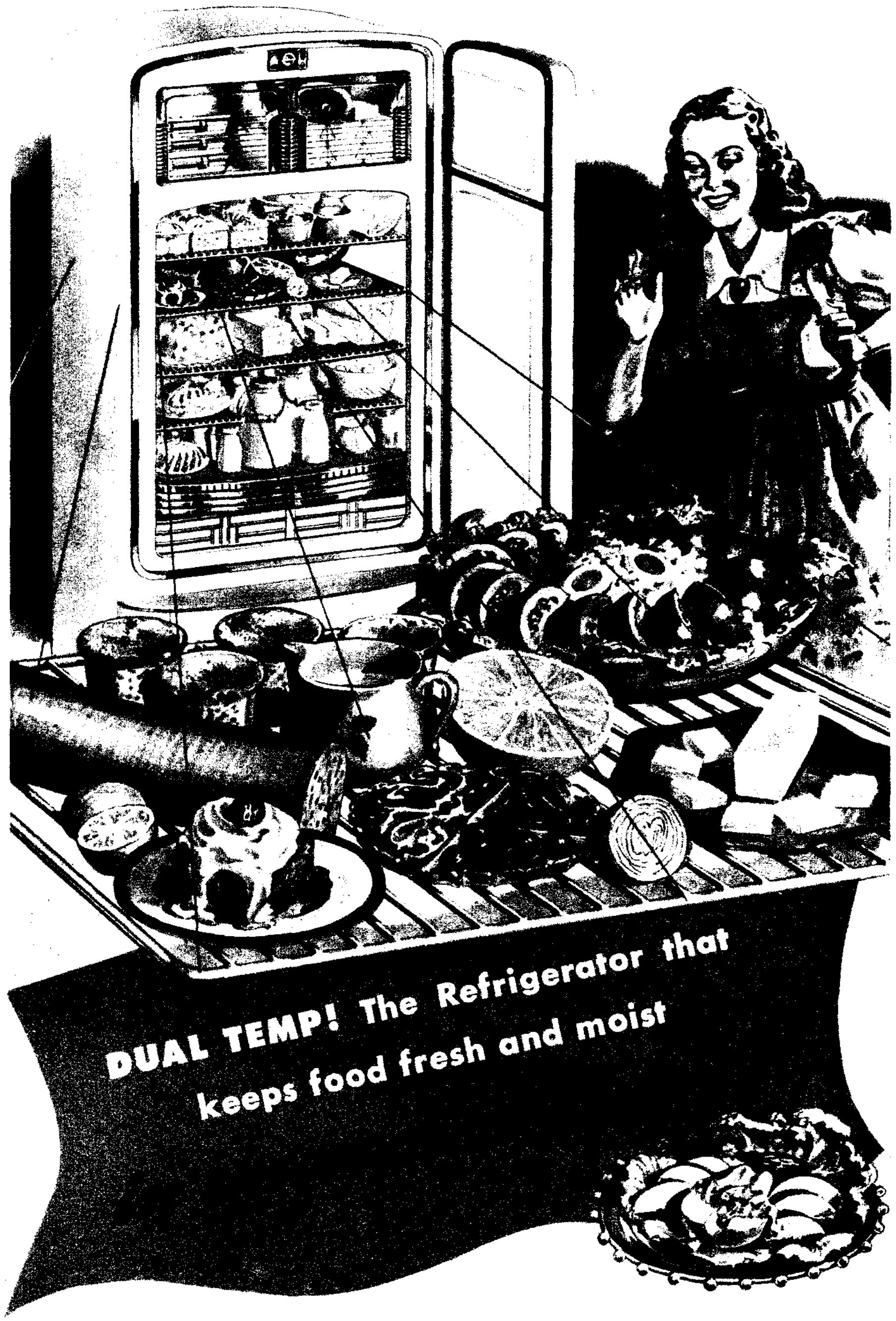
Our Navy has more of these things than any other navy in the world. The battleship Wisconsin alone has enough telephones to serve a city of 10,000.

A great part of this naval equipment comes from the Western Electric Company, manufacturing branch of the Bell System.

That helps to explain why we here at home are short of telephones and switchboards.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

It's a postwar Promise ... from
Admiral


DUAL TEMP! The Refrigerator that keeps food fresh and moist

No more dried-out foods, no more covered dishes, no regular, messy job of defrosting—DUAL TEMP's extra large Purified Moist Cold Compartment takes care of that! Foods retain all their natural goodness and vitamin content. STERILAMP's ultra violet ray action kills bacteria, retards mold, prevents odors. Separate, built-in HOME FREEZER quick freezes or stores 80 pounds of frozen foods . . . *nearly two full bushels.* DUAL TEMP is the successor to the ordinary mechanical refrigerator, and remember *only* ADMIRAL can build a DUAL TEMP.

Tune in CBS, Sundays, 2:30 P. M., EWT
for Admiral's "World News Today."

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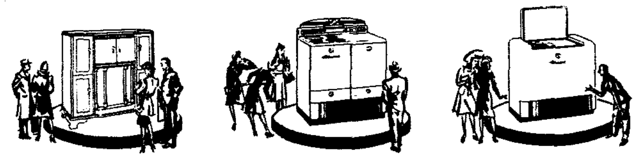
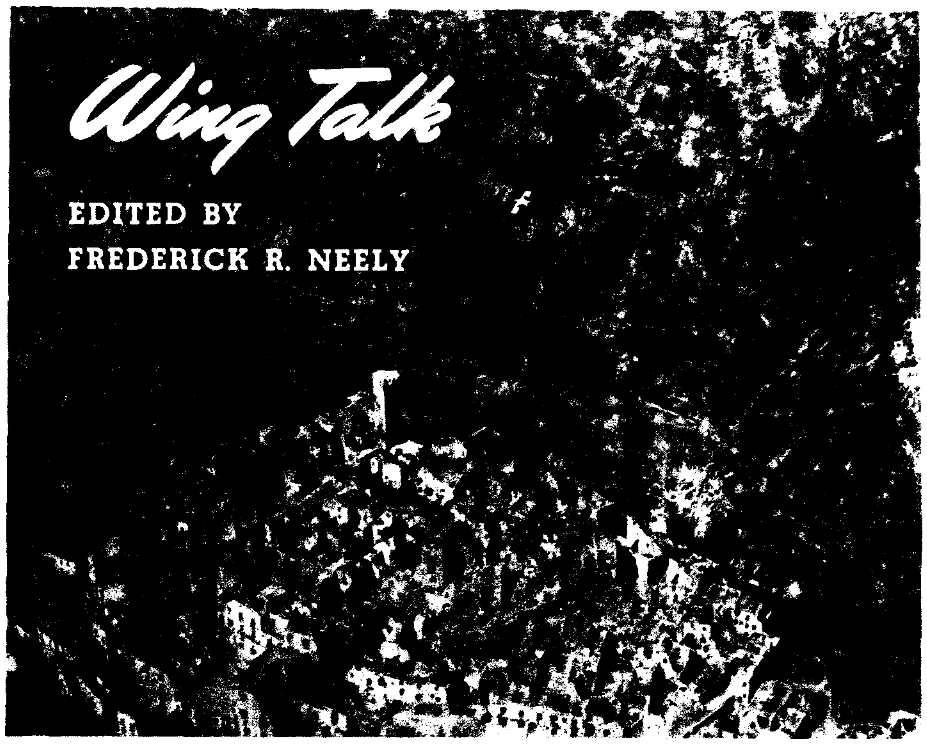


Wing Talk

EDITED BY
FREDERICK R. NEELY



SIGNAL CORPS

Ruined Castelforte, Italy, as seen from a Piper Cub, one of the audacious, tiny, unarmed "Grasshoppers" that spot the enemy for our Field Artillery

FROM Mrs. W. B. Mohney, Topeka, came the suggestion that "an article in your magazine on Grasshopper planes would be interesting—not the Grasshopper of the Air Corps, but of the Field Artillery. It is a very important part of the Army and most people have never even heard about it." She says that being the mother of an Army Grasshopper pilot, she knows "something of what it takes."

Coincidental with the arrival of her letter, and as if by prearrangement of the most devious sort, we received a story from Captain Harold H. Strickland, of the Ninth Tactical Air Force in Europe. Captain Strickland is no Grasshopper pilot, but he did fly for fourteen months with the RAF's famous Eagle Squadron; he compiled 197 combat hours in Spitfires and is one of that select group permitted to wear the wings of both the AAF and the RAF.

A hot-shot fighter pilot of his caliber could be expected to see nothing wonderful about the little guys in the unarmed Piper Cubs (L-4s, the Field Artillery calls them) who upset the prewar theories of some of our technical experts that these tiny primary trainers and sport planes could have no great part in military operations. But the Field Artillery took them in and now uses them to distinct advantage as flying observation posts for directing artillery fire. If you want to avoid being backed into a corner and talked to death about the wonderful work of these little puttputts, never mention the word Grasshopper to a Field Artillery man. As far as he's concerned, the Grasshopper and the Field Artillery are welded together forevermore in the art of warfare. Which leaves some red faces in the Air Forces, who wanted specially designed and built observation planes at several times the cost of the little Aeroncas, Cubs and Taylorcraft which could be—and subsequently were—bought right off the shelf and sent to war.

BUT you want to hear what this 42-year-old fighter pilot from Detroit has to say about the Field Artillery Air Force:

During our attack west of Saint-Lô (writes Captain Strickland), I watched our artillery Grasshoppers circling enemy positions. Occasionally German flak burst close to them, and they scattered like partridges, then cautiously edged back again. Thunderbolts dived very low and attacked with rockets, then the artillery fired onto a ridge and when many positions were being swallowed up in explosions, the Grasshoppers flew westward. Then the long columns of tanks, self-propelled guns and "destroyers" began to move, and clouds of dust rose above the treetops; the infantry moved up the steep slopes. The battle for Saint-Lô began.

Like most Normandy towns, Saint-Lô was built where several strategic roads cross. From within the thick stone walls and the surrounding hills, the Nazis controlled a natural corridor. The Grasshoppers were an important link in the infantry-air-artillery team that broke those strong defensive positions.

Some days before that push, I watched one of the Grasshoppers—Li'l Sourpuss—hovering over a tiny pasture near Isigny. Within the pasture there were slit trenches, foxholes and cows. Completely surrounding it were trees and concrete telephone poles. A 20-mile-an-hour wind was blowing across it, a gusty wind, too. It was raining. It was dark. And the field was small even for a Grasshopper.

THE pilot dragged it methodically, then straightened out for a cross-wind landing, gliding and crabbing into the wind with such a huge drift angle that the ship appeared to be flying sidewise. He did a neat turn around a beech tree at an air speed close to the stall. He maintained the large angle of yaw and a sideslip until just before it touched down; then straightened out in the direction of flight with down-wind rudder and aileron into the wind. He dropped it in about twelve inches.

It was a good landing under full control squarely in the middle of the pasture at a place where apple trees served as a windbreak. Yet, from our position in the hedgerow, we were wondering. He was rolling fast, and straight ahead of him were the cows. As usual, they wouldn't budge. Having survived barrages, naval shelling and blockbusters, these Normandy cows cared little about the intricacy of a cross-wind landing. Grasshopper crews, though, have learned to evaluate one risk against another and sometimes considerable juggling of values is required.

Li'l Sourpuss headed into the cows, then decelerated at a remarkable rate. It was deceleration seldom witnessed in peacetime and was achieved because the pilot dropped it in, utilized the braking effect of tall grass and applied brakes heavily—for far back toward the tail his plane carried a spare propeller.

With these extraordinary assurances of deceleration, he rolled close up to the nearest cow, executed a neat, controlled ground loop into the wind, then asked if there were any unexploded shells around.

It wasn't all luck. It was good airmanship and good headwork of the kind that is required every day from the wartime Grasshoppers. Others came in the next day while the Long Toms were firing.

Nazi prisoners have gnashed their teeth and held their ears while describing the effects

(Continued on page 71)

"NOW I KNOW..."

Back here . . .
Back home . . .

With our missions done and the roar of guns and the bombs fading and faint in our ears . . .

Back here, I remember how, out there, we went in, wave after wave, ducked through the flak and made our runs and the bomb-bursts splashed on the factories below and the flames shot up and the smoke came down and hung like a shroud over the rubble that had been a town, and then was dead.

Back here, I *remember*, now, the power of America at war!

I don't want to kill . . .
I don't want to destroy . . .
I want to work and build and make things live and grow.

Now I know we've got the power and the might to smash factories and cities and countries into dust . . . I know that here at home we've got the power and the will to build new towns and cities . . . to build an even finer, an even greater country of our own . . .

Now I know Americans can think and plan and work together to build the greatest war machine the world has ever seen . . . I know there's no limit to what we can do when this war's won and we've come home for peace.

Now I know this war will not be fought in vain . . . this Victory can be made real for all of us . . . if we can keep on working together not to destroy but to create.

Now I know that if we turn all the power we have gained in war, to peace . . . there can *always* be for me and every man a boundless opportunity to dream, to work, to grow . . . to build *our* America the way we want it to be . . .

That's what War . . .
That's what Victory . . .
That's what Peace means to me.

• • •

When Victory comes, Nash will go on . . . from the building of instruments of war to the making of two great new cars designed to be the finest, biggest, most comfortable, most economical, most advanced automobiles ever produced for the medium and low-price fields . . . the new Nash Ambassador Six and the new Nash "600."

And we will build these cars in numbers three times greater than we ever have before!

In this way, Nash will help contribute the jobs, the opportunities, the futures which will insure the strong, vital and growing America all of us owe to those who have fought to preserve it.

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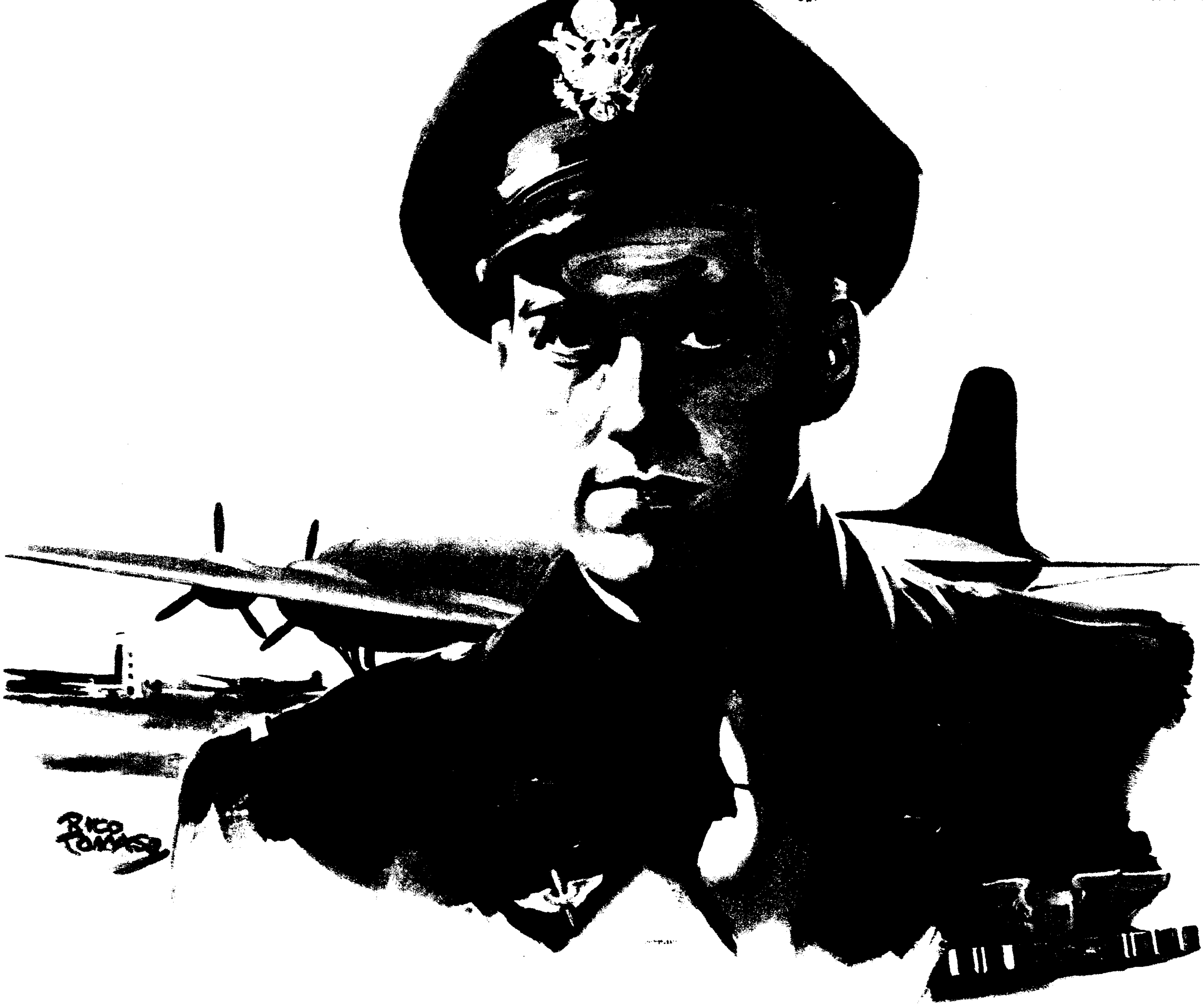

"Saint George—wood sculpture, about 1500, from the Abbaye de Soliers. (Collection of the Chevalier de Melotte de Lavaux.")

People don't erect monuments like this to insurance agents. And certainly no insurance man would ever think of himself as a knight in shining armor, slaying dragons. But the fact remains that this unassuming, hard-working citizen has slain the dragons of hunger, poverty, and fear for more people than most of us will ever realize.

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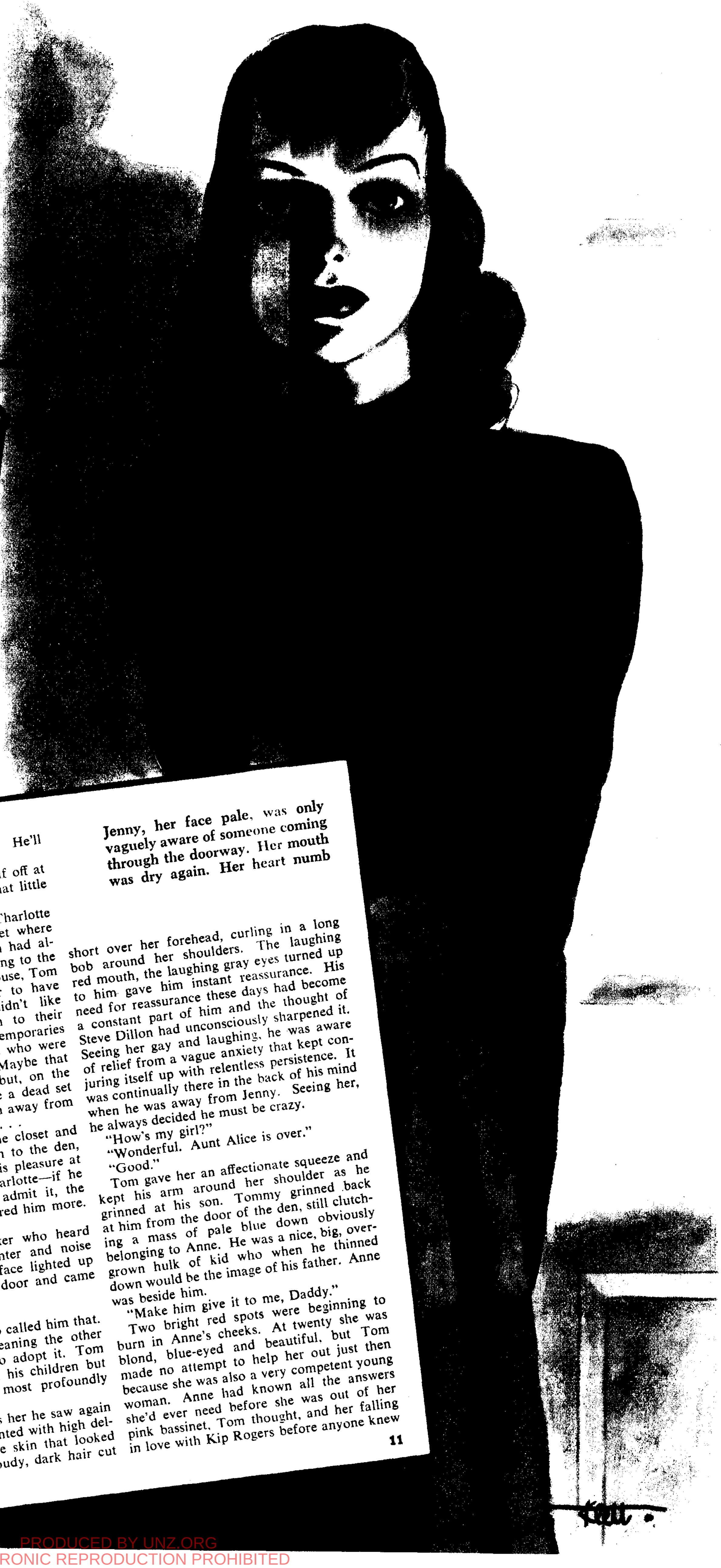
COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR FEBRUARY 17, 1945

THE STORY OF
Jenny Wing

BY ZENITH BROWN

Here begins the story of the war's shocking impact upon a sensitive young girl and her family in a small city that might be anyone's home town

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT



Jenny, her face pale, was only vaguely aware of someone coming through the doorway. Her mouth was dry again. Her heart numb

THE minute he opened the front door Tom Wingate could tell whether Helen and the kids were home. When y were all there together the house had a ecial warmth and a kind of pulsating iety. When Helen was out doing war work she was so often—too often, Tom thought, ithout liking to tell her so—it seemed cold nd a little dead.

He put his brief case down on the hall able, took off his overcoat unconscious of he anticipatory smile that started slowly at the corners of his mouth and came vividly to life in his eyes. Tall, with light brown hair, simple and unaffected, Tom Wingate looked too young to be the president of Fairfield's most flourishing bank and father of the three young Wingates.

The lively chatter of his children came through the living room from the den. The radio was on, its nostalgic voice punctuated by the sharp crackle of a pine log burning in the fireplace and the subdued clatter of Maggie, the Wingates' part-time maid, getting dinner out in the kitchen. It was pleasant coming home when they were all there, and Tom paused a moment, listening.

"Tommy! Stop it! Mother! Make him put it down!"

Tom Wingate grinned. Tommy was baiting Anne again. He'd spent most of his fifteen years tormenting her, but he was unmerciful now that she was engaged to Kip Rogers of the Cleveland Rogers and in a romantic dither getting ready for her wedding in June.

But Tom Wingate didn't mind. In fact he rather enjoyed it because Anne was taking herself so seriously of late it was getting a little hard for the rest of them to take her at all. Except her mother. At times, Tom thought, Helen was getting as big a kick out of all the preparations for the wedding as Anne herself was.

"Tommy! Don't! Mrs. Wingate! He'll *spoil* it!"

The grin on Tom's face wiped itself off at once. "Oh, Lord," he groaned. "That little red-headed witch is here again."

He wished that just *sometimes* Charlotte Preston would stay across the street where she belonged. While he and Helen had always made a point of never objecting to the children's friends coming to the house, Tom was finding it harder and harder to have Charlotte Preston there. He didn't like young people who were smooth to their elders and rough on their contemporaries and he especially didn't like girls who were out after every man they met. Maybe that wasn't quite fair to Charlotte, but, on the other hand, she'd certainly made a dead set for Kip Rogers, trying to get him away from Anne. And even Steve Dillon. . . .

Tom hung his overcoat in the closet and started through the living room to the den, a little of the edge taken off his pleasure at being home. It wasn't all Charlotte—if he had been entirely willing to admit it, the thought of Steve Dillon bothered him more.

"Daddy!"

It was his younger daughter who heard him coming above the laughter and noise and music. Tom Wingate's face lighted up again as Jenny reached the door and came flying to kiss him.

"Hi, Pal!"

She was the only one who called him that. It had so much special meaning the other two had never attempted to adopt it. Tom Wingate loved all three of his children but Jenny was the one who most profoundly moved him.

As he bent down to kiss her he saw again the small radiant face, pointed with high delicate cheekbones and pale skin that looked paler in the frame of cloudy, dark hair cut short over her forehead, curling in a long bob around her shoulders. The laughing red mouth, the laughing gray eyes turned up to him gave him instant reassurance. His need for reassurance these days had become a constant part of him and the thought of Steve Dillon had unconsciously sharpened it. Seeing her gay and laughing, he was aware of relief from a vague anxiety that kept conjuring itself up with relentless persistence. It was continually there in the back of his mind when he was away from Jenny. Seeing her, he always decided he must be crazy.

"How's my girl?"

"Wonderful. Aunt Alice is over."

"Good."

Tom gave her an affectionate squeeze and kept his arm around her shoulder as he grinned at his son. Tommy grinned back at him from the door of the den, still clutching a mass of pale blue down obviously belonging to Anne. He was a nice, big, overgrown hulk of kid who when he thinned down would be the image of his father. Anne was beside him.

"Make him give it to me, Daddy."

Two bright red spots were beginning to burn in Anne's cheeks. At twenty she was blond, blue-eyed and beautiful, but Tom made no attempt to help her out just then because she was also a very competent young woman. Anne had known all the answers she'd ever need before she was out of her pink bassinet, Tom thought, and her falling in love with Kip Rogers before anyone knew he was of the Cleveland Rogers had definitely proved it. Anne would always do all right and so would Tommy. Nothing would ever touch either of them too deeply. And that was fine. It meant nothing would ever hurt them very deeply either. But Jenny was different.

Tom looked down at her. She was watching her brother and sister with sparkling eyes.

"Give it to her, Tommy," she laughed.

"Okay."

Tommy tossed the fluffy bundle of maribou feathers back to his older sister.

"Who wants that stuff anyway?"

Tommy, fiend incarnate to Anne, became putty in Jenny's hands. While no one could accuse him of being sensitive or intuitive, it always surprised Tom how clearly he recognized a quality in Jenny that Tom had been trying lately to analyze. Tommy never teased her, he was never rough and tumble with her. It was something she had that protected her, a quality elusive and lovely, some deeply innate privacy, Tom had thought recently, as if she were spun from early morning sunlight and stardust. He had always been aware of it, but, since the business of Steve Dillon, she had seemed to withdraw within herself, to become somewhat remote, and he had become both acutely conscious of it and pretty much disturbed. But seeing her now in her blue sweater and dirndl, having as much fun as the rest of them, Tom decided he must be working too hard. He needed a vacation. There was nothing wrong with Jenny.

"Hello, darling." Helen Wingate raised her dark, elegant head from her sewing, her blue eyes laughing. Tom had been married to her twenty-one years and he was still in love with her. And one of the nicest things about her was that she was always more amused than disturbed by Anne's and Tommy's squabbles.

He smiled back at her from the door and then at the slender blond woman sitting in the corner of the old sofa by the fireplace.

"Hello, Alice."

"Hi, Tom."

Alice Acton was Aunt Alice by courtesy and her being there with Helen and the children heightened Tom Wingate's pleasure in being home. He stood in the door a moment taking in the small comfortable room. They called it the den in winter but it was the porch when they took down the storm windows and put up screens in summer. Now the brightly flowered chintz curtains were drawn against the March wind whipping around the back corner of the house. The rug was worn and the furniture was old and shabby enough so it didn't matter how many feet were on it. The log fire, the shaded lamps, the books and papers that cluttered it up were part of its charm.

TOM had always liked this room but he had never recognized it as a really precious part of his life until the Army moved in on Fairfield the year before the war. The steady stream of khaki-clad young men from Camp McNair ten miles west of Fairfield on the highway to Landover had given him that appreciation. Seeing them wander aimlessly around the Post Office Square outside the bank, waiting their turn to get into one of Fairfield's two movies, or hunting a place to eat, underscored the comfortable security of the room he came to at the end of the day.

Even when Charlotte Preston was there, he thought with a wry half-smile, as he went over and sat down in his worn leather armchair by the fire. Charlotte was on the floor, cross-legged, helping Anne straighten out the pile of pale blue fluff Tommy had relinquished. Her sherry-colored eyes were bright and the firelight and lamplight on her hair made it the color of new molten copper. Tom had to admit, however reluctantly, that she was not unpleasant to look at.

"Isn't it *divine,* Mr. Wingate!" she exclaimed. "Kip's mother sent it."

Anne jumped up and held the maribou coat out for her father to see, her cheeks still warm but her blue eyes dancing with excitement.

"Isn't it wonderful, Daddy? Where's the card, Charlotte? Kip's mother says every girl ought to start married life with one frivolous negligee. Isn't it *super,* Daddy!"

Tom Wingate lighted his pipe, and Jenny, who had perched herself on the arm of his chair, took the match and tossed it in the fire for him. Tom smiled at his older daughter. From what he had heard of Kip's parents they didn't go in for much frivolity so she might as well enjoy it while she could.

He glanced across at Alice Acton.

But Alice wasn't looking at the blue maribou negligee. The smile had gone out of her eyes, and Tom saw that she was watching Jenny, an expression of concern on her face. He glanced up. Jenny, unaware that either of them was looking at her, had turned her head and was gazing abstractedly into the fire. There was something so wistful, so lost and sad in the gently drooping lines of her face and her dark head that Tom moved abruptly and put down his pipe, hoping it would bring her back to them. But she *didn't* notice. She might have been a thousand miles away, in another far-off country.

"It's enchanting, Annie," Helen Wingate said.

"It's goofy," Tommy said. "Kip'll be drinking duck feathers in his coffee." He gave the box a shove with his foot and turned to Jenny. "Nuts to feathers—Jenny and I are allergic to them," he said. "Come on, Jen, I've got a new record. Let's go play it."

Anne grabbed her negligee, the bright spots flaming up in her cheeks again.

"Jenny's allergic to everything but Steve Dillon," she retorted hotly. "And she's so selfish she can't bear to see anybody else happy. That's what Jenny's allergic to!"

Jenny had slipped off her father's chair arm when Tommy held his hand out to her and started out with him, gay and laughing again. Now she stopped, her eyes dilated with bewildered surprise.

"Oh, nuts to you, Mrs. Spit and Polish Rogers," Tommy growled. "Don't pay her no mind, Jenny. Come on." He pulled Jenny out of the door and they clattered through the dining room to the basement playroom.

"Mother, you've simply got to—"

"Go on upstairs, Anne," Helen interrupted her patiently. Watching Anne and Charlotte leave the room, she put down her work. "Honestly," she said, "I don't know what's got into these kids the last few weeks."

TOM WINGATE picked up his pipe again. His troubled eyes met Alice Acton's a moment, but she turned her head away and sat gazing thoughtfully into the fire, the flames making golden lights dance in her ash-blond hair.

Slim and smart, always simply and casually dressed in honey beige or golden brown, Alice Acton was Tom Wingate's ideal woman. He wasn't in love with her and never had been although he had known her all his life. She and her husband, Joe Acton, were the best friends he had ever had. They were also not only the motive force, they were also the heart and center of the little town of Fairfield.

They were the only people in town who had any money, yet they put on less dog than anyone else Tom knew. In a sense they *were* Fairfield. They owned most of the town but even before OPA they never raised anybody's rent or evicted anyone who couldn't pay it.

Crowded down around the river landing and, later, the railroad station on Water Street, Fairfield had grown. The better stores and shops pushed up the four blocks of Main Street and the banks and professional people took over the Square. Tom Wingate's bank was at the head of Main Street on the corner. His view of the handsome new Post Office that gave the Square its present name was obstructed only by the old green and white painted wood bandstand, and a few tired sycamore trees that grew around it.

The people who made up whatever society Fairfield could be said to own had been in turn pushed over to the south side of Main Street. When the oil refinery came in on the river six blocks from the railroad station below them, they had to move again. It was then that Joe Acton had cut up his farm on the edge of town to the north and made a new residential district for Fairfield.

If it hadn't been for Alice and Joe Acton, Tom and Helen Wingate would still be living over by the oil refinery. Tom might be president of Fairfield's most flourishing bank but it was a small town and a small bank. Four thousand a year wasn't a great deal to raise three kids on and maintain even the simple position Helen felt they had to maintain. They could never have afforded to build a new house if the Actons hadn't given them a hundred-foot lot on the corner of the square block around the old farmhouse that they kept for themselves. With their three sons, Alice and Joe said, and the Wingates' two daughters and one son, they'd have a nucleus of young people that would make Acton Place the center of child life in Fairfield. Tom Wingate had always been glad they had accepted the gift.

And now, looking across at Alice gazing thoughtfully into the fire he was gladder than ever. It must be unbearably lonely for her, he thought, in that big farmhouse with Joe and the three boys on active duty in the four corners of the earth. With Joe in Italy, young Joe in the Aleutians, Tad in the South Pacific, and Bill a flying cadet in Florida, Tom often wondered how Alice kept her calm, unruffled spirit so warmly and beautifully intact.

She always made a habit of coming over to visit with the Wingates at this time each day—when Joe and the boys would have been coming home if they had been around, but she never said she was lonely. She just dropped in and stayed a while and went home again. He could see now from the mud stains on her heavy brogues that she had been out at the big new farm on the river all day.

She seemed unusually serious, and he looked at her anxiously, wondering if she was bothered about Joe or the boys. "What's the matter, Alice?" he asked.

She smiled then and looked up.

"I was just thinking about Jenny—she worries me." Her voice was low and pleasantly husky.

Helen put her work abruptly down in her lap and glanced at Alice, her face tightening.

"If you and Tom are going to start that again, Alice, I'm going upstairs." She was so curt she was almost rude.

"Run along then, dear," Alice answered placidly, "because I'm going to talk to somebody if it's just the cat. You keep on saying you don't know what's got into the kids and I think it's about time somebody told you."

Helen's hands trembled a little as she folded up Tommy's sweat shirt and put it on the table. "Now look, Alice," she said. "Once and for all, I'm sorry that—just to have a little peace in the house—I didn't let Jenny marry Steve Dillon. But I think I was right. *Jenny was too young to marry anybody.* I believed it then and I still believe it."

Alice Acton didn't say anything, although there was a great deal she wanted to say. The tension in the house was affecting all of them—even Tom. He seemed a little older and rather tired lately. They were all irritable which was unlike them.

"Look, Alice—"

Helen was obviously trying to control her temper. She looked from Alice to Tom and back at Alice again.

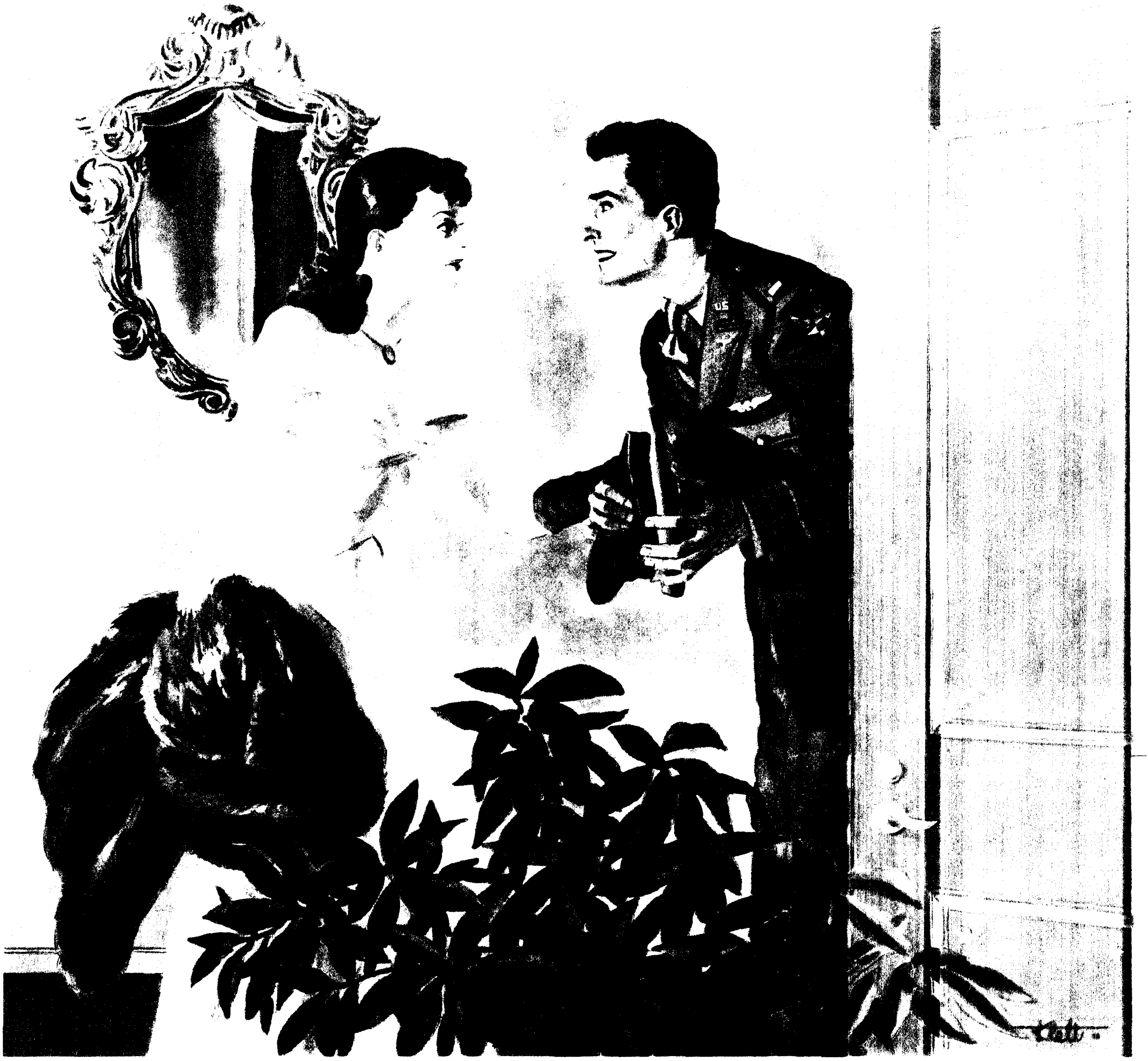
"Jenny was nothing but a baby when Steve came barging back here that night. And he had never been interested in Jenny or Jenny in him. It was Charlotte he liked, never Jenny. But he simply swept her off her feet that night. *Of* course, the lamb thought she was in love with him. But Jenny's just a *child,* Alice. Jenny doesn't know what love is."

"I wonder," Alice said quietly.

Helen Wingate got up.

"*Honestly,* Alice! I don't understand you and Tom. I can't see that there's anything wrong with Jenny."

"You're never home long enough to see anything, are you, Helen?" Alice answered. "That's one of the things I've been wanting to say to you for a long time. You're



winning the war possibly, but you're defeating your own family."

Alice spoke more calmly than she thought she was going to be able to because it was something she felt very strongly about. Every time she saw Tommy amble listlessly in from school, every time she saw the far-away lost look in Jenny's lovely gray eyes she felt more passionately about it than ever.

She looked up at Helen, a faint, irrepressible smile curving her lips, and noticed the sudden approving grin on Tom Wingate's face, then saw him hastily trying to get rid of it. She had suspected him of wanting to say the same thing but she also knew that it was hard to say because Helen was doing a splendid job. She worked like a dog, and he couldn't help but be proud of her.

Helen Wingate was speechless for a moment, but when she recovered, the room seemed full of sharp splinters of ice: "Perhaps if people like you did a little more—"

"Granted, Helen," Alice cut her off quickly. "I'm known to be a very selfish woman."

"I don't know how you could give more, Alice," Tom put in quietly. "You've given a husband and three sons and you're doing a hell of a fine job out on the farm."

Alice flashed him a quick, vivid smile. "Thanks, dear," she said lightly.

Helen turned and picked up Tommy's sweat shirt. She took a step toward the door and stopped.

"There's just one more thing I want to say about Jenny," she said deliberately. "Then I hope we can all skip it. In the first place, Steve Dillon is out in the South Pacific so there's nothing any of us could do if we wanted to. And, in the second place, and in spite of both of you, it seems to me that Jenny's having herself a very happy time. If she were as passionately dedicated to Steve Dillon as you two are trying to pretend, she wouldn't be going out with Rick Hadley all the time. He was here last night and she's going to the Country Club dance with him this Saturday and I certainly can't see but that she's always delighted to go out with him. Much as I love you both I think the two of you are absolutely crazy. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm going to see about dinner."

ALICE sat quietly looking into the fire. It was stupid of her even to attempt to make Helen see, she thought. Helen could understand Anne; she was wonderful about the wedding and all the glamor and the parties and the blue maribou negligee—but she had never understood Jenny. One thing, of course, was true—she'd never pretended differently; in fact, her amused hopelessness about Jenny had always seemed to Alice rather engaging until lately.

She shook her head and looked over at Tom. It was Tom who always had the real sense of Jenny. It was strange too, because Tom was a first-rate banker and bankers weren't supposed to be spiritually perceptive. Alice laughed lightly, wondering what Tom would think if she called him that.

Jenny flashed by her father to the door where Rick Hadley, cap in hand, stood waiting for her. "Hello, Rick!" she said. "I'm ready— Let's go." Her father suddenly felt a sharp, twisting doubt. He had never seen Jenny act that way before

"I wish I could see something funny about it, Alice," he said, knocking out his pipe on the side of the stone fireplace. "I wish to heaven we'd let her marry him."

"I wish to heaven you wouldn't let her see so much of Lieutenant Hadley," returned Alice. "That's what worries me."

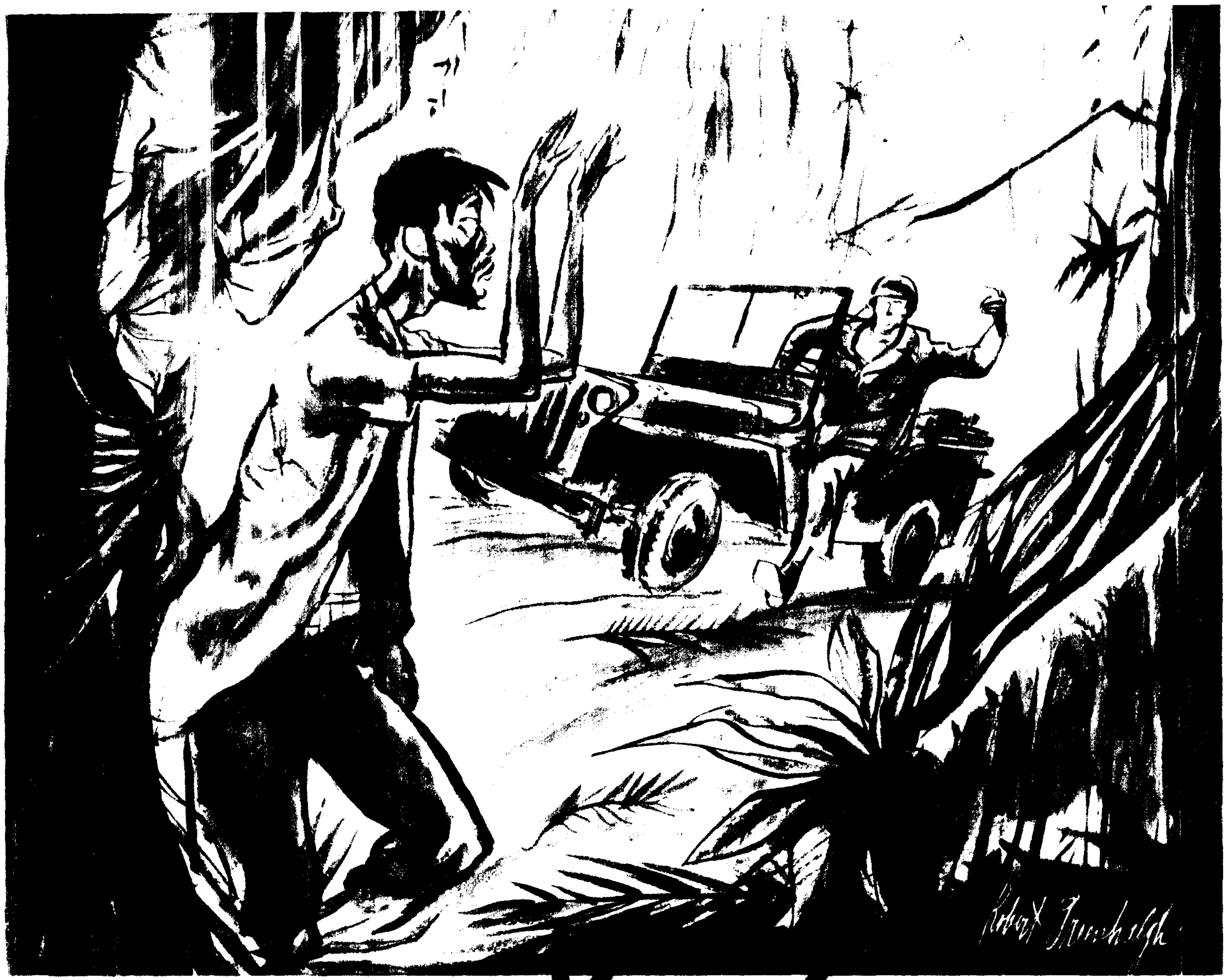
Tom's pipe stopped in mid-air, halfway back to his tobacco pouch.

"Rick? Why, Alice? What's wrong with Rick Hadley?"

"Nothing, dear. Absolutely nothing," Alice answered calmly. "In fact, I think he's one of the nicest young officers who's ever come in from Camp McNair, but that's exactly what worries me. And I think it's worrying Steve's parents too."

"But, Alice," Tom protested, "surely you don't think the Dillons feel . . ."

(Continued on page 35)



You Too CAN CAPTURE A JAP

BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS

DRAWING BY ROBERT GREENHALGH

They all laughed when Collier's correspondent sat down in a jeep. But their raucous laughter died in their throats when he bounced down a Guam road and a skinny, undernourished Jap crept out of a bush with his hands up. And, as we always say, what Reynolds can do, our readers can do

THERE was a clearing here in the jungle, and a small native hut leaned against a towering palm tree. Inside the hut there were the bodies of two Japs, but we were not interested in dead Japs, for here on Guam dead Japs are no novelty. We were after live Japs. We had a truck with us and a loud-speaker on the truck. We were trying to persuade Japs to surrender.

"We announced yesterday that we'd be here today," Lieutenant William Jones said. "Right now maybe twenty Japs are looking us over. In fact," he added complacently, "this would be a very nice spot for an ambush."

Jones had eight men spread around and they held their carbines casually but their eyes were wide open. Then through the loud-speaker came the high singsong voice of Mr. Takahashi (which is not his name), late of the Imperial Japanese Army, but now a very contented prisoner of war who was doing his best to convince his former colleagues to give up. Guam had been taken and in Marine language it was "secure," but there were still several hundred armed Nips hiding in the jungle and in the caves that pitted the coral of the shore.

Mr. Takahashi broke the silence of the jungle by crying out, *"Jungeru nó naka ni oro Nipponjin minnasama"*—which, so help me, means, "You out in the jungle, listen to me." He went on to explain how well he and his fellow prisoners were being treated, how well they were fed and clothed and how silly his pals were for not coming in out of the jungle to join him.

"It is no disgrace to surrender," Mr. Takahashi said. "You will die in the jungle. Come in now and you will live to serve Japan in the new era to come after the war."

The loud-speaker carried his words nearly a mile in every direction; the words whistled through the palm trees and dropped into the thick mass of foliage that forms the jungle. It was hot there in the clearing, and Lieutenant Jones gave Mr. Takahashi a rest and substituted Mr. Watanobe, a wizened little Jap who grinned happily as he grabbed the microphone.

Refreshment in the Jungle

Mr. Takahashi looked wistfully at the coconuts high above and, when Jones nodded, he shinnied up the palm tree and knocked down a few of them. We opened them by slashing the tops with heavy Marine field knives and drank the cool, sweet milk that was better than the water which had turned warm in our canteens. Mr. Watanobe's voice rose shrilly as he described the beauty of the prisoners' stockade, the fine food and the clean clothes. The jungle was quiet. It seemed to be listening carefully as though to make up its mind.

In addition to Jones, there was Marine First Lieutenant Bernard M. Halpern of Pittsburgh, and soft-spoken Lieutenant John Oliver of College Park, Georgia, and Lieutenant (jg) Edward Palmer of Brooklyn. There was Sergeant Marvin Anderson of Little Rock, Arkansas. All of these men speak Japanese and it is they who tell the broadcasters what to say. But this looked like a bad day for turkey hunting. Reluctantly Jones decided to call it a day.

"It's like fishing," he said. "You go along for a long time without a nibble, and then a dozen Nips will come out of the bush to surrender."

We were about twenty miles from camp and I decided to take a jeep and head for it, because if you don't get into that mess by seven o'clock, you go to bed without dinner. So I said goodby to Jones and the boys and climbed into the jeep. I'd gone a hundred yards when I saw a sight which made me stop the jeep with a jerk.

Something very strange was standing twenty feet ahead with its hands up. It looked like something that had crawled from under a rock. It had black, matted hair and its skin was drawn tightly back from its teeth. The boys were a hundred yards back climbing into the truck. I stepped out and motioned to this little beauty to come nearer. He did. He had filthy brown pants on, and a baggy tunic, and he'd weigh maybe eighty pounds with a copy of the Japanese constitution in his lap. I yelled to Jones and the boys to come up and get me out of this embarrassing predicament. Japs are not supposed to surrender to war correspondents. It is against the rules of our union.

Jones came up and the other boys sort melted away to form a large semicircl They stood now holding their guns not at a casually, because this conceivably could b a trap.

"Take off your shirt and drop it on th ground," Jones called in Japanese, and ther was no trace of his native Montana in h accent.

The Nip dropped his shirt, and Jones wer up and ran his hands up and down the Nip pants to see if he had a grenade with him Japs have surrendered in the past and the tossed grenades with nasty effect. But Littl Nemo had nothing in his pockets except wallet containing a lot of yen and a seaso pass to the Poor Butterfly Moving Pictur Emporium in his home town.

Jones said to him, "Everything you'v heard is true. We will take you back an feed you and give you clean clothes an treat you well. Were you hiding in the bush alone or were there others with you?"

"Hitori deshita," the Nip said, which means: "I was alone." You'll have to tak my word for that.

This man Jones knows his job and h knows Japs. Finally he said to me, "He' all yours. Do you want to run him into th stockade? I want to stay out here to do som more fishing."

In Civilized Hands

I picked up a driver and we started fo home with the Jap. The driver watched the carbine that was lying beside him. But Little Nemo was in no mood to escape. So we brought him in, and the other prisoners (about 200 of them) greeted him with laughs and looked with interest at his gaunt ribs Within an hour, he had been shaved, bathed given clean clothes, fed, and the doctor was giving him glucose injections because, after four months of hiding out, my little man was in a very undernourished condition.

This business of getting Japs to give themselves up is a difficult and often a very dangerous one, but Jones, Oliver, Halpern and the boys take it in their stride.

Most Marines say, "You cannot trust any Jap except maybe a dead Jap," but Jones, Halpern and his crew must of necessity trust a few Japs: those who do the broadcasting. To date, none of them have pulled any fast ones.

One day Lieutenant Jones was out turkey hunting with Mr. Takahashi. Other prisoners in the stockade had informed Mr. Takahashi that several Japs were hiding in a cave cut out of a cliff on the shore. Jones went to the spot with Takahashi, who suggested that he be lowered down the side of the cliff to parley with the Japs and persuade them to surrender. He was lowered down and he disappeared for some time. Somehow he found a trail leading back. He returned, beaming.

The Japs had left the cave, he reported to Jones, "but just look what they'd left behind." With that, Mr. Takahashi handed three very live hand grenades over to Lieutenant Jones.

Jones blinked a little and said, *"Arigato"* —which means "Thank you."

"We treat them kindly," Jones says, "and it seems to pay dividends. That boy could very easily have knocked us and himself off with those grenades."

The whole project of "bringing 'em back alive" began shortly after the Marines had captured Guam. They picked up two Japanese women in the hills (wives of Jap civilians), who told them that hundreds of Japs who had escaped when the Marines landed, were hiding in the cliffs and jungle, and that many were starving. Their only food was bananas and coconuts. The two women said that many Japs were willing to surrender but were afraid because they had been fed so many stories of what the cruel Americans did in the way of torturing prisoners.

Marine Major General Henry Larsen, island commander, thought it might be worth a try to get the Nips to surrender.

"I am determined to eliminate every Jap on Guam," he said, and then he added unhappily, "even if I have to take them prisoner."

So Larsen had planes go over the area where the Japs were. They dropped leaflets explaining that the island now belonged to

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U.S. COAST GUARD

These Japs decided to live. They had to make up their minds while facing U.S. Marines on Eniwetok. Now, they eat well. Below, a Jap on Tinian is shown being persuaded to come out of a dugout alive

INTERNATIONAL

the Americans, that further resistance was useless, and that if they didn't surrender he would have to kill them. His Japanese-language section, under the command of Marine Colonel Howard N. Stent, tossed in a psychological punch.

In the leaflet written by Marine Second Lieutenant Walter B. Williams of Seattle, Washington, there was this sop to *Bushido*. Williams wrote: "You have defended the island to the best of your ability. That is all the Emperor expects of you. Your job is over. It is not inconsistent with your code to now surrender." This gave the Japs a chance to save face and to convince themselves that they could surrender without undue disgrace.

Planes saw groups of Japs near the shore line. A Navy LCI gunboat was prepared. Its guns were hooded and loud-speakers were installed. A huge white flag hung from its signal tower. A prisoner called Sympathetic Joe did the broadcasting. The appeals went from the ship to the cliffs and the jungle behind. The first answer was an unexpected one. A single shot rang out from the shore. A bullet whined across the bow to hit the water thirty feet from the ship.

Surrender Under Difficulties

This was hardly an auspicious beginning, but an hour later the boys on the LCI saw a Jap waving a white flag on the shore. Two others were with him. A small boat manned by Marine Pfc. John R. Brice of Ray, Minnesota, and Coxswain Howard Friziello, of Clarendon, Arkansas, pulled through the high tide on the reef to take them aboard. It was ticklish work, because the men were unarmed and none knew how many armed Japs lurked behind the thick foliage of the jungle or who peered out of caves. But they made it, and now the procession began.

The next day, thirteen dirty, emaciated Japs surrendered and then came a very interesting "take." It was one of the biggest catches the "Bring 'em back alive" boys came up with, a captain of the Imperial Japanese navy and a graduate of the Naval Academy. He told General Larsen that two considerations moved him to surrender rather than to die.

"I had long discussed this question with a friend in Surabaya, Java," he told the general. "He scoffed at our Japanese reasoning that death in combat or self-inflicted was preferable to surrender. He had me half convinced. Then, too, I realized that I had completely discharged my duty.

"I have been living like a hunted animal for weeks now," he added to General Larsen. "I was ill and starving. So I decided to surrender, even though it meant that I could never return to my homeland again."

The relations between the Jap prisoners and their guards is a curious one. When Marines are first assigned to guard parties of Japs who work around the camp, they hate the detail and hate the Japs. They are tight-lipped and grim. But the Japs are very, very anxious to please honorable masters and they work very hard at clearing the jungle, building huts and digging trenches for water pipes. Because they are fed well, they are content, and a contented Jap is a cheerful little monkey who grins every time you look at him and who doffs his hat and bows every time you speak to him.

Soon the new Marine guard starts shaking his head in bewilderment. He has only known the Jap in combat, and, in combat, the Jap is a fierce and treacherous beast. Any resemblance between him and any known type of human being is entirely accidental. That is the Jap the Marine knows. Now he finds these grinning, amiable, eager-to-please prisoners and he is horrified to find that sometimes he thinks of them in terms of human beings.

If one of those sudden cloudbursts so common here in Guam comes up, the Marine will automatically find shelter for his charges, or, if they become soaked, he will find himself quite automatically marching them back to the stockade for dry clothes. He gets to distinguish one from another and he gives them names. I have met such honorable Japs as "Moose Face," "Mickey Mouse," "Chicken Head" and "Cue Ball. The Marines gave me the honor of naming my prisoner and I called him "Meat Head" after a saloonkeeper I know in New York. After a while, the Marines get to saying grudgingly, "Oh, they're all right," and that is quite an admission for a Marine.

I spent some time in the immaculately clean prisoners' stockade here at Guam, talking to the prisoners. Now the Geneva Conference established a rule that correspondents could not interview prisoners of war, and our Army and Marine authorities rigidly adhere to this. So, unfortunately, I cannot repeat conversations I held with them (with the help of the Marine Japanese-speaking interpreters).

But I am permitted to say that they live as well and eat as well as the Marines do. They have medical care and cigarettes, and they have showers which they patronize as often as possible.

No Pampering of Prisoners

If I am giving the impression that Jap prisoners are pampered and if this arouses the ire of parents whose sons are now held prisoners by the Japs, let me explain that our humane treatment of Jap prisoners is quite deliberate. Word gets back to Japan about it. Perhaps the Jap military authorities will eventually give our men something of the same treatment. All other forms of appeal have failed. It may be a slim hope, but it is all we can do. At least, the Japs can never have any basis for taking reprisals against Americans they hold as prisoners.

The Marines spend their spare time in teaching the Nips to sing the Marine's Hymn, and the boys sing it with enthusiasm. They don't know what the words mean, but they like the tune.

However, the Marine guards are sure that before the war is over, they will know the meaning of the last line:

They will find the streets are guarded by
The United States Marines.

Language differences present few difficulties to the resourceful guards. They have worked out a series of commands used when marching the prisoners to and from work. When they yell "Banzai!" the Japs execute a snappy left-face. When they cry "Saki," that means a right-face is indicated and the Nips obey with alacrity and grins. The final command which brings the detail to a sudden deathlike halt is a raucous, throaty "Tojo!" It all works out very nicely, and everybody is reasonably happy.

The Jap prisoners evidence no desire to escape at all and seem very pleased with their lot. To them the principle of hara-kiri seems to be a very distasteful subject and they want no part of it.

Some of them live in the hope that if they are good boys they will be allowed to go to America some day. Few want to return to Japan.

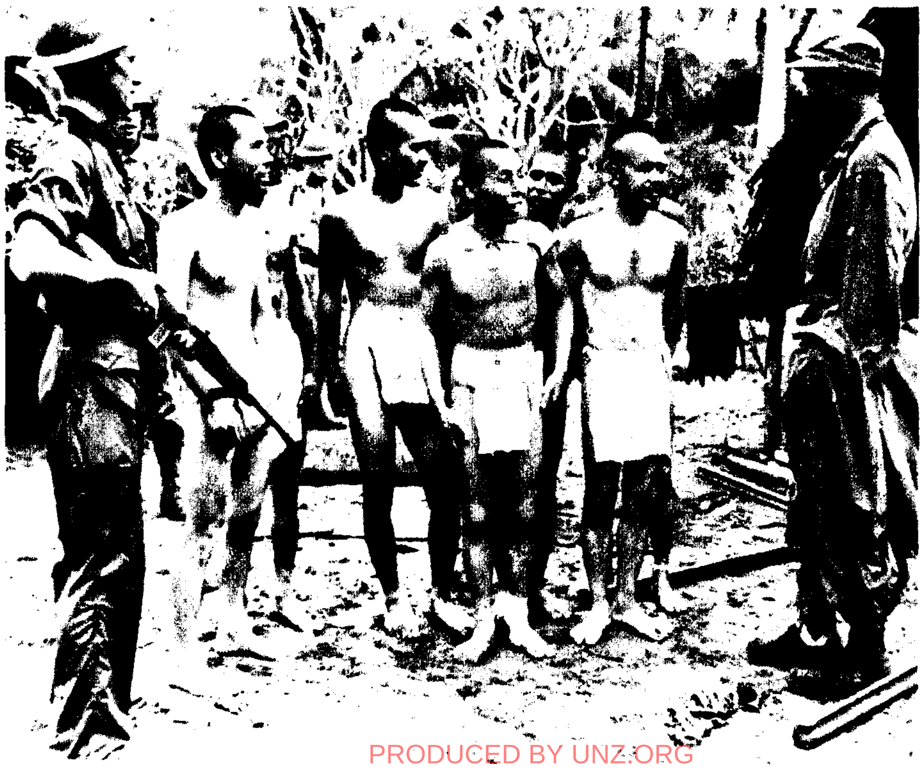
Even such real experts as Jones, Halpern and Oliver do not profess to understand these Jap prisoners completely.

"One morning as groups of them were making the V sign," Lieutenant Jones said sadly, "I asked them if that sign meant they wanted America to win the war. They were good workers—good boys. They grinned very pleasantly and said very politely that I was quite wrong: When they made the V sign, it meant they wanted Japan to win the war."

But there is one thing even a correspondent can understand about these Japs. They do not want to die. My goodness, no! ★★★

The Nips below show that they are indeed pleased to be breathing after undergoing a heavy naval and air bombardment on Aitape. Once they are convinced that they won't be mistreated, the Japs beam and bow all day

INTERNATIONAL

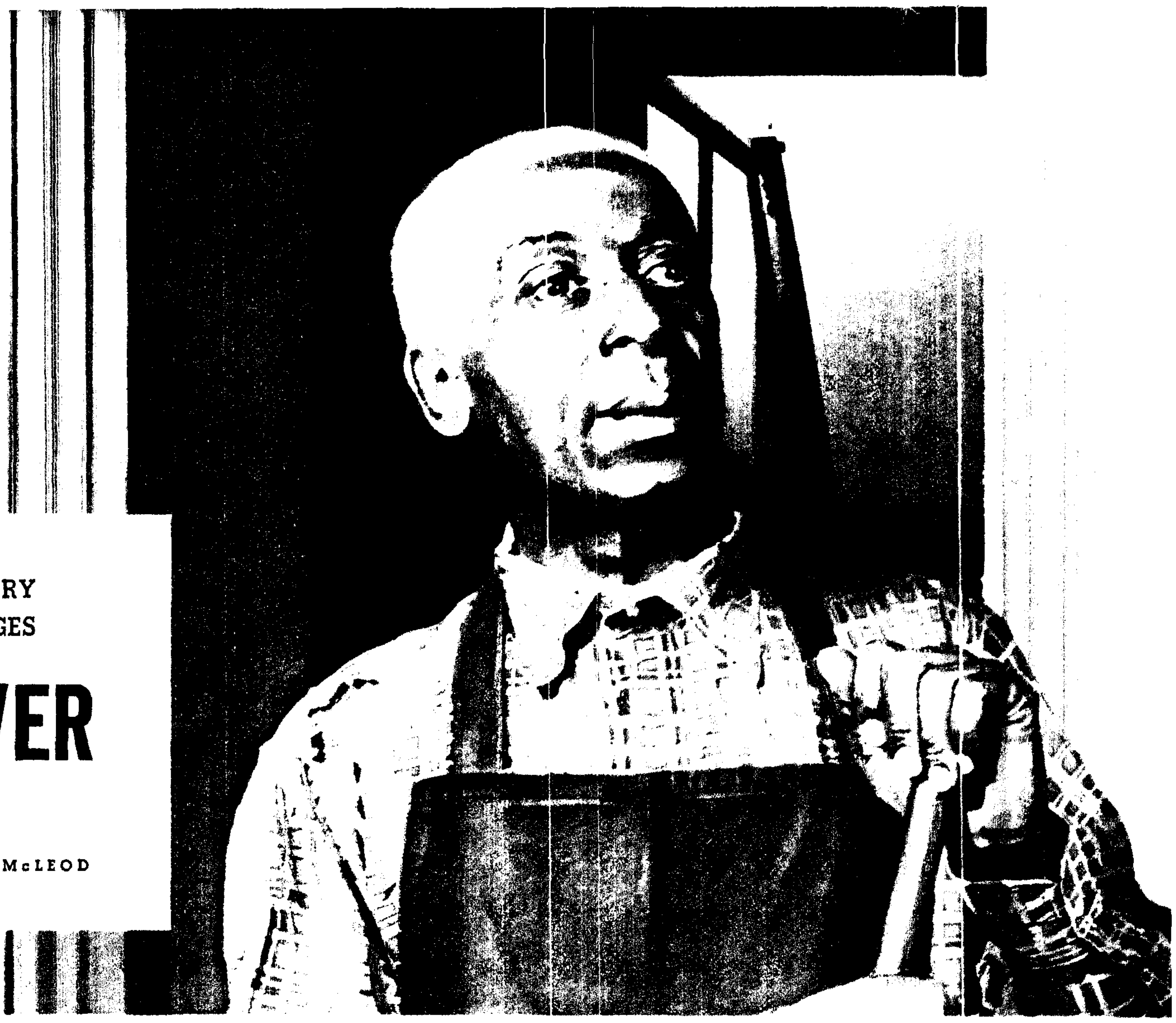


A SHORT SHORT STORY
COMPLETE ON THESE PAGES

THE ANSWER

By ZACHARY GOLD

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD



Marcus watched them go but he waited until the tall man descended the steps before he moved. Then he remembered that he had to hurry

THE old Negro meant to come up when the room was empty. He thought they must be gone by now but coming up the stairs he heard voices and he knew that they were still there. It was too late then. Mr. Wills was standing in the doorway of the room and he saw him.

"You can come in now, Marcus," he said. "We'll be leaving in a minute."

The tall man, the tallest man Marcus had ever seen, was sitting at the desk writing, and he looked up when Marcus came in and smiled.

It didn't seem right somehow to smile back, so Marcus did nothing, moving to a corner of the room, holding his broom and dustpan, waiting, standing quietly as a shadow. Once he wondered if he dared to say anything about Jeff, but he heard the pen scratch steadily on without a break. Still, someday he'd tell Jeff that he had thought about it.

He had Jeff's letter in the inside pocket of his jacket and he felt for it. There was something even in the feel of the paper that brought the boy back real and shining and alive to his senses. Jeff never wrote much and it hardly mattered to Marcus that he couldn't read the words; it was the letter itself in the stiff envelope that counted. It was getting it and knowing that Jeff was alive and well in war. That was the main thing.

He heard Mr. Wills say: "All right, Marcus."

He watched them go but he waited until the tall man descended the steps before he moved. There wasn't much to clean. He swept the room, straightened the scarves on the furniture and emptied a small litter of scraps from the wastebasket. Through the windows of the room he could see movement on the roads that snaked out of town to the hills.

Marcus remembered then that he had to hurry.

Mr. Wills had told him that he might take the time off if he wanted to come. The whole town would be there and people had come in from miles away—from Philadelphia, some said—and it wasn't something a man should miss. It was a big day and Marcus meant to be there.

Standing in the empty room, he took one final look around. Had he forgotten anything?

Sure enough, he had forgotten to clear off the desk. There was a half sheet of paper lying on the face of the desk. There were some numbers scribbled on it, in a column. He could read numbers and he glanced down idly at the sheet:

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1863
1776
----
  87
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And then because he was eager to be gone, he swept it from the desk and stuffed it in his pocket as he hurried out.

THERE was a hint of winter outdoors, although there was no snow yet. Hurrying through the streets of the town, Marcus wondered whether he had time to stop off to get Jeff's letter read. Old Glidden, the Negro schoolteacher, was always glad to read Jeff's letters to him, and it wouldn't take long. Besides, it was a long way out, and a stop would be a warm break in the cold walk.

Old Glidden was brewing coffee when he came in. He was old—older than Marcus—older than most men get to be, but he was sharp and quick and he looked up as Marcus came in.

"Got a letter from Jeff?" he said.

"Yes," Marcus said.

"How is he?"

"The letter feels good," Marcus said. "The letter feels like Jeff is all right."

Old Glidden poured two cups of coffee, and then Marcus took the letter out of his pocket. He passed it to Old Glidden, and while he was opening the letter, Marcus bent eagerly to the coffee and sipped it in, feeling the welcome heat go through him.

"Marcus," Old Glidden said.

Marcus looked up.

"This letter isn't from Jeff."

"Not from Jeff. Who'd be writing to me?"

For a moment Old Glidden didn't answer and then he said quickly and baldly, "The letter says Jeff is dead."

Marcus felt the cup shake in his hand and he sat there looking at Old Glidden, suddenly smelling the warm, pungent vapor of the coffee all around him, sharp as the odor of early clover.

"This is from the captain," Old Glidden was saying, softly now. "He says he wanted to write to tell you how Jeff died. He says Jeff was one of the best men he ever knew and he was a good and brave soldier. He says—"

"Jeff?" Marcus said.

He was reaching for the letter, and Old Glidden gave it to him, saying nothing. He held it in his hands for a while and then, as he always did after Old Glidden finished with one of the letters, he put it carefully back into his pocket.

He got up.

Old Glidden said anxiously: "Where are you going, Marcus?"

"I told Mr. Wills I'd come," he said. "I told him I'd be there."

"Put on your coat," Old Glidden said.

Marcus came back for his coat. Old Glidden twisted the red wool scarf around his neck. He went to the door with Marcus.

"You all right, Marcus?"

And then at the door, looking out at the bare hills sharp as iron humps against the November sky, Marcus said, "Why Jeff?"

IT WAS because he heard the sound of a crowd that he knew he was there. He was suddenly aware of the people around him and he looked up. There were more than he had expected and he knew that he would never find Mr. Wills in a crowd like this. Well, it didn't matter. Jeff was dead: the son who was like the mor full of hope and strength and the pro of laughter.

Marcus reached once more for letter and drew it out. There was a s of paper caught under the flap of envelope. He stared at it and then membered that it was the sheet of p he had swept off the desk earlier morning.

He opened it now, holding it agains envelope, puzzling the sum:

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1863
1776
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  87
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Eighty-seven? he thought dully; eig seven?

He repeated the number to himself the meaning, whatever it was, esca him. He needed Jeff. Jeff was always one to tell him things, but Jeff was now, and who was there to answer questions that beat in waves of bitter and pain against the breached fortres his heart?

Why was he dead? Why Jeff? W was there worth his young body and curiosity of his mind and the strong so of his voice?

He remembered then who had wri the sum and he looked toward the s platform at one end of the field where tall man, the tallest man Marcus had seen, was rising now, bareheaded in chill November air.

Marcus leaned forward then, filled a sudden sense of urgency, listening grily, wanting an answer, listening Jeff, and for all the young everyw who give their bodies and their hopes their lives upon bare and death-st fields.

And there in the low hills outside tysburg town that lay quiet now under cold autumn sun, the tall man who scribbled the odd sum on a scrap of per rose to speak:

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

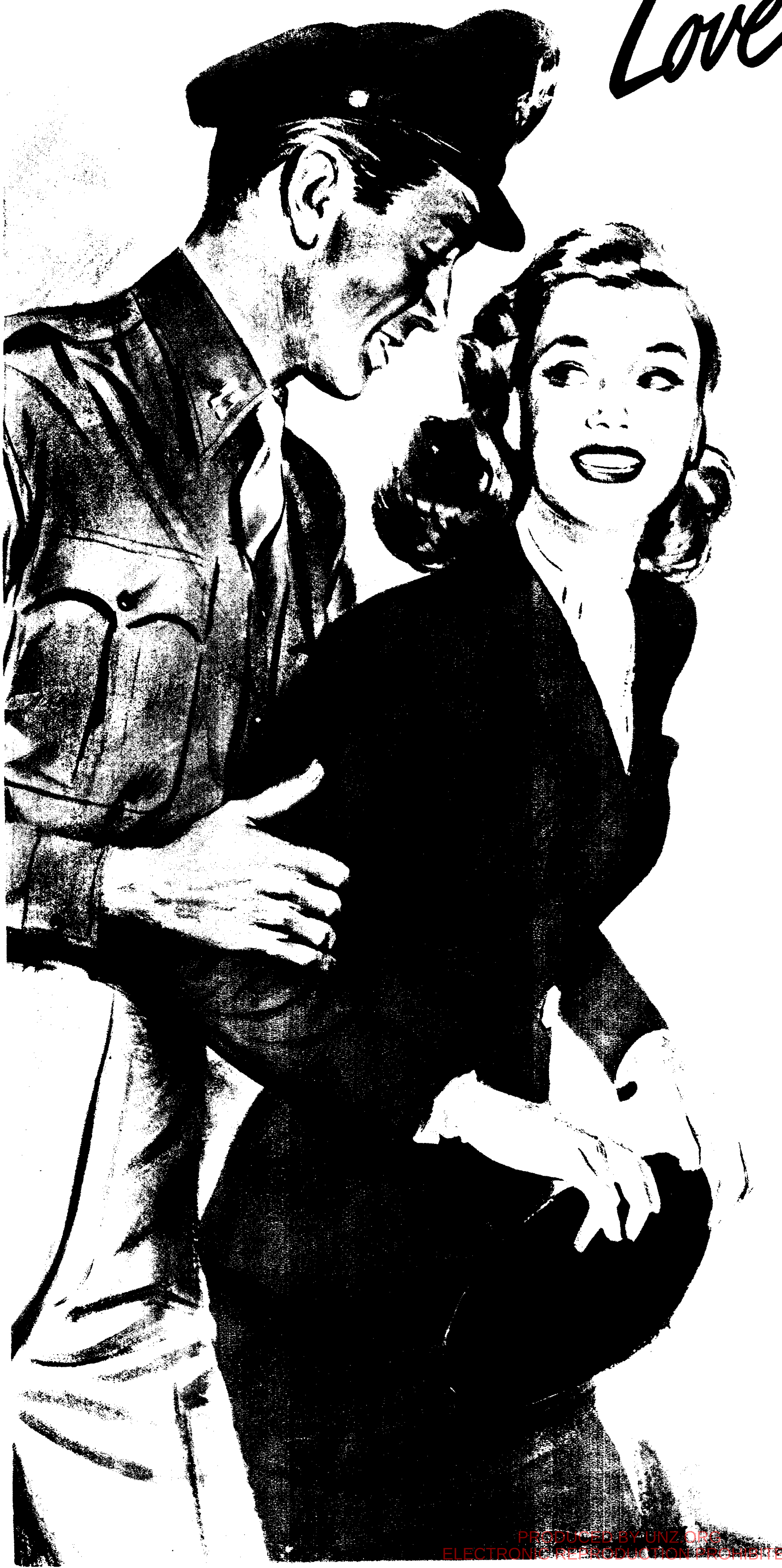
"Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Love IN HIS POCKET

BY WARE TORREY BUDLONG

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM HALL



Drue's heart lived within four familiar walls. Then she learned that a man's heart and a woman's follow different and definite patterns

"OH—YOU'RE the wife," they said to Drusilla, tying the tag on her like a baggage label. They didn't seem to realize she wanted to be alone with Joel, the first time she'd seen him since he was overseas. And Joel didn't show any impatience to get away, to be home for good, with her. That should have warned her that something was wrong.

Yet when he had met her on the steps of the General Hospital, everything had seemed all right. When he touched her she was safe again, and when he kissed her she felt the gladness streak brightly through her body.

"Hello, Drue," he said slowly then.

He looked different, he looked very tired, but he had come back out of the war to her. Now he'd be home again and he would lose those shadows on his face.

"Darling," she said, and her hands gripped his blouse and wouldn't let go.

"You're thinner," Joel told her. "Your hair is longer. You're beautiful." His eyes didn't move away from her.

That was all the time they had, close together, before the other two came along. There was the little round captain of Engineers, full of impatience, and the tall major, full of important thoughts. They walked up to Joel as if they owned him, and were considering whether to loan him out to her.

"Oh, yes, you're the wife, of course," the round captain said, inviting himself to shake hands with her.

The major waited till Joel introduced him to Drusilla, and then he said, "Mrs. Kent" formally, and looked at her as if she were an item on a cargo list.

Drusilla smiled at them both and waited for them to go away tactfully, but they didn't go. That was when she first began to feel uneasy.

The tall major considered Joel thoughtfully. "They do a sound job at Charlottesville," he told Joel. His tone was too full of reassurance.

"That's fine, sir," said Joel.

"Quick, too," said the major.

"It'd better be quick," remarked the captain, bouncing impatiently on his heels. "The AMG has a few million people to cope with, abroad."

DRUSILLA'S smile was stiffening on her mouth. How long were they going on chatting Army talk to Joel, when she'd barely said hello to him? And why didn't Joel just walk away with her? He was through with the Army now, he'd got his medical discharge abroad. And yet he was just standing there, nodding at what the captain said and showing no sign of eagerness to be with her.

"Well," she said firmly, "it's been nice to see you both."

The major bowed, but the little captain said goodby to her with a strange, rueful friendliness in his tone.

"I'll be seeing you," he said then to Joel.

"You're damned right," Joel answered, and he nodded at the captain again in a dogged sort of way.

He took Drusilla's arm and there was some casual saluting, and they were actually walking down the steps, just Drue and Joel. She looked down at his brown fingers, tight on her arm, but she made her voice quiet: "What's Charlottesville?"

"School of Military Government," Joel said.

She was pulled two ways: she had to ask questions, and she wanted to run away from the answers. "Who were those men, Joel?"

"The major is Personal Affairs Officer at the hospital, and the other chap is a swell guy. I knew him overseas. Name's Mackay."

"You're a captain, too," she said slowly. "But I felt as if they had you on a leash."

"Look, Drue," said Joel with a change of tone. "This Allied Military Government business—"

"No," she interrupted him. Suddenly she didn't want to know about any of the undercurrents of the last few minutes. She didn't want any more new strangeness. "I haven't seen you for over a year. Do you really want to talk Army talk now, Joel?"

He grinned down at her swiftly. "No," he said. "I don't. I'll tell you when we get home. Drue—"

"Yes?"

"You're just the same, Drue. So why

(Continued on page 27)

"You're just the same, Drue," Joel said. "So why do I get surprised when I look at you?" "Maybe you forget a few things," said Drue, laughing

BY FRANK GERVASI

CABLED FROM THE MIDDLE EAST

RUSSIA vs. BRITAIN IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

The last of two articles by a Collier's correspondent describing the clash of power politics taking place in the Mediterranean area, and what it means to future world peace

BEFORE he left the Middle East to take his new post in Rumania, Nikolai Novikov, Soviet minister to Cairo, visited the half dozen institutions of the Russian Orthodox Church in Palestine. Whiskered White Russian monks and tremulous nuns feasted him and saluted him and, through him, sent their benedictions to Father Stalin.

With the air of a man who knows what he is doing and why, Novikov visited in turn the monasteries and convents at Ain Karim, Jerusalem, Hebron, Jericho, Mount Carmel and Safed. At Safed, he was introduced to an old nun whose watery eyes had seen the glory and affluence of her church under the Czars, had known the dark days of the revolution and the lean years of Soviet atheism when the flow of peasant kopecks ceased, and the church's properties rotted with disrepair. The nun was one hundred years old.

The man who stood before her was in his vigorous early middle age, short, thin, well-dressed and spectacled. There was something faintly professorial about him but he was at the same time warm, kindly and respectful. He had brought money to the institution and had taken charge of its and the others' welfare.

"When are you returning to Moscow?" the old nun asked, holding Novikov's hands in both her own.

"Tomorrow, little mother," Novikov replied.

"And when you are gone, who will protect me?" worried the nun.

"Father Stalin and myself," Novikov reassured her. "If you are in trouble, send me a telegram and I will return."

In the chancelleries, legations, salons and cafés of the Middle East, the story of Novikov's visit and conversation with the aged nun is told with mixed emotions. Most diplomats, merchants and journalists tell it as alarming proof of Russia's new imperialism, usually with a "Don't say I didn't warn you" air.

Few are satisfied to accept the above and other bits of evidence of spreading Russian influence in the Levant and the Middle East merely as signs of Russia's resumption of her place in the spiritual, political and economic life of the world after an absence of twenty-seven years. Today she is the most powerful industrial, military and political force in the Eastern hemisphere. Emergence of this new Russia led to the possibility, as Prime Minister Winston Churchill said in Commons on January 18th, of "misunderstanding" and "contrary policies" in the Balkans. An agreement designed, according to Mr. Churchill, to avoid friction between the great Allies "during these critical days" was reached by Britain and the USSR regarding Yugoslavia, Bulgaria and Rumania.

Nevertheless, many influential Americans and Britons seem to prefer to regard Russia as an evil force determined to Bolshevize the world. This unofficial mistrust of her intentions is alarming if world peace and reconstruction depend on the intimate collaboration of America with Britain and Russia. Fear and suspicion of Russia are so acute you often wonder whether we are fighting Germany or the USSR.

I sat for nearly an hour with an American who had just returned from Sofia to Cairo from a mission for the Office of War Information. He was sure that the Soviets wanted to gobble up his beloved Bulgaria. He had served there as a newspaper correspondent once and liked the Bulgarians. He was quite sentimental about them. From his conversation, you would have thought that Bulgaria had fought the war on the side of democracy and that it was now being "betrayed" by Britain and America.

Russia itself is at least partly responsible for political differences among the three major Allies and mutual mistrust over postwar objectives in Europe. The Soviet Union's own diffidence about allowing British and American correspondents the facilities for free reporting has obscured the atmosphere of Anglo-American-Russian relations.

The Russians recently refused permission to a number of Allied correspondents to enter Bucharest, Belgrade and Budapest. They shooed others out of Sofia and they keep our reporters on ice in Moscow, won't let them go to the front. Also, the Russians impose what is probably the most severe censorship (barring the Anglo-Russian-American-Iranian censorship in Teheran) on our side of this war.

The Soviets tossed several American officers of the Office of Strategic Services out of Bulgaria. They won't let Americans or Britons into the (Continued on page 68)

The Hammer and Sickle is in evidence as free Bulgars meet in Sofia roaring: "Kill the Fascists!"

The Greek Communist Party (KKE) meets to celebrate the founding of the Soviet

GUTHRIE JANSSEN

U.S. ARMY

In an American military cemetery in France, Captain Thomas Keenan of Rhode Island celebrates Mass for the mothers of soldiers who paid the supreme sacrifice. Many French civilians attended

JOURNEY INTO *France*

BY ARCHBISHOP FRANCIS J. SPELLMAN

New York's Archbishop continues his tour of the European fronts and catches up with General Patch and his Seventh Army as they invade southern France. He meets our American combat soldiers, the fit, wounded and dying, whose unshakable faith in God and their home teachings is an inspiration to him

ARCHBISHOP SPELLMAN HAS GIVEN THE RIGHTS TO THIS ARTICLE TO THE NEW YORK FOUNDLING HOSPITAL, A CHARITABLE INSTITUTION WHICH CARES FOR CHILDREN WITHOUT DISTINCTION OF RACE, CREED OR COLOR

IT WAS a week before D-Day in southern France, and at various Mediterranean points I saw men, boats and equipment on their way to the French Riviera; and the great armadas were awesome in their power and significance. Everyone and everything was ready, almost everyone was silent—and there is no silence so deep as war's silence!

I watched demonstrations of dive bombing with General John K. Cannon, whose men called him "Uncle Joe," although he is no relative of the famous politician. I stood with him as planes dived at a speed of more than five hundred miles an hour. The miscalculation of even one half a second meant missing the target by many yards, but the dive bombers were so numerous and the bombs so many and so powerful, that lakes of fire smothered whole areas. Flames burst and blazed both on earth and water. It might have been a preview of Dante's Inferno!

I visited with parachute troops and airborne soldiers, many of whom had been in earlier campaigns. Some were entering combat for the first time. I felt for them what they did not feel for themselves, for to them their own heroism is commonplace. One decorated paratrooper, not yet twenty, deprecated his own bravery to pay tribute to others.

"Probably the only reason I got a cross," he said, "was because I happened to be noticed. To me the chaps who deserve medals are the chaplains who search out the wounded in the front lines and stay with them until help comes. They don't have to, but they know there is nothing more terrifying than lying alone lost and helpless. And I know it, too!"

With the commanding officers I attended the briefings of some of the air missions that preceded the landings, and saw many takeoffs, and happily sometimes, the return of all the planes that had left. I saw photographs of places and defenses both before and after the bombs had fallen. These pictures show even pickets placed upright in all possible level areas where landings of airborne troops might be attempted, for the posts cast shadows on the ground. Everything is shown in the greatest detail—except death.

I had planned to say Mass for a group of soldiers who were to take part in the invasion. It was raining and many of the boys had driven miles in open trucks in the downpour. Suddenly three more trucks drove up and several hundred sailors piled out and gathered with us around the altar built in a grove.

As these men knelt in the mud and rain, I noticed their names stenciled on the sailors' slickers and I realized the great number of nationalities represented in our country, united to form America's body and soul. Men from every state in the Union were there, men whose forebears had come from every region in the world, and they were kneeling before the altar of Him whom they acknowledged as the Commander in Chief of their souls. It was a gathering of humble men, and my heart was stirred with the emotional strain of giving Communion to boys, full and ripe with life, knowing some would die before the day would end.

When I told them of my admiration of them, and even thanked them for this expression of their faith, one soldier said: "A fella *has* to have deep faith, Father, to come so far and stay so long in this weather!"

Postscript to the Folks at Home

Another youngster, a lean, redheaded, friendly sailor, asked me if I would write a postscript to a letter he had just written home. Naturally I wanted to, but it was impossible to write in the rain without blotting out each word as I wrote it, so he suggested that we go under the tailboard of a truck. And we did.

This boy told me that he and a number of the other sailors with him had seen service together in the Pacific, and the letter he asked me to read and mail was an expression, he said, of what all the boys aboard his troopship felt about their chaplain. And because that letter conveyed to his own loved ones at home what is in the hearts and minds of thousands of boys in every part of the world today, I felt others should have the privilege of sharing that letter with me. He said I might make a copy.

"Dear Mom and Dad: First off I want to tell you something I know will make you happy. It's not only about me . . . it's about the boys I'm with and also about one of the swellest fellows I ever met—our ship's chaplain. He lives our life and talks our language! We go to him with all our troubles and we even beef to him about the chow . . . and he listens. His 'cathedral' is in a corner of the mess, and its 'stained-glass windows' are portholes, small and round, stained only with salt water. We built the table he uses for an altar; and all that goes on the altar, and his vestments are in a little black bag. He never lectures or sermonizes. He just talks to us, and his talks are always full of praise and encouragement.

"Whenever we feel scary or know there's a 'big show' coming off, there's a long line of us waiting outside his quarters; and some are not Catholics. He gives us all his blessing and advice; and when there's an emergency alarm, he gives general absolution. He can be funny, too. He had little blue cards printed which he called ration tickets, and which say no one is allowed more than five minutes 'crying or beefing time in any twenty-four hours!'

"When we stormed a beachhead he was right with us. I've seen him minister to the wounded and dying, knee-deep in the jungles with rain pouring down his face, his clothes drenched. No one *can* take your place with me, but if anyone could, he is the one, for he is mother, father and friend to all of us. Yet,

(Continued on page 65)

EASY STREET

BY EILEEN DAVIS

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

Maybe there is no such place as Easy Street, but one child got a haunting glimpse of it—through a wise pair of eyes

I ALWAYS wanted to live on Easy Street, but I never have—not quite. There was the one time I came close to it. There was the tramp, Father's friend who had been staying with us, walking away down the road in the sun with the wild roses blooming like pink stars around him. He was brown like the dust of the road, and his cheeks were pink like the flowers. It had been a good year for tramps, Father said. It was boom time; crops were good. The tramp could have had a job, I knew. But he was walking away down the road and over the hill. There was a hint of cap and bells about him.

"Why don't you walk a ways with me?" he said.

But I held back. I had done that all the while he had been staying with us, and that is where I made my mistake, because I think I could have found out how to live on Easy Street if I had only gone. But the cat, Drummond, was on the front porch roof of our house and it was almost time for Mr. Johnson, our next door neighbor, to come home from work. Mr. Johnson was keeping an eye on me while Mother was away, and the truth was that I couldn't bear the way Mr. Johnson always looked at me when I took that cat down from the roof. I felt I had to get it done before Mr. Johnson got home if it was the last thing I did on earth.

But I couldn't tell the tramp that. He wouldn't have understood. He wouldn't care how Mr. Johnson looked about anything, and that has a lot to do with living on Easy Street, as I was beginning to find out.

I knew the tramp was determined to leave us after what had happened the night before. I knew that he would walk down this road as he had walked down all the roads of the world. I knew that he had been a bad influence on Father and that the cat would miss him. And then I heard Drummond howling on the front porch roof of our house and I knew I couldn't walk with the tramp, even a little way. I had to get that cat down!

"I guess I'll have to stay here," I said. "Goodby."

He took my hand and shook it. He was always a gentleman. "Goodby," he said. "It's pretty much the same everywhere, girlie."

I was surprised. I looked at him and I thought I could see that he did know how I felt about Mr. Johnson and getting the cat down. Anyway he turned and walked away and after he went over the hill I never saw him again.

As soon as he was gone I went as fast as I could and got the bushel basket from under the steps and rushed over beside the porch and held the basket out for Drummond to jump into. He was named for Father's boss, Mr. Drummond, the division superintendent of the railroad. Father and the tramp had named him the night they had finished the case of beer.

I held out the basket and Drummond jumped into it and I had just finished pushing the basket under the porch again when Mr. Johnson turned the corner in his black business suit, the newspaper folded edge to edge under his arm.

"Good evening, Nora," Mr. Johnson said. "How does it feel to be the lady of the house?"

"Just fine," I said, but I didn't feel like a lady and the house was a shambles. I wondered how much Mr. Johnson had seen and heard and if he would talk.

Mother was away. That's the thing that had started it all. Tramps were nothing new to us even when Mother was home, but when she was home they were always under control. This time it had been a different thing entirely. Conorra was a railroad town, and for that reason we saw more tramps than most people would in a lifetime. And we saw more tramps than most people would anyway, because Father had a weakness for tramps and he never turned one of them away from the door. Mother fed them for Father's sake, but she did it in her own way, and Father and I used to wonder sometimes what effect it had on the tramp.

For instance Mother would be working in the kitchen, moving over shiny blue and white linoleum, opening the stove to look in at fresh cookies. A knock would come on the kitchen door. Mother would peer through the curtains before she answered.

"Nora," she'd say in a carrying whisper, "it's a tramp!"

No matter how many came she went through this each time. Each time she bemoaned the fact that the tramps had left a mark on our house. "Easy marks! That's what we are, and every tramp in the United States knows it. It goes over the grapevine," she wailed. "Your father—"

Then smoothing her apron she sailed to the door, "How do you do."

There was then always an indistinct mumble after which the tramp was admitted to the back vestibule for food. The feeding of the tramp always bothered Mother very much, because food to her was sacred and if she fed anyone at all she did it to the Queen's taste. The tramps always flustered her, they came just anytime. If they had only sent her a note telling her when they would be there she might have understood tramps at last, but this never happened.

Instead there they were, he in the vestibule and she in the kitchen. "Well," Mother would say, "I simply don't know what I can give you to eat. I haven't any fresh cream, but if you don't mind yesterday's cream in your coffee—and the cookies aren't quite done, but at least they are *fresh*."

And in the vestibule a bewildered tramp would say, "Yes, lady—no, lady," and take the white plate carefully, eating with small scraping noises and then close the door softly behind him as he left. And Mother very pink of cheek would wash the plate at once saying "Your father—" several times and sighing.

THAT was the way it was when Mother was at home, but these past two weeks she had been gone. She hadn't wanted to go away just now. She never liked to leave Father and this time she didn't want to go at all. Because Father might be going to get a promotion and she wanted to be there to see that nothing happened to prevent it. But her sister was ill and she had to go away.

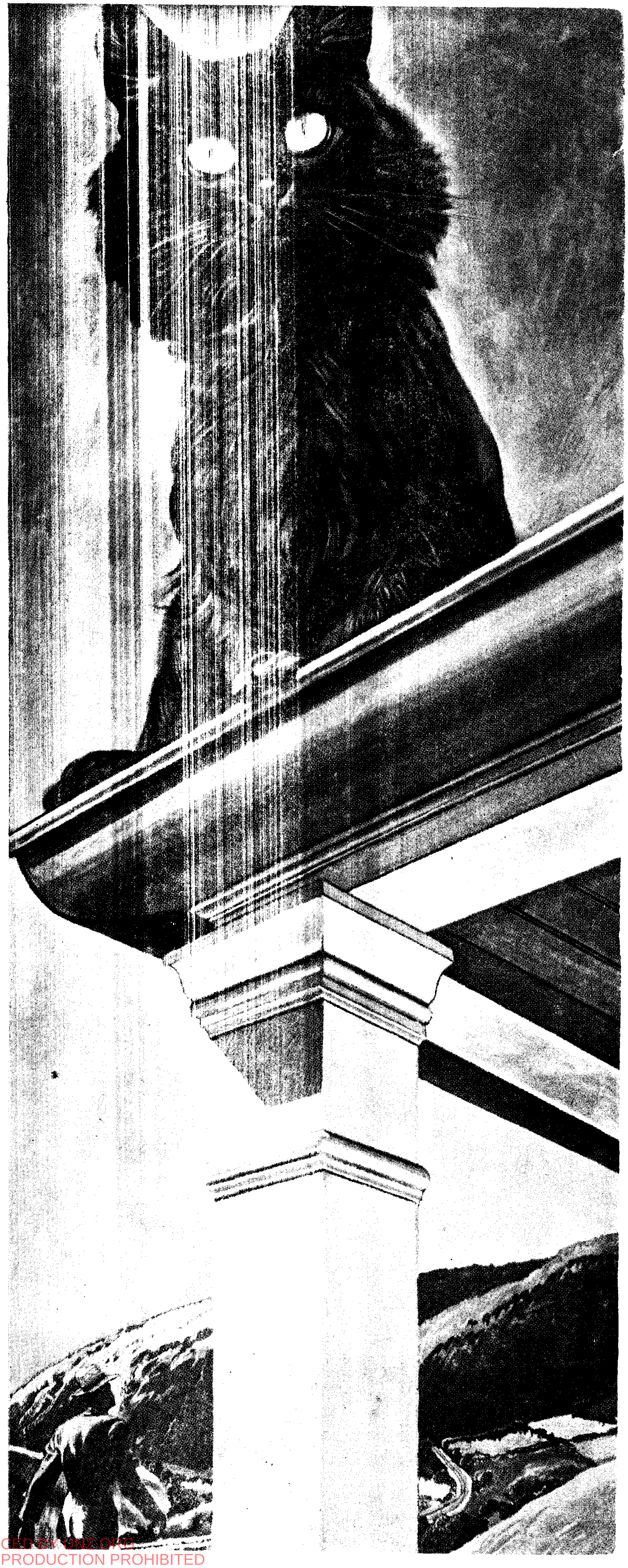
In a railroad town everybody knows when there's a good railroad job coming up. Everybody knows who is in line for it, and this time there was a job coming up and Father was in line for it. But it would all depend on what Mr. Drummond, the superintendent thought of Father, and some people thought that Mr. Drummond thought that Father was a man who had too much fun.

"He has the final say so, Jim," Mother said. "Don't forget what I say! This job would put us on Easy Street!"

Easy Street! I liked the sound of the words and I found myself hoping Father wouldn't forget what she said. He never would have forgotten if Mother had been home.

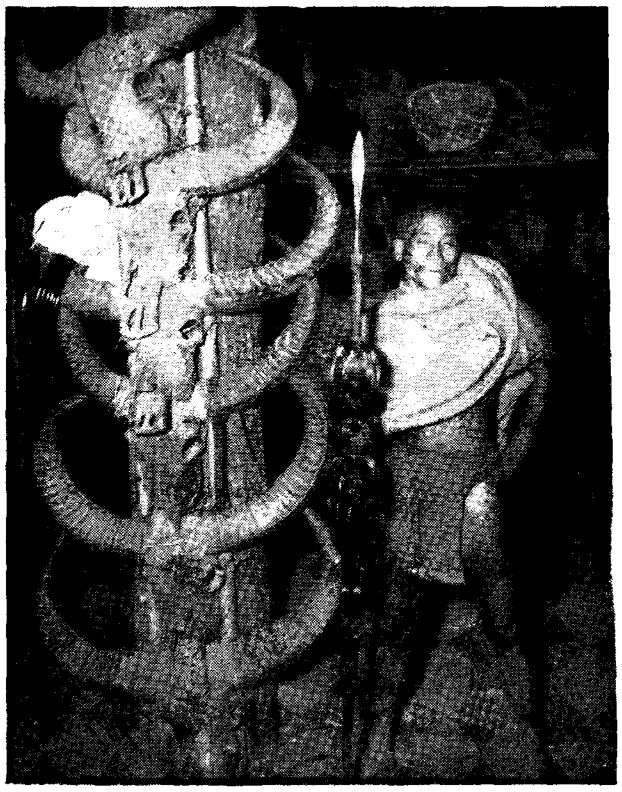
On the first night after Mother left I saw

(Continued on page 79)



I knew the tramp would walk down that road after what happened. But I couldn't go with him. I had to get that cat down from the porch roof

Rescued crew of a C-46, forced down over the Hump, struggle back to safety along a Burma jungle trail



A native warrior chief welcomes the walkout party to his tribal hut, decorated with caribou skulls

Somewhere WE'LL FIND YOU

BY COREY FORD AND ALASTAIR MAC BAIN

SKETCHES BY STAFF SGT. LEONARD BESSER

When our Air Forces fliers crash in the wild gorges and unexplored jungles of the Himalayas, many of them can live to fight another day, thanks to the work of a group of heroes of whom until now the world has heard little

THE whole night was like a nightmare, he said: the defenseless cargo plane on its routine flight across the Himalayas to China, the Zeros attacking them suddenly out of the sun, the flames streaking from their No. 3 engine, the order to jump. He had opened the top hatch and lifted himself out, and then the slipstream caught him and he had one last impression, as he was hurled helplessly backward, of the plane's left vertical fin slicing toward him like a knife.

He did not remember pulling the ripcord of his chute. He did not remember anything until he opened his eyes and gazed up dizzily at the ground. He was dangling upside down from a branch of a tall ebony tree, a hundred feet in the air, trussed securely in the tangled shroud lines of his chute. His right arm was broken, he could tell from the way it hung; and the blood ran from a deep gash in his head and spattered drop by drop onto the jungle leaves far below.

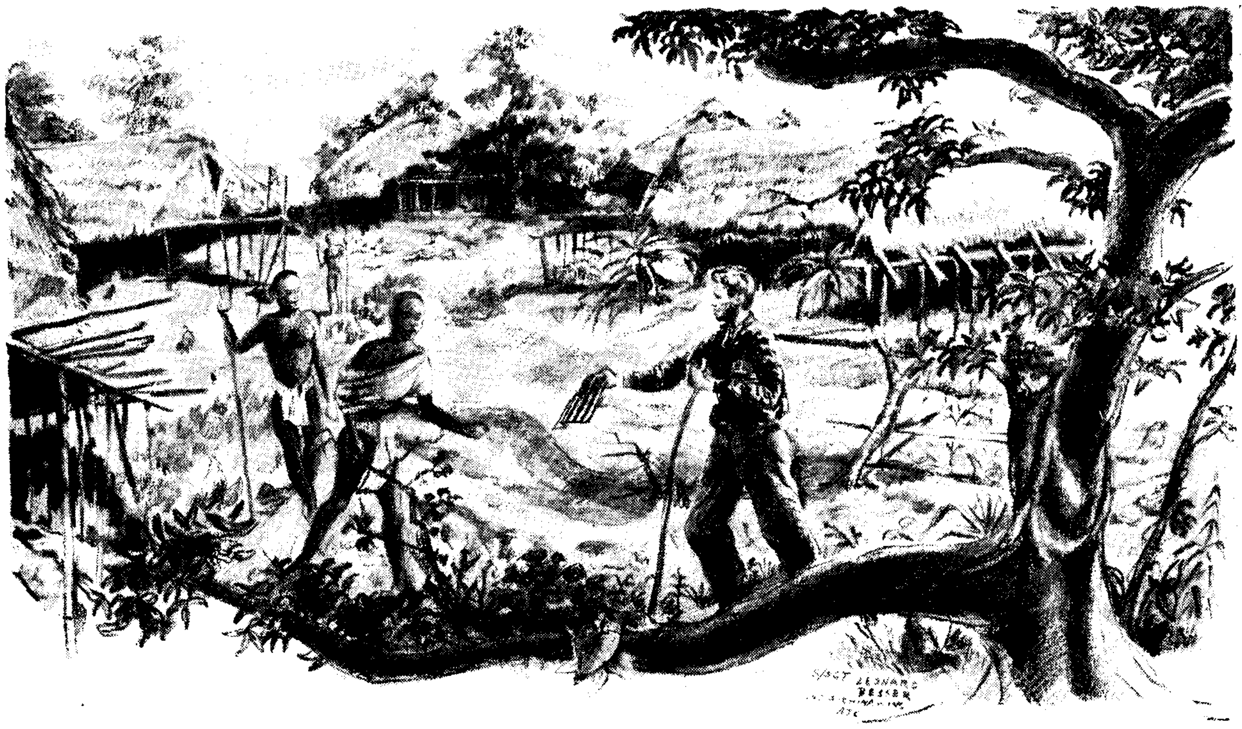
He was aware of voices, and now he made out three members of the plane's crew, standing in a group at the base of the tree and gazing up at him. He had no idea how long they had been there. They were talking about him; he could hear what they said, but he was too weak to answer. Evidently there was no way of climbing the tree to reach him, and they were discussing what to do next. They could not risk staying here any longer, they agreed. Enemy patrols might be scouring the jungle for survivors. On the other hand, he was still alive, they could see; now and then the shroud lines moved a little as he struggled feebly. There was only one thing to do, he heard them say, one last act of mercy to perform. They would draw lots to see which one would finish him off.

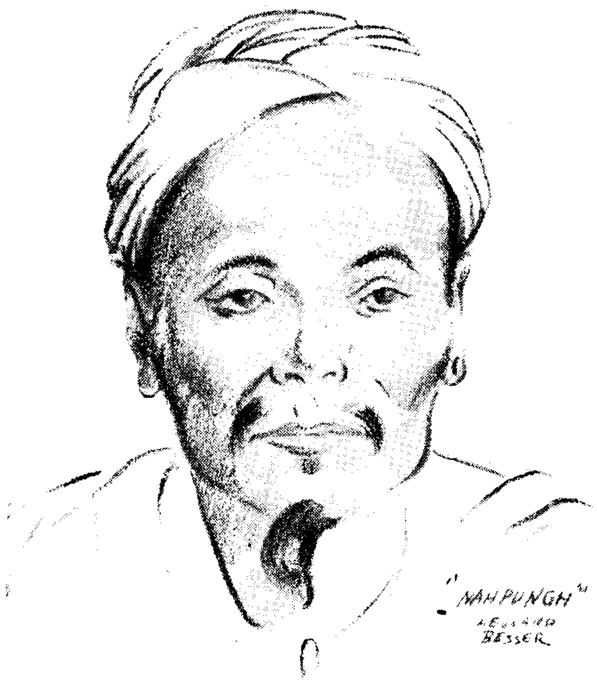
He tried to shout, but he could only groan. It was all part of a dream, he kept telling himself. Below him, as he strained against the canvas straps, his crewmates selected three straws. The radio operator drew the short straw, and he saw him take a service revolver from the holster on his belt. He shut his eyes and heard the click as the hammer was drawn back.

It was as close as that, he said; and then in the distance he heard the droning rise and fall of an airplane motor, and a B-25 of the aerial rescue unit swept over the treetop. It pulled up sharply, dropping a silk streamer: "Wait here, help coming."

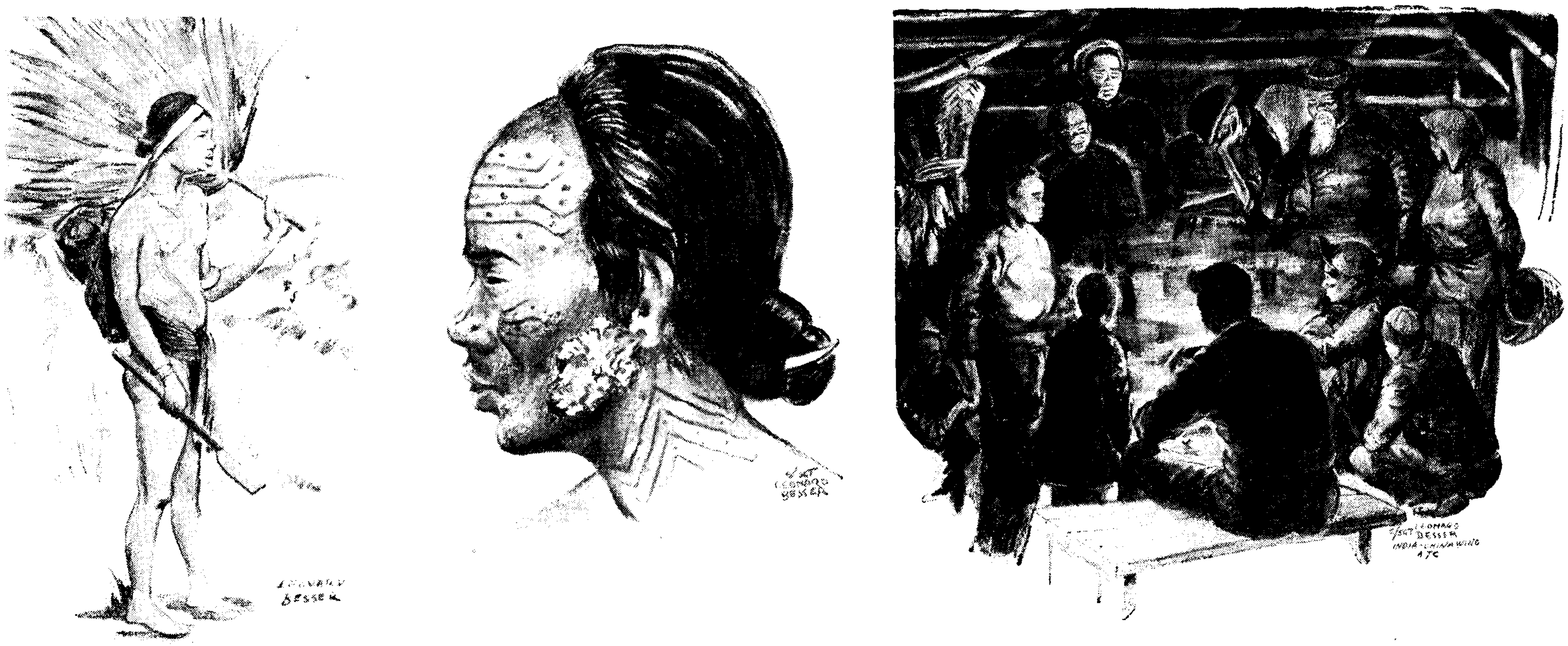
Guided by the plane, a file of Naga hillsmen appeared out of the jungle—it was still like a dream—and set to work quickly, felling a second tree against the tall ebony in which he was caught, looping a vine over the end of the branch, pulling him in to the trunk. Others hacked a descending spiral of steps, and they carried him safely down this circular staircase to the ground.

By nightfall he was in a native village where





S/Sgt. Leonard Besser, a member of the ATC rescue unit, portrays the dramatic arrival of an airman at a native village, displaying the American flag worn by all Hump fliers to mark them as friendly. (Right) Nahpungh, headman of the tribe


Leonard Besser
S/Sgt Leonard Besser
Leonard S/Sgt Besser India-China Wing ATC

Sketched by Sgt. Besser are (left) a local porter with head-basket and characteristic heavy-bladed "dow," (center) a typical head-hunter with tattooed neck and face, and (right) a friendly native family entertaining some downed Army fliers in their dim-lit "basha" hut

an ATC flight surgeon met him with native litter-bearers, ready to start the ten-day trek back to the Army hospital at Chabua; one more red cross to be painted on the proud aluminum nose of the squadron's rescue ship.

"Somewhere we'll find you" is the official motto of this unique group of mercy fliers, organized by the Air Transport Command of the Army Air Forces to save the lives of American airmen forced to bail out over the fabled Hump between India and China. It is no easy motto to live up to: for this perilous supply route leads over a wild and jumbled wasteland where no white man has ever set foot. There are uncharted peaks which pilots claim are higher than Everest; there are Lost World plateaus, where the gold-domed temple of some walled Tibetan lamasery glints in the thin icy air; there is the trackless North Burma jungle, where wild elephants and man-eating tigers roam, and fierce Kachin tribesmen and Naga head-hunters stalk the silent trails.

Once it was sure death to go down in this inhospitable terrain; but since the unit was founded a year ago, better than 75 per cent of the survivors of Himalayan crashes have been led back to safety. Each new accident increases their efficiency in rescue work; each walkout party brings them added knowledge of the country's terrain and natives, not to mention secret information of value to our military operations.

Experience has helped develop the new standard dropping pack, for example: a compact jungle kit containing medical supplies (with instructions for their use), 10-in-1 rations, underclothes, shoes and socks, mosquito nets, fishing tackle, tobacco, toilet paper, even a portable radio by means of which the stranded party can keep in voice contact with the searching planes, the biggest single morale factor in rescue operations, they all agree.

Experience has taught them other things. Thus every Hump pilot is briefed today on proper procedure in case of an emergency bail-out: to keep the stranded party together, to remain in the spot where they have been sighted. He learns to use signal panels: torn chute strips arranged on the ground in an X to mean "We need food," an XX meaning food and supplies, an XXV meaning food and supplies needed for five days.

Most important of all, he learns how to get along with the natives: to display no firearms, for example, to be friendly though not obsequious, to adopt a firm attitude which tends to increase the native's regard. Respect the sanctity of a tribal village, each pilot is told, but, in turn, insist on keeping all but the native chief out of your own camp area. In trading, empty tin cans, parachute cloth, rope and salt will buy anything you may need.

Friendship with the natives may mean the difference between life and death. We talked to a crew chief, now recuperating in the Army hospital at Chabua, who had bailed out an instant before his stricken plane hit a mountainside. The blast of the explosion blew him back out over the valley, he said, but his chute opened and he drifted down to earth with nothing worse than a broken ankle. Friendly natives found him, carried him down the mountain.

We talked to another group of airmen from a crashed C-87 who had an even more unnerving experience. They had come down in the Himalayan foothills, in an area where the tribesmen were said to be head-hunters and hostile to the white man. Fierce-looking warriors surrounded them, they said, and led them in grim silence to the chief's hut. There they sat uncomfortably in the middle of an enormous room, while the scowling circle muttered to one another in ominous tones. Their peace of mind was not increased by the discovery of a row of human skulls stacked against the wall, they said.

An hour went by, and they were growing hungry. They had seen some chickens in the village, and at last they got up nerve enough to ask for something to eat. The natives could not understand. One of the group, a sergeant from Iowa, held up his fingers in the shape of an egg; still the natives shrugged uncomprehendingly. In an effort to make himself clear, he squatted on the floor, flapped his arms and cackled like a hen. To his consternation, the fiercest of the natives leaped out onto the floor, flapped his own arms, uttered a triumphant rooster crow, and came at him in a highly convincing barnyard attack.

Terrified but equal to the occasion, the sergeant gave a series of outraged squawks and began hopping around the room in maidenly retreat, with the rooster in hot pursuit. The circle of natives burst into delighted laughter, the tension was broken, the three airmen were cheered and feted by the tribe and later led back safely to their base. The sergeant still shudders a little when he sees an egg, though.

They have developed a highly efficient routine which is followed whenever a transport plane crashes. Let us say that a cargo ship develops engine trouble over the first ridge, and the crew reports by radio that it is bailing out somewhere in the vicinity of Fort Hertz. Immediately the area is divided into grids, and the B-25s and C-47s of the rescue squadron begin combing every square inch of the jungle. Each carries a pilot and copilot, an engineer-observer in the nose, and two gunners; several mercy ships have been strafed and knocked down by Zeros during rescue work, and today they are taking no chances.

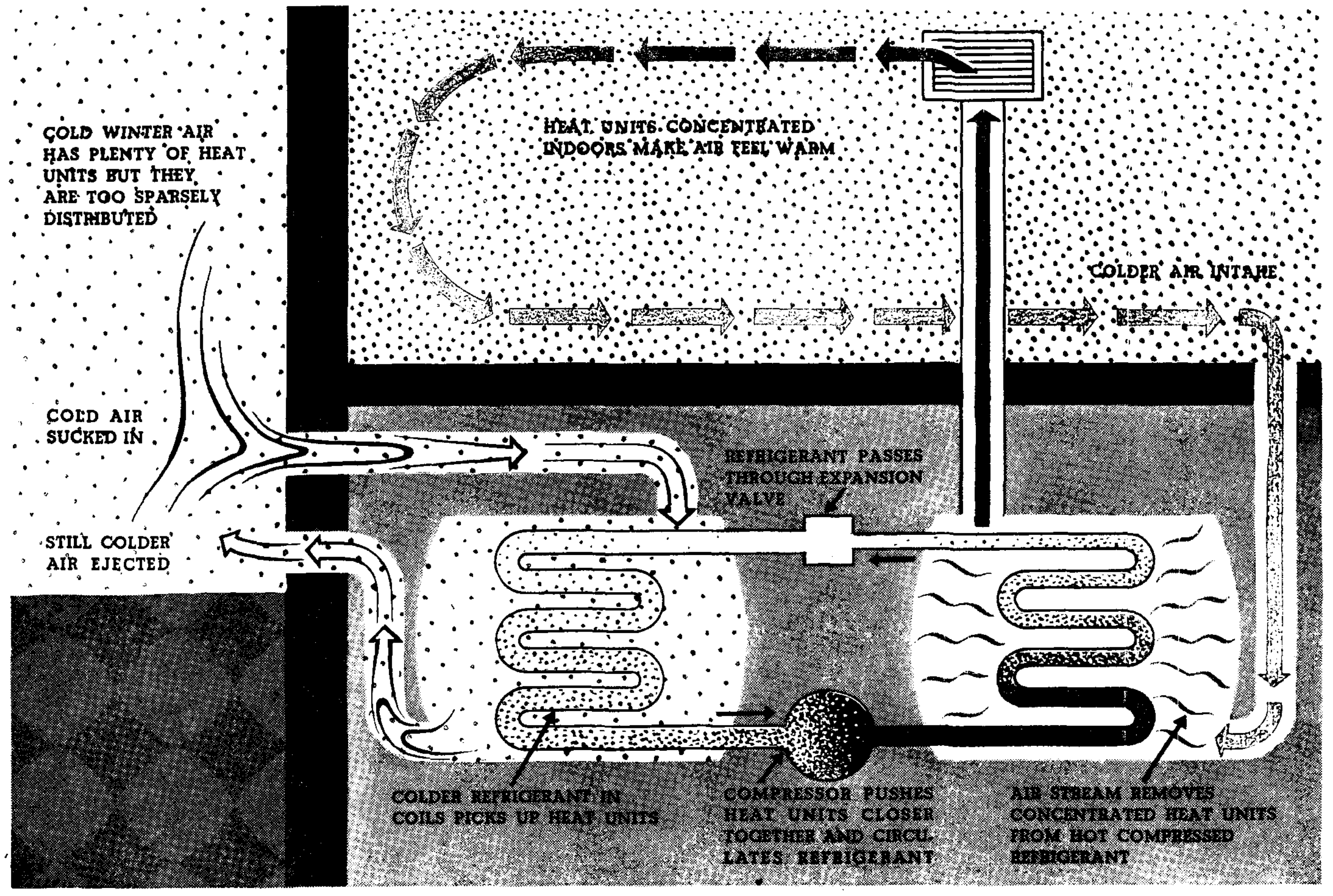
Flying in four-hour shifts, they maneuver in and out through the narrow gorges and skirt the ice-capped mountain peaks until at last one of the squadron detects a telltale bit of wreckage, a column of smoke, a ground-panel message that spells the location of the crashed crewmen. Then the planes swoop low to drop streamers bearing instructions for the survivors, medical supplies, maps and directions to reach the nearest U.S. air base.

Day after day, as the walkout party makes its way back slowly to civilization—sometimes a trek will take a month or six weeks—the mercy planes continue to maintain a close surveillance, hovering over them like a mother hen protecting her brood.

Sometimes, when an airman is seriously hurt, dropping first-aid supplies is not enough; then a flight surgeon will volunteer to jump to the injured man's side. Blood transfusions have been administered deep in the Burma jungle by ATC doctors, who parachuted down with plasma and equipment. Captain William Spruell, a medical officer with the rescue unit, was aboard a mercy plane when word was received via the emergency radio that a C-47 had crash-landed in the Himalayas after a Jap attack, and the engineer had a broken back. Without hesitation, Spruell (*Continued on page 84*)

PHOTOGRAPHS U.S. ARMY AIR FORCES

Sgt. Besser (left) and his companions break their trek into the Himalayan foothills in search of a lost plane in order to enjoy the hospitality of North Burma tribesmen, many of whom are seeing their first Americans


COLD WINTER AIR HAS PLENTY OF HEAT UNITS BUT THEY ARE TOO SPARSELY DISTRIBUTED
HEAT UNITS CONCENTRATED INDOORS MAKE AIR FEEL WARM
COLDER AIR INTAKE
COLD AIR SUCKED IN
REFRIGERANT PASSES THROUGH EXPANSION VALVE
STILL COLDER AIR EJECTED
COLDER REFRIGERANT IN COILS PICKS UP HEAT UNITS
COMPRESSOR PUSHES HEAT UNITS CLOSER TOGETHER AND CIRCULATES REFRIGERANT
AIR STREAM REMOVES CONCENTRATED HEAT UNITS FROM HOT COMPRESSED REFRIGERANT

This diagram shows how heat units at low temperatures are pumped indoors, concentrated and utilized for general heating

HEAT FROM COLD

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY and R. R. HAWKINS

DRAWING BY JAMES LEWICKI

With a little more development, the heat pump will be ready to keep your postwar home at 70 degrees summer and winter and will cost no more than the average car

A PARTY of corn-belt farmers was invited into an office building in Portsmouth, Ohio, to have a look at the air-conditioning plant there. It was a scorching midsummer day, but inside the building it was like spring, fresh and comfortable. As soon as the visitors were sufficiently impressed, their guide snapped a switch on the air-cooling machine. In a few moments, there was a violent change. Up soared the temperature past the hundred mark. Still fresh, the air kept getting hotter and hotter till the farmers fled to the coolness of the street.

That is reverse-cycle refrigeration, by which more than a score of office buildings all over the United States are today being cooled *and heated* the year round. There is no fuel burned. The heat is obtained as a free gift from nature, either from outdoor air or from well water, depending on the severity of the climate. The only cost is for electricity to run the pump.

It won't be long now before this heat magic may become commonplace for the warming of large buildings everywhere, and, with just a little more development, it will be a formidable competitor of the furnace in private homes.

The device that turns this trick of heating with cold is no fantastic cartoonist's dream, but a well-known engineering tool called the heat pump, with an honorable record of some eighty years of service. You have such a pump in your refrigerator. It pulls thermal units out of the food and discharges them into the kitchen air. All air-conditioning outfits are heat pumps. We think of them as refrigerators only because we are familiar with the cold they produce and we never notice the heat they pull out of the air and throw away. To make them work like furnaces, it is necessary only to run them backward and to collect the heat instead of throwing it away.

Unlikely as it sounds, the outdoor air is a good source of heat, even in mild winter weather. As scientists compute it, air at zero is only about fourteen per cent cooler than at seventy degrees. It does not require a very large machine to concentrate this thinly spread outdoor heat and force it indoors at a high enough temperature to warm the rooms. A small compressor circulating a refrigerant through pipe coils does the trick. The turbosuperchargers on fighter planes suck in air at high altitude at 60 degrees below zero, but it becomes so hot by compression that it actually has to be *cooled* before going to the carburetors. That is reverse-cycle refrigeration where it is not wanted.

Winter air contains plenty of heat, and the supply is inexhaustible, but the engineer who plans to use it finds that, as the temperature drops, he must use larger machinery to make the transformation; so the more your house needs the heat, the more it costs to deliver it.

The answer to this is the use of ground water, which has four times as many thermal units per pound as air and takes up 800 times less space. A good-sized well will carry the heating load of a building in the coldest livable climate, and its temperature stays the same the year round. Ground water is available almost anywhere on this continent, at temperatures ranging from 37 degrees in Canada to 67 in the South. Reversed refrigeration will work anywhere between these extremes as long as the well does not run dry.

Here's the way the heat pump works: The well water is pumped into a tank containing a coil through which a very cold gas refrigerant is flowing. The refrigerant absorbs heat from the well water, then goes into a compressor which squeezes it down into a liquid and thus greatly increases its heat—because compressing a thing makes it hotter.

Then the refrigerant—now very hot—runs through a second coil of pipe immersed in a second tank of water. Here it gives up its heat to the water. Then it is expanded through a valve to start its cycle again. The heated water, meanwhile, is sent into a large radiator over which air is blown. The air is the thing which is circulated through your house to warm it.

The original well water, which first gave up heat to the refrigerant, is pumped back into the ground.

The heat pump uses neither coal nor oil nor gas, creates no smoke, soot, dirt or odors and requires neither stoking nor cleaning. All you do is pay for the electricity to make it go.

Price of Electricity a Factor

For small homes this is at present a stumbling block, for although you get three to five heat units from nature free for every one you buy in electricity, the cost is high in places where power rates are up.

The heat pump competes in price with the fuel-burning furnace as soon as electric rates come down to two cents a kilowatt-hour. This is a common price for wholesale electricity in thousands of communities. Dropping the price to *one* cent a kilowatt-hour would allow the heat pump to compete with coal at about ten dollars a ton or oil at five cents a gallon and would open a new phase *in the evolution of heat production.*

Such electric rates are not uncommon, and it is likely that wide adoption of reverse-cycle heating will provide such an attractive volume of business that public utilities will quote these figures after the war. In many parts of Norway, Sweden and Switzerland, where cheap hydroelectricity is common, the heat pump is an old story. In Zurich, such a plant was first installed in the *Rathaus* and worked so well that five other installations were made, three of them to heat the water for public swimming pools. The same advantages await Americans who live near big power dams like Bonneville and Grand Coulee.

At present, most of the heat-pump outfits are used in power company office buildings because they naturally get their current at wholesale rates. They are the natural pioneers now busily engaged in working the bugs out of the system.

Reverse-cycle refrigeration might be a good way to heat your home even if there were not another way to absorb the cost. But there is. For it combines winter heating and summer cooling into a single air-conditioning system. With very slight changes in design, present cooling apparatus can do the heating, too, switching automatically from one job to the other as outdoor temperature demands. Considered in this light, the heat pump becomes an attractive promise for countless moderate-income homes and especially for public buildings. Take the average city movie theater, for example. Most of them have to do summer cooling anyway; a few hundred dollars worth of minor equipment would give them a complete winter heating system as well.

Two Thousand—and Down

The present cost of a complete year-round air-conditioning system (if you could get it) is estimated at about two thousand dollars for a ten-room house. But that is only today's figure. Great advances in efficiency are being made in refrigerating compressors and other apparatus. When heat pumps can be put into quantity production, the cost may be deeply cut. They are far less complicated than the automobile engine, for instance, and if everybody wanted one, they should not cost much more than the average car. That would bring the price down within the means of the owner of, say, a $6,000 house.

One way to cut the price of reverse-cycle heating in northern climates is to improve the supply of ground water for furnishing the free heat. A system is already in operation which returns the chilled water to the ground to absorb more of the earth's heat. This means that very little water is needed. Another trick is to use a large storage tank or heat flywheel, which can be pressed into service on very cold days. The heating apparatus can then be built smaller and more cheaply for lighter average duty.

We have only just begun the drive to make nature do our heating for nothing. A number of ingenious patents already point the way to even better methods of capturing free heat.

The most promising suggestion is to freeze the well water instead of simply cooling it to obtain the thermal units. A pound of water gives up 80 times as much heat at the moment of freezing as it does by being cooled one degree.

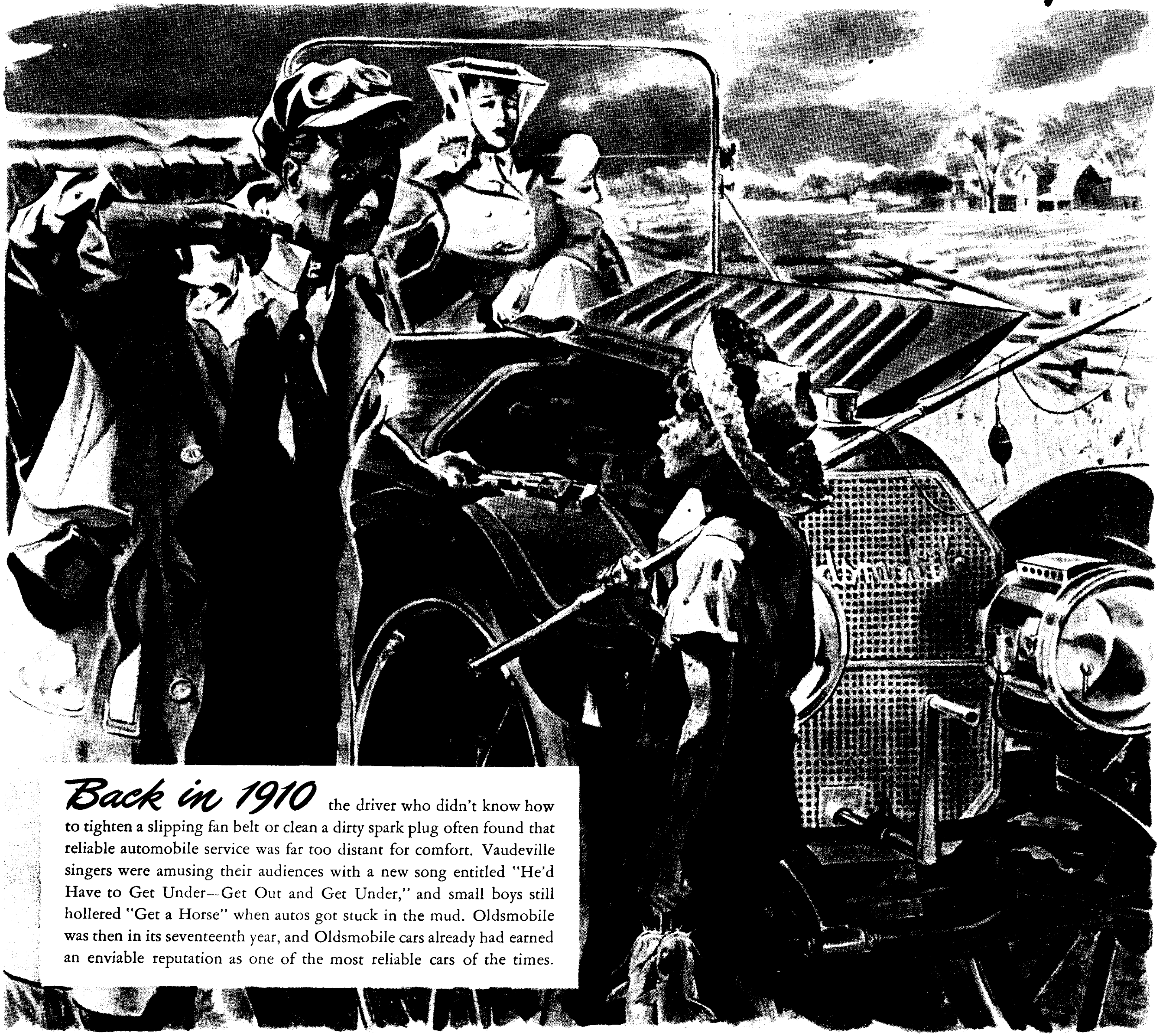
Thus, if there were a way to get rid of the ice, a small closed system using a tank of water sunk in the ground would furnish all the heat required, and no well would be needed. Engineers believe they can solve the ice-disposal problem and, if they do, it will mean that the heat pump can replace the fuel furnace even in small homes.

In the meantime, a miniature reverse-cycle outfit has been built that can be carried from one room to another and placed on the window sill to heat single rooms. These units will be available at once after the war and will be invaluable in the marginal seasons when the house is too cold for comfort but not cold enough to start the furnace.

Some day, all of us will probably buy our heating and cooling outfits as a single unit. We will install them and forget them as we do refrigerators. Fresh, dustless air at 70 degrees the year round will be the result, and at no more expense than we now pay for fuel.

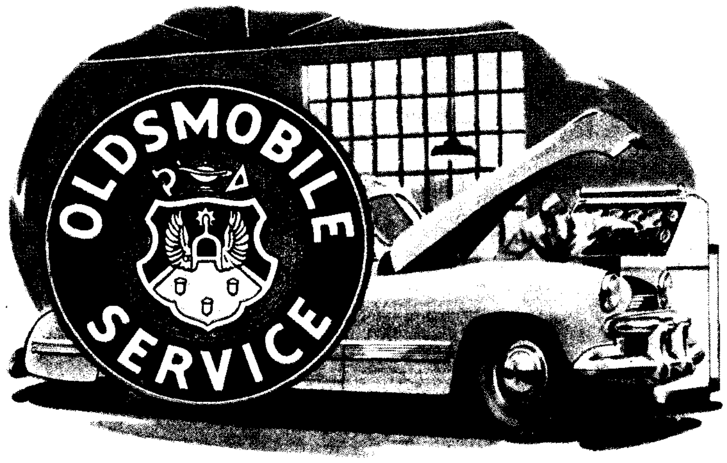
The advantages in better health and general convenience are obvious. But if you are from Missouri and can't believe this bootstrap-lifting promise, take a look at the model postwar kitchen that has been touring the country this spring. In it there is an efficient little dish-towel drier, operated entirely by the heat that is pumped out of the food in the refrigerator. The heat pump, magic or no magic, really works. ★★★

"Know where I can find a mechanic, sonny?"



Buy Bonds . . . to Keep 'em Firing!

Back in 1910 the driver who didn't know how to tighten a slipping fan belt or clean a dirty spark plug often found that reliable automobile service was far too distant for comfort. Vaudeville singers were amusing their audiences with a new song entitled "He'd Have to Get Under—Get Out and Get Under," and small boys still hollered "Get a Horse" when autos got stuck in the mud. Oldsmobile was then in its seventeenth year, and Oldsmobile cars already had earned an enviable reputation as one of the most reliable cars of the times.



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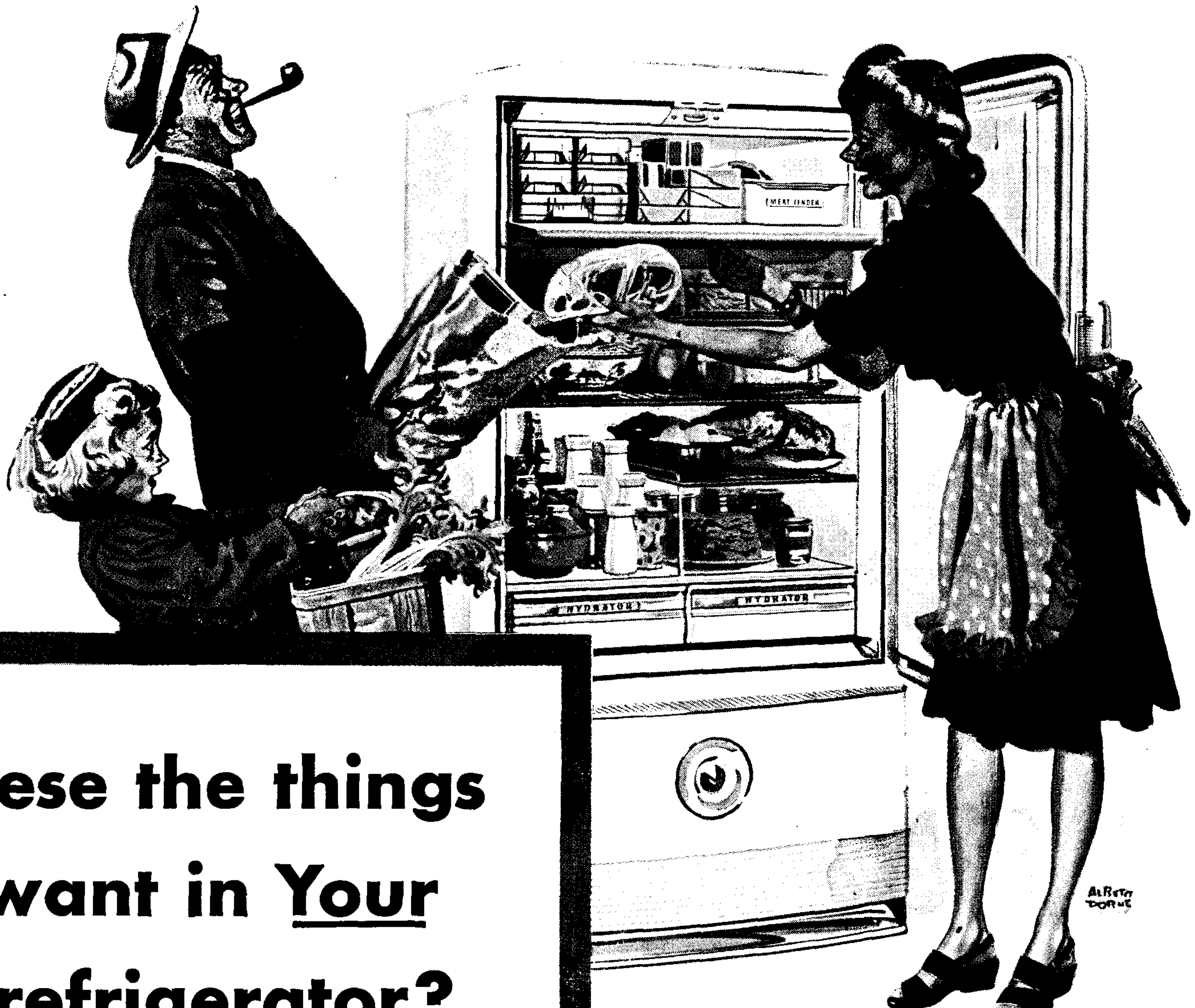

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Complete Frozen Storage Facilities . . . a special compartment with lots of space to freeze food and store it, too. Space for storing dozens of packages of store-bought frozen foods—or your favorite ice cream. Designed so sub-freezing temperatures stay where they belong—in the freezing compartment.

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Trouble-Free Mechanism . . . for low cost, trouble-free refrigeration. Quiet, unseen, self-oiling, with no unnecessary moving parts to cause trouble or wear. Completely sealed against dirt and moisture. Simplest refrigerating mechanism ever built with power to produce abundant cold on a mere trickle of current.

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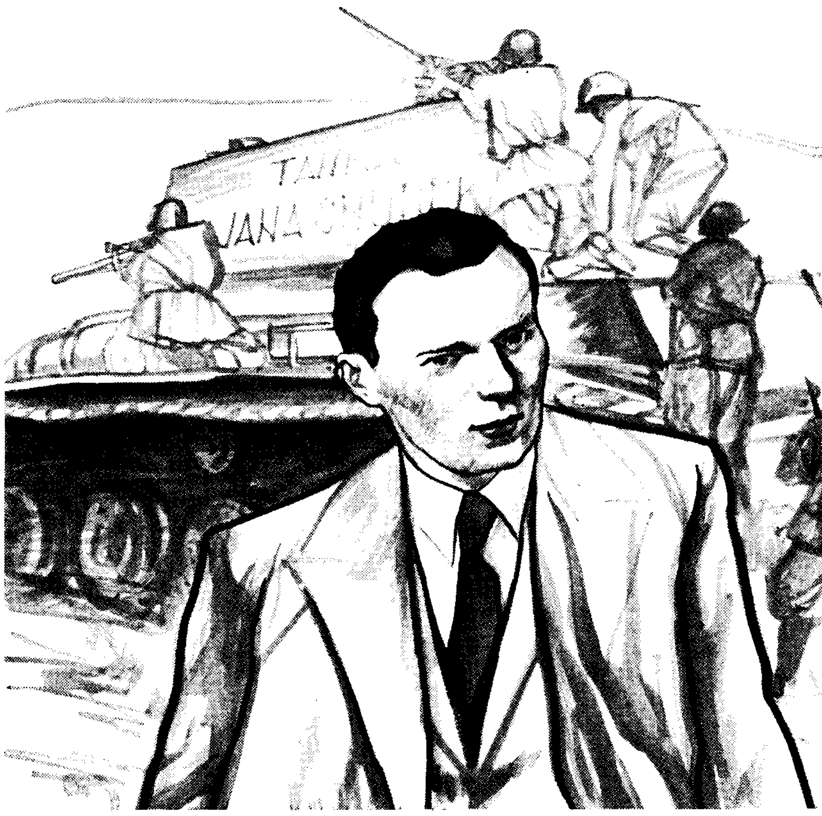

THE Heroes

JAN SMUDEK

VII

AFTER the heroic defense of Stalingrad, when the Russian offensive began to roll, a new type of 50-ton tank speareaded the terrific drive of the Red armies. Tanka Jana Smudek" was stenciled on its de, and this puzzled the Germans, for they new of no Russian general by that name. Only from captured soldiers did they learn finally that it was Joseph Stalin's generous tribute to a young Czech who had thrilled the marshal by his daring exploits as a "one-man guerrilla force."

At the time of Hitler's treacherous sweep across the Czechoslovakian border, Jan Smudek was completing a college course, his peasant parents having toiled and sacrificed to give him an education. For a while he joined with fellow students in patriotic demonstrations against the invaders, but soon quit these youthful defiances to take his place in the underground, stealing arms, explosives and radio sets.

Only nineteen, and more brave than cautious, some piece of recklessness brought him to the notice of the Gestapo, but when three agents cornered him in his cellar room, he shot them dead.

A price was put on his head, and rather than expose his associates to danger, Jan fled the city for the forests and caves of the countryside. Furious at his escape, the Germans vented their rage on the little village that had been his home, torturing and killing and burning with more than their usual bestiality.

When the news reached the hunted boy, all youth left him, and he turned as ruthless as his pursuers. With the same patient industry that had made him a prize scholar, Jan Smudek studied the strategy of guerrilla warfare, the art of attack and escape, for it was his vow to harry the Germans as long as life lasted.

Now began a series of singlehanded raids that lifted the spirit of a crushed people even as they baffled and infuriated the Gestapo. Lean and swift as a hound, and more crafty than an Apache, young Jan struck first here, then there, never staying in the same place. One night found him firing a supply depot, and the next night, thirty miles away, one of his hand grenades would crash into an outpost where German soldiers sat about the stove.

And always, to guard against reprisals, he left notice that it was the work of Jan Smudek.

Before many months had passed, the reward for his capture was raised to 100,000 marks, and Heinrich Himmler, rushing in from the Reich, cursed Karl Hermann Frank, the quisling, for a stupid, incompetent dolt. By way of answer, Jan dressed himself in the uniform of a German officer, complete even to the monocle, and entered a Gestapo headquarters where he destroyed dossiers that would have meant the imprisonment or death of hundreds of suspects.

And here again he left a card, congratulating Himmler on the superior idiocy of his agents.

Time and again it seemed that capture was inevitable. Once they had him penned in a small town, and troops marched in from all sides to guard every possible exit. Disguised as a young girl, charmingly dressed and bewigged, Jan let himself be picked up by an amorous young lieutenant, and coyly consented to go with him to Prague. Once on the train, a knock on the head put an end to the German's dream of love, and gave the lone guerrilla a uniform and identity cards.

One of Smudek's favorite tricks was to race for the Bavarian border, leaving a broad trail behind him, after which he would double back by mountain pass and forest trail. Then, while Himmler's men patrolled the frontier, he would strike at some point far in the interior, grenading a barracks or creeping up on some out-of-the-way garrison with his tommy gun. How many he killed will never be known, but the total was large enough to strike terror to every German in the whole of Czechoslovakia.

Hitler himself finally took charge of the situation, dismissing Baron Constantin von Neurath from his post as "Protector of Bohemia and Moravia," and giving the bankrupt bookseller, Karl Hermann Frank, the job of crushing Czech resistance. Frank went to work with ferocious will, sending more than 400,000 men and women to prison or to labor camps in the Reich. Declaring his purpose to "cure the rot of Christianity," the wretched quisling jailed 500 priests, and butchered a venerable bishop for daring to protest.

TIME after time Smudek eluded capture, and tales of his wild daring, passed from village to village and printed in the papers of the underground, steeled the hearts of his people against suffering and death. Again Hitler took action, kicking out Frank and putting in Reinhard Heydrich, most brutal of all the Nazi breed. Now, at long last, the "one-man guerrilla army" was brought face to face with defeat. It was not that he ran any greater risk of capture, for he had grown in cunning, but simply that "Hangman" Heydrich went the limit in savage reprisals. For every Smudek raid, so many villages were burned to the ground, and so many innocent citizens were hanged on gibbets in the public squares.

Publicly announcing that he meant to leave the country, Jan Smudek set about the business of escape. Heydrich, resolved on his capture, sealed the borders, but with the same craft that had kept him alive for two long years, the young Czech broke through into Austria, wormed on to Italy and then made his way to France where the underground put him on a plane for England.

According to the last reports he was with the British in Holland, fighting back to his motherland.

Is it any wonder that Marshal Stalin named a tank in honor of Jan Smudek? . . .

GEORGE CREEL

---

o I get surprised when I look at you?"

"Maybe you forgot a few things."

"I forgot about your eyelashes," he said. I get tangled up in 'em when I look at you. Vhere's the old wide-eyed stare?"

"I must have mislaid it someplace. You're ort of different yourself, Joel."

"Maybe." He slipped his hand down to ier wrist, his fingers under the sleeve. "Not oo different," he said then, and gripped her rm so her heart jerked sharply. It took no nore than that to send the warm joy all over ier, blurring everything but his touch.

When she looked away from him, she topped suddenly in the middle of the sidewalk. "We walked right past the car, Joel."

"I'm not doing so badly," he murmured.

He took the steering wheel as a matter of ourse, and she settled down beside him, denoted and glad of it.

"Know the way home, Joel?"

"How you talk."

He skimmed more corners than he used to, ut he skimmed them very efficiently.

"Is your arm really all right, Joel?"

"Yeah. Tidy patches and not very stiff." He was using his right arm carefully, but he motion was sure.

"Then why'd you have to go to the hospital? Why couldn't you come straight home, when you landed?"

"Had to get checked up." He slowed grudgingly, at a crossing. They were in open country before he spoke again: "Wanted to see Mackay, anyhow."

She was startled, that he'd thought of seeing anyone but her, when he first arrived. "That captain?"

"Uh-huh. He's sailing this week."

Love in His Pocket

Continued from page 18

Once more she thrust away the subtle warning of things not understood, of something wrong. A faint unrest remained, and she let that slip away, studying his profile. His hair was absurdly short at the temple, a furring of gold above his brown face. His jaw seemed to thrust more sharply, maybe because his face was thin.

THEY didn't speak again till they were nearly home. After a while he reached out a hand and she held it, looking at their fingers together against her bright tweed skirt.

"Winston town limit," Joel said at last. "Sometimes I used to wonder if I'd really get back here—"

"Yes," she said, and thought, such a silly, small word, to cover all the nights she'd stared into, wondering if he would ever come home. It was so amazing, now, to feel safe again.

The car slid gently to the curb in front of their house. She looked at the front door, open for Joel; she looked up at the windows of their room.

"Who the hell has been cutting that hedge?" said Joel.

Drue giggled, something she hadn't done for a long time. "You'll get the hedge smoothed out in a couple of months."

Joel didn't answer. He switched off the ignition and opened the door for her.

"Joel—I never thought—where's your luggage?"

"I've had some stuff shipped here," he said. "You getting out?" He hastened her with a little pull.

She kept looking at him as they went up the path. She thought that she'd been doing nothing but look at him since she met him on the steps; and she couldn't stop.

"Where's the old family retainer?" Joel asked, going into the front hall.

"Lena's probably staying out in the kitchen—to give us some time together."

"Not a bad idea," Joel said, smiling at her.

"Your friends at the hospital weren't so smart," she observed.

"Drue—"

His tone startled her, and she stood straighter, facing him.

"Drue, I can't settle in—till I tell you." He took her shoulders, staring down at her.

Whatever was coming, she didn't want it—not yet. She didn't want anything to break her deep content, for a little while.

"Don't tell me anything, now," she said softly. "Let's just be glad you're here. You've got plenty of time to tell me things. We've got all the rest of our life."

"I've got just twenty-one days," he said, effort harsh in his voice. "I'm not discharged. I'm on leave."

She had been sure all along that something was wrong, she had kept pushing the knowledge away. But she didn't believe this.

"You got your discharge abroad," she said with a queer fierceness, as if she could make it so. "You can't fight any more with that arm. You wrote me you'd got a medical discharge."

"I did," Joel said. "But just before I left, I was reinstated. I'm slated for the AMG."

"But how could—"

He interrupted her: "I asked to be reinstated, Drue."

She moved away from him when he said that. She shook her head to stop the dull singing in her ears.

"I thought you wanted to come home," she said flatly.

"Don't go feminine on me," Joel said, a hard edge on his tone. "You know damned well how I've wanted to get back."

"Well," she said, "you got as far as the hall."

JOEL finished lighting a cigarette this time. "Shoving the German armies back won't end the job. They left quite a mess behind them." He paused and went on again. "We've got to straighten out the mess, in a lot of countries. That's what the Allied Military Government is doing. If you could see some of the people, some of the kids . . . Do I have to make a speech about it?"

"No," she said. "I get it. You're going back and build houses for other people's children."

And it was strange how the shining welcome had seeped out of their own house, now that she knew. The roses stood waist-high in the green floor vase, the new curtains hung heavy and silken, but the expectancy was gone. It was just the house she was going to be alone in, again.

"I'm sorry," she said with a heavy effort,

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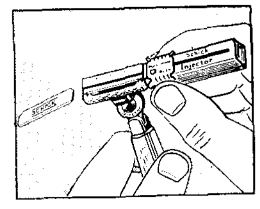

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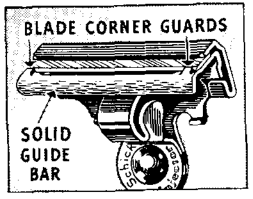

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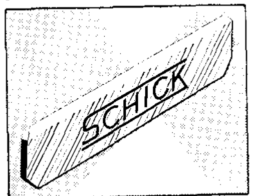

SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR BLADES

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"I'm being rotten about it. But I thought—I expected— You should have let me know."

Why didn't he see that when you'd relaxed into safety, when you'd let go and drifted into happiness, you couldn't suddenly face losing it all again? She'd thrown away her armor, and she couldn't grab it up again immediately.

"I didn't know, myself, till just before I sailed," he was telling her. "I thought it'd be better to tell you than to cable. Listen, Drue. I'll be down at the school in Charlottesville for a while. I'll get another leave before I sail."

"How many years before you're home for good?" she asked abruptly.

"I don't know," Joel said, the strained look deepening around his eyes. "Maybe when things get further along, you could come over. I don't know what it'll be like. Drue, we're needed— Don't you read the papers? I couldn't get a discharge now."

She cut through all that. "You said you wanted to go, Joel."

"I guess the major was right," Joel said. "I told them you'd be a good sport about it; I told them you'd understand. But the major said you'd raise hell."

"So you were all talking me over. The problem wife." She heard her voice climb and steadied it down. "Well, we needn't stand here in the hall."

Joel headed for the stairs. He passed her without touching her.

"I'll wash up, and we'll have a drink," he said, as carefully casual as if he'd been coming home every day for months.

He went around the curve on the landing, and she heard his steps in the upstairs hall. She had expected to go on up with him; she had stood in the doorway of their room that noon, thinking that the next time she saw it, she'd be with him.

Nothing was the way she'd expected, but the worst was that Joel himself had changed. She stood there in the hall, remembering bitterly the things he'd said to her before he went away, the things she had held on to all those months.

That last evening of his last leave, they'd said their real goodby then. They had climbed the stairs, and then they'd sat down on the top step, tight together, not wanting to go on to the last night because that would be the end.

She'd put her head down on her knees. "I won't know where you are—" she had said. "I'm no good, Joel. I can't look ahead."

And he had drawn her back against him.

"Everything will be the same again, when I get back," he had said. Why had it sounded like a promise?

"My darling," he had said, holding her. "My darling, a little thing like a war can't change us."

BUT it wasn't so; he had changed. And they had changed; they weren't Drue and Joel any more, a special team in a special world. Joel belonged to men's plans, men's talk. He had just dropped in to see her, between a war and a reconstruction.

"Mrs. Kent?" said Lena's voice behind her. "Didn't the captain come?"

Lena's wide, troubled face, her rolling shoulders, rose magnificently above the dab of frilled apron. She swayed on her high-heeled Sunday shoes.

"He'll be right down," Drusilla said. "He's fine, Lena."

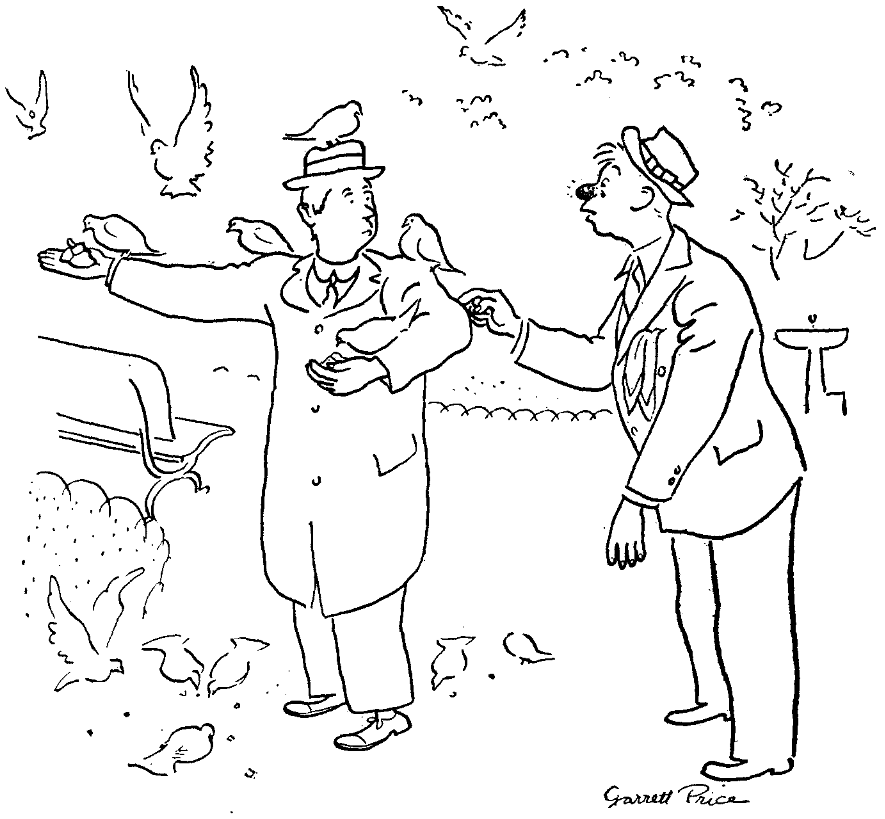
She turned and walked swiftly into the living room. Why didn't he come down? He'd walked in and announced he was going away again in twenty-one days. But that didn't stop the way she felt about him.

When he came downstairs she stood looking out of the window, but she couldn't slow her breathing, she couldn't do anything but wait for him. She heard him cross the room and stop behind her.

He didn't say anything at all. He pulled her around to him with a fierceness that was what she wanted.

Maybe now she could forget he was different, forget he was going away. "Don't let me remember—" she said aloud, and while her eyes were closed, nothing was different, nothing in the world was wrong.

"Why did we have to talk so much?" he said at last.



COLLIER'S "Do you—uh—see pigeons on *me*, Buddy?" GARRETT PRICE

"Why didn't you do this before?" she returned, and felt his hold tighten.

He said, "Times when I've wanted you—" and broke off abruptly as a quick footstep came nearer on the terrace.

"Now what?" he said. "Who's that?"

Drue said wryly, "Probably it's the Nuisance. She always comes in that way."

"Oh, Lord!" said Joel.

"She's still got a crush on you," Drue assured him, remembering how they had snapped out the lights and sat in the dark for half an hour, one time, waiting for the Nuisance to be discouraged and go away from the terrace.

THIS time it was daylight, and she came swinging in the window, a very beautiful Nuisance, with brown legs bare to the blue corduroy shorts, and a banner of soft ruddy hair.

"Hi!" she said to Joel, and the shyness in her face was new.

"My, you've grown up, Becky," Joel exclaimed in real surprise.

No greeting could have pleased Becky more. She grinned at Drue.

Drue looked at her again. It was a long jump, she reflected, from the fifteen-year-old Becky that Joel had left, to this Becky. Coming on Becky at seventeen was finding a new person.

"Homecoming of a hero," Becky said to Joel. "Do you feel dramatic?"

"Not yet," Joel retorted. "Should I?"

"Well, in the movies the guy goes around sort of reverently patting his favorite furniture," Becky said. "And he usually says, 'I've dreamed of this moment.' "

"The hell he does!" Joel grunted. "When I'm reduced to patting the furniture—"

Becky sat on the arm of a chair, her long legs sideways. "Anyhow, you're home."

Drue said crisply, "Home for a visit." She felt Joel's quick glance at her but she didn't return it.

"Visit?" said Becky.

"I'm going back over again," Joel told her, his voice matter-of-fact. "Italy, I hope. The AMG."

"Oh," said Becky, and swung around to sit excitedly upright. "You're really getting into AMG? That's marvelous!"

"Why all the enthusiasm?" Joel inquired, eying her skeptically.

"Don't go military on me," Becky said impatiently. "A boy I know is breaking his neck to get in, and his dad is pulling wires madly in all directions." She went on more slowly, her eyes very bright: "You're going to be right out in front, Joel. When they say 'occupied territories.' I think of all those pe ple, sick with having their countries smash up—and you'll be helping them put the piec together again."

"I'll probably be sweating it out, inte preting," Joel said dryly. "That's one reas they want me—languages. No heroics."

"You'll be out in front," Becky said aga "America will go right on being America, b you'll be over there, making countries ov getting them started all shiny new aga That's why I get so excited about it, Joel."

"Me, too," Joel said with unexpected i tensity.

Drue stood there silently, watching t eagerness grow on Joel's face as he realiz Becky's enthusiasm was genuine. He had come to life this way, she thought, when told her in the hall he was going back ove seas. And she added honestly to herself, th she hadn't shown him any spark, like Becky She couldn't—possibly—be jealous of Beck A child like that? But there was somethi inside her that was bitterly resentful of t way Joel and Becky had talked on, as if sl weren't in the room.

"We've got a swell chance there," Joel w saying.

Drue cut into the talk, her voice clear a even. "It all looks very glamorous to yo Becky," she said. Becky's eyes swung to he quickly. "But you haven't stopped to thin he'll be going away again, maybe for years."

Becky nodded soberly. "It won't be an fun for you, Drue. But he went away to b a soldier. And this—"

"You don't understand," Drue sai "You're not a wife."

THERE was a silence as her words hun there in the room, a wall against Becky' enthusiasm, a challenge to Joel.

Then Joel spoke: "Well, I've got plenty o time before I have to go. We'll get som tennis in, Becky. I'll be seeing you."

Becky stood up, accepting the dismissal i his voice. "That'll be swell, Joel. Be seein you, Drue." She looked at Drue uncertainly a worried frown pulling at her forehead. "I' glad you've got him home, Drue."

Then she was gone out the French windo again, her long strides taking her swiftly. Bu when Drue and Joel were alone again, ther was a difference.

"Quite a kid," Joel said. "You sort o stepped on her, didn't you?"

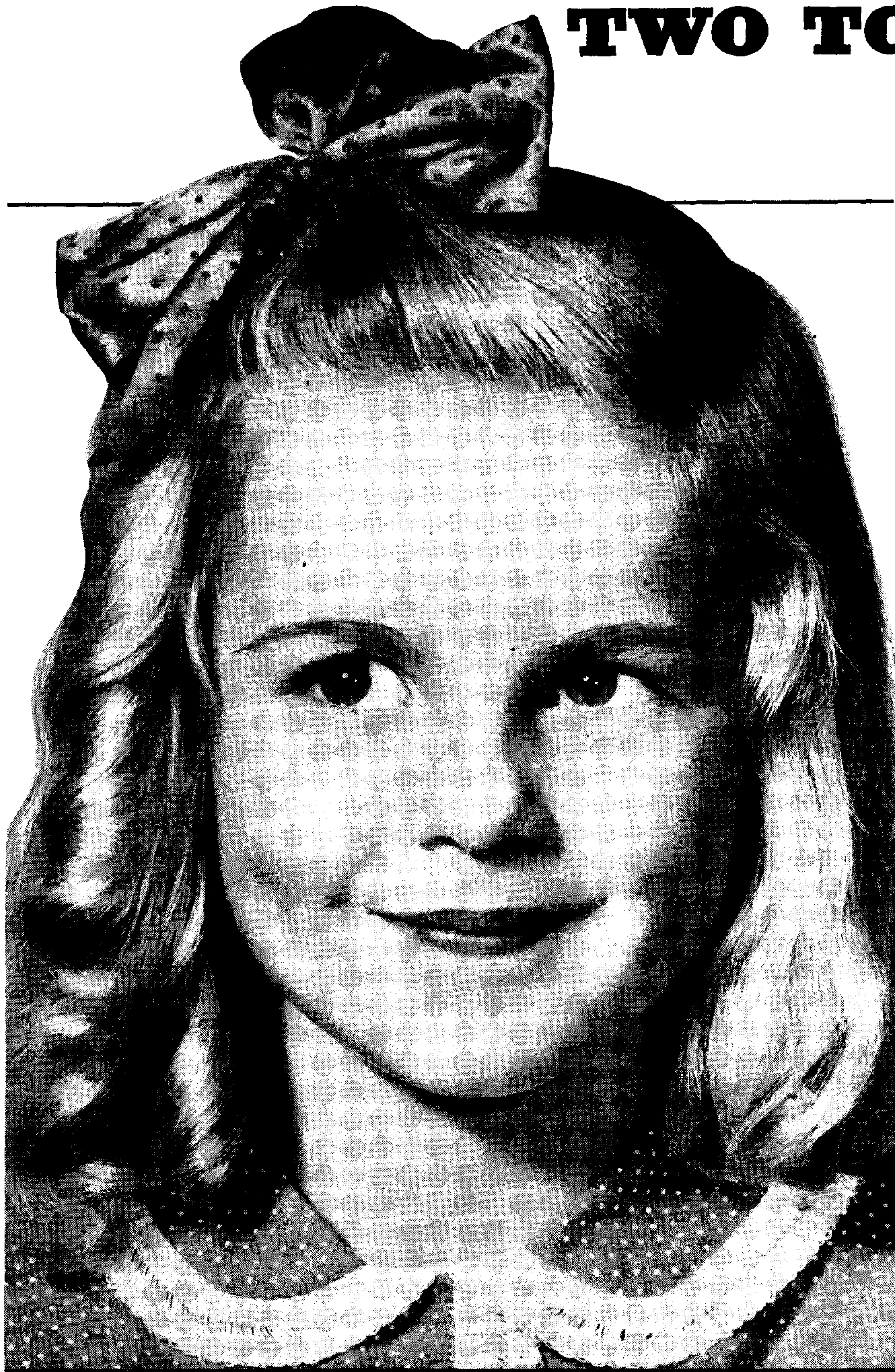
"Maybe it's old-fashioned, to care abou being a wife," Drue retorted.

"Depends on the kind of wife you are, guess," said Joel.

Drue thought that one over. If Joel ha

Eyes are rationed...

TWO TO A LIFETIME



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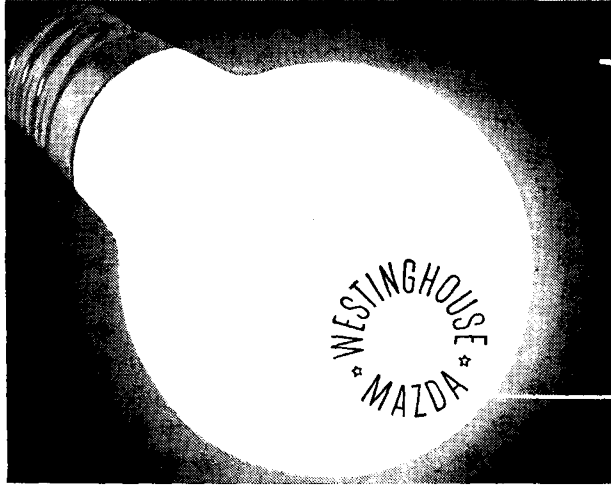

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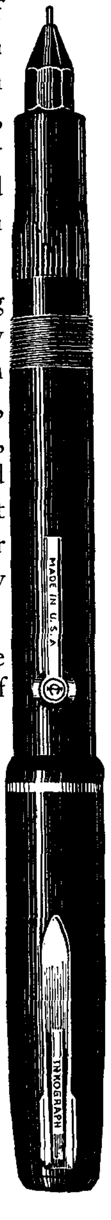

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come home changed, she might start figuring on what sort of wife he wanted now. Apparently he wanted a wife who would stay home contentedly, writing cheery letters, while he roamed around making the world over.

And she could do that, too, if that was what he wanted—only—only he didn't say it would hurt to go away again, he didn't seem to care that he was ripping up the pattern of their life.

"What'll happen to your law work?" she asked suddenly.

Joel shrugged. His face was quiet and closed over again now; he had put away that flare of interest he'd shown Becky about his work ahead. "There always will be law cases," he said. "There won't be another chance—to have a finger in making a country over, to make things— But you don't care about that, Drue."

"I could," she said.

But not as long as his strangeness stood in the way, not while she was lost and alone because he didn't seem to care, passionately, that he would be leaving her again. What had happened to the way he used to love her? When he had come downstairs he'd come straight to her. Now he was roaming restlessly around the room. He was miles away from her, his first day home. Nothing fitted the pattern she had expected.

And, she thought suddenly, the way she loved him was like a pattern, really; how he used to look and act was part of it, and their home, and his work here that she understood, and the way they used to feel together, like an iridescent thread running through it. Maybe women loved their men, like a pattern of love embroidery, always knowing what was ahead, what was planned and safe. But men . . .

"Men just carry their feelings along with them," she said aloud. "You love me, Joel, but you take your love along in a pocket, wherever you want to go."

"Handy, for a war," he said. But he stopped walking around.

"Very convenient," she agreed slowly. "Something you have with you, you don't have to worry about. You can go anywhere and do anything, you can change, and start new things. But, Joel, I'm only half alive without you here—" She ended with a sudden wide appeal.

Joel was looking at her directly. "I hadn't seen it that way—"

"All I have is what we planned together," she said. "What do you want of me now?"

"Plenty," Joel said.

He came toward her across the room, and stopped as Lena came in from the dining room. "Telephone, Mrs. Kent," Lena said, but her wide smile was for Joel.

"How are you, Lena?" he was saying, and Lena was replying rapturously as Drue left the room.

IT WAS Joel's Aunt Cornelia on the phone, and she announced that she was coming over immediately, that she would not stay for dinner, and that she sent Joel a dignified amount of love and affection.

"Yes, Aunt Cornelia," said Drue. "That's fine. . . . No, Aunt Cornelia. . . . Yes, Aunt Cornelia."

She hung up the receiver, watching Lena back her way into the hall, still beaming.

"We're certainly proud of you, Captain Kent," Lena was saying. "Going over there on that important job. You'll just go over there and say 'Do this,' like Mr. Churchill."

Joel was still grinning when Drue got back in the living room. "I seem to be in the minority," she observed. "I can see right now, everybody is going to be rallying around, saying how wonderful it is you're going back abroad."

"Who was that phoning?" asked Joel.

"Your Aunt Cornelia. She'll be right over."

"Oh, my Lord," Joel said. "Do we have to have any more people barging in here?"

"People want to see you, your first day home," Drue answered. She added, "I haven't seen you get particularly anxious to be alone with me, anyhow."

"Now look here," said Joel, reaching out and bringing her to him with one swift pull. "Everything's been all shot up since I got into this house. But you know perfectly damned well—"

"I don't," said Drue. "The way I feel, I don't know anything about you." It was true, and she hated it, and once again his touch was blurring her with emotion till she couldn't think. She tightened her hands around his head, and he was bending down to her when the doorbell rang.

"Aunt Cornelia," said Drue, with more resignation than anger. It was no use hoping anything would happen right, this day.

"A man's house is his castle," Joel said bleakly, smoothing his hair.

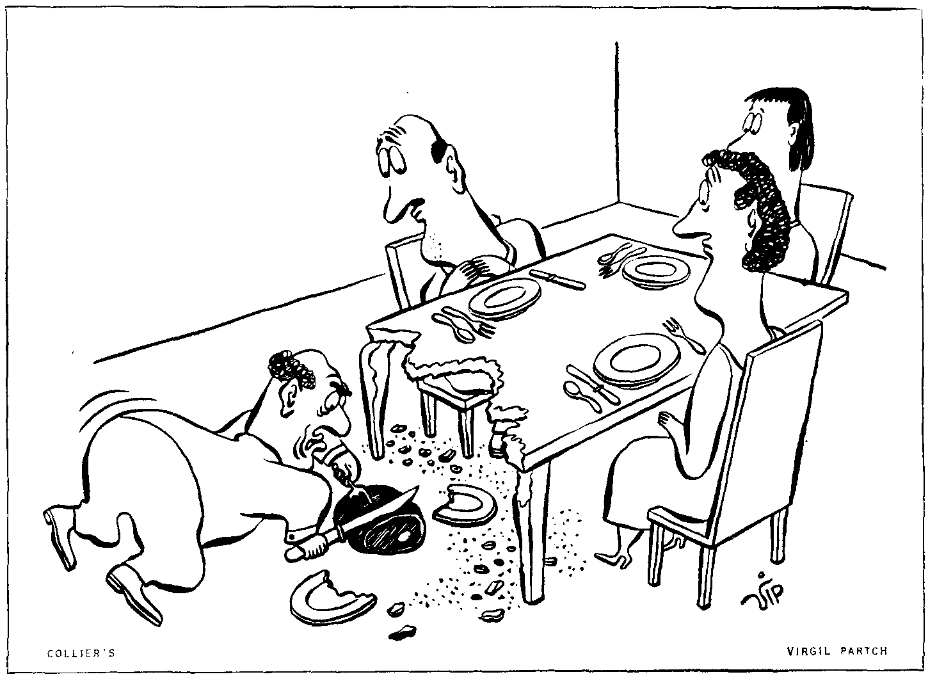
Aunt Cornelia had put on black broadcloth and her seed-pearl pin, to welcome her nephew. She offered him the far side of her face, with her usual maidenly lack of interest, but she said she was glad to see him as if she meant it.

"I'm only home for three weeks," Joel told her immediately, as if he intended to get that straight at once, this time. He went on explaining about the AMG to Aunt Cornelia, who wasn't as well informed as Becky.

Aunt Cornelia sat on the edge of a chair, listening and watching him with her shiny black eyes. Drue settled down on the lounge and let Joel have the rug to pace on.

"Well," said Aunt Cornelia judicially at last, "it sounds like a good opportunity for you. After two or three years, you can get into the diplomatic service."

"Not likely," said Joel.



COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

"At any rate," said Aunt Cornelia, "foreign service for your country—that's better than being a second-rate lawyer in a small town."

"He never was a second-rate lawyer," Drue exclaimed indignantly. "He'd only been working two years, Aunt Cornelia."

Aunt Cornelia's sharp glance snapped around to Drue. "You'll agree, Drusilla, that he's going to do work of some distinction."

"He's going away, abroad again, I know that," Drue said recklessly, all her misery boiling into rage at one more person eager to send Joel away from her. "He's going away from home again. He wants to go."

"And you don't approve?" Aunt Cornelia asked acidly. "You don't want him to go?"

"No," Drue said flatly. "I don't want him to go."

"You ought to be ashamed," said Aunt Cornelia. "Why, I'm glad to have him go. He's my only nephew, but I'm pleased he has the opportunity—"

Joel wheeled to face his aunt, and listening to him Drue went from anger to blank astonishment.

"But, Aunt Cornelia," he was saying, "you can't talk like that to Drue. You don't know how she feels; you're not a wife. Here she's been waiting all this time for me to get home, and now I'm going off again. What do you think that does to her?"

"I don't know," said Aunt Cornelia, looking surprised also.

Joel took her arm firmly. "Give us a little time to find out, and we'll be over to see you tomorrow. It was swell to have you run in, Aunt Cornelia. We'll have a long talk tomorrow."

Aunt Cornelia found herself moving toward the door, saying goodby to Drue over her shoulder. And Drue said a dazed goodby and watched her go.

"That's that," said Joel briskly, coming back from the front door. "Now, do you think we can settle down for a little intimate home life?"

"Joel," Drue said, "what did you mean, telling Aunt Cornelia that she wasn't a wife?"

"That's what you said to Becky," he answered. "It seemed to hold Becky. Never having been a wife myself, I can see there's a lot of stuff I don't know." He looked down at her intently, unsmiling.

"You told Aunt Cornelia that it did things to me, Joel, waiting for you and now having you go away again."

"Yes?" he said.

"You said it as if you knew—what it did to me."

Joel's mouth twisted grimly. "I know what it's going to do to me—to go."

AND all the ice melted out of Drue in a burning flash, when she heard his voice shake. So he did care about going away. But why hadn't he . . .

"Why didn't you tell me, Joel—like that?" she asked him, because she had to be sure. "When you told me you were going, you sounded all full of duty and efficiency and Army orders. You didn't say you'd hate to leave me."

"How could I when you flew off base, as soon as I started to tell you?" he demanded. "And you ought to know, anyhow, Drue." He started to bend toward her and straightened again. "I'm the one who's got to go, Drue. No matter how much I care about the work, that doesn't mean I don't get pulled apart, thinking of leaving you again. And if we both let go and howled together, we'd be in a mess. Somebody's got to hold the line."

Drue said softly, "So I howled and you held the line. Well, I'll behave now."

Then he was down on the lounge beside her, his hands tight against her face. "You told me I just carried your love along with me, Drue. I know it's tough for you, staying here, for another stretch alone. But if I didn't have your love, to take along, Drue—"

"It's all right," she told him. "We're all right, darling."

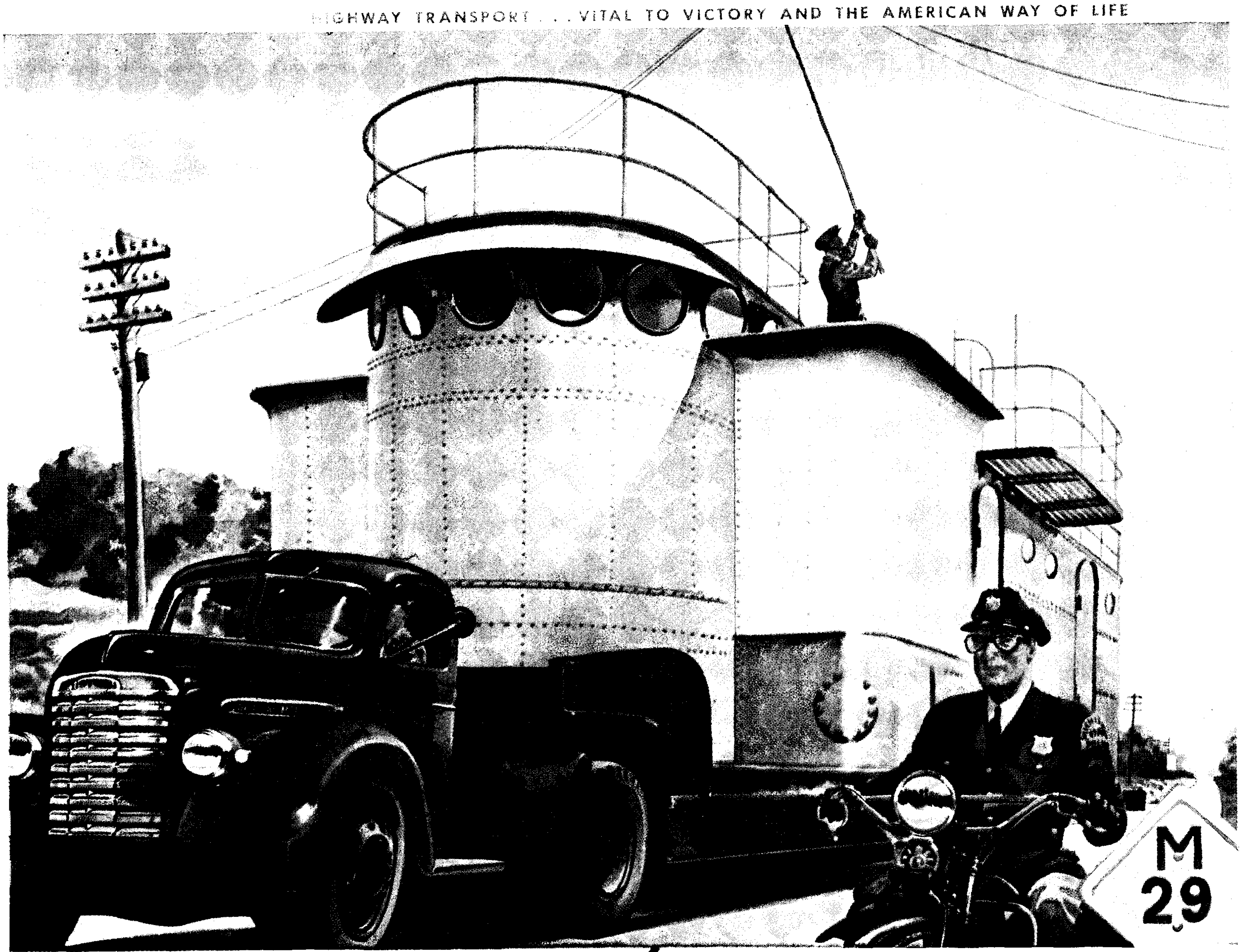
And it was all right now—now they were close, the way they used to be. He would come back again, or she'd go where he was, when she could. And she thought briefly: Here she was again, making another pattern, all over again. But that didn't matter, if she could remember not to tie him into the pattern—to give him the space he needed.

"Do you want to tell me about it?" she asked him. "About what you'll be doing? I can listen now."

"Now?" said Joel, his voice blurred against her throat. "Now? Hell no! I just got home!"

THE END

HIGHWAY TRANSPORT . . . VITAL TO VICTORY AND THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE



Anchors Aweigh on the Highway

Quite startling to see a huge deckhouse of a warship rolling along the road, isn't it? Yet, this is a familiar sight to those traveling near a Great Lakes shipyard which moves ship sections a hundred miles by motor truck.

Another midwestern concern regularly sends landing boats from Lake Michigan to New York via truck. In the east, trucking companies have carried everything from lifeboats to 18 by 24 foot smokestacks for Naval vessels. Out west, even sections of warships weighing 60 tons and Naval Barges 120 feet long have been transported by truck.

America's colossal Naval construction program, providing for 14,000 vessels and 80,000 landing craft by the end of 1944, could never have been accomplished without the help of scores of our inland industries.

Today, it's Anchors Aweigh on the Highway because these inland shipbuilders have found that motor trucks usually supply the shortest, speediest and, sometimes, the only method for transporting their products.

In addition to being one of the largest producers of military vehicles, GMC is also building many commercial trucks for essential users. If you are eligible for a new truck, your GMC dealer will gladly help you fill out an application. Remember, too, your GMC dealer is headquarters for the original Preventive Maintenance Service.

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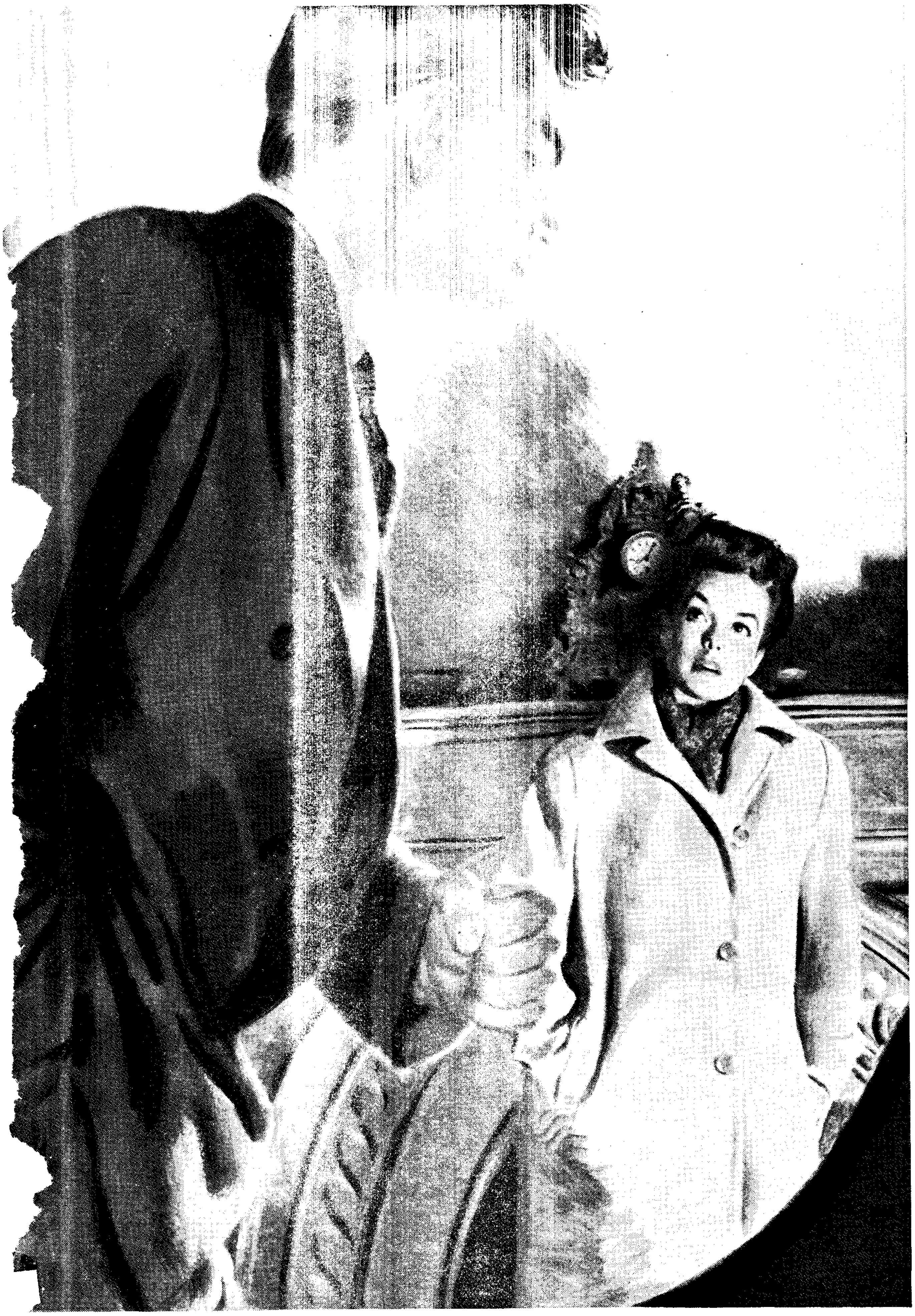


"I'm going to call the police," Tom Craigie said. "Wait just a **little longer," Nell urged him**

THE

By FRANCES MALM

ILLUSTRATED BY WARD BARRETT

Some people love too deeply and too long. When Tom Craigie denied the present for a memory, Nell knew he must be hurt before he could love again

NELL had known that sooner or later she would go to see Tom Craigie. Friends of hers kept telling her it was no use, that Mr. Craigie was one of those tough-minded, arrogant people who wouldn't listen seriously to anyone, and Nell herself knew something of Tom Craigie's reputation. He was one of the prominent lawyers of the town, a brilliant man professionally but overly stubborn and difficult to deal with as a person. Less than a year ago, his wife, one of the apparently few people whom he really cared for, had died in a tragic accident, and since then these qualities of his had become, if anything, more than ever a part of him. Nell knew what she was up against but when a course of action seemed imperative to her, there was nothing likely to stop her from carrying it through. . . . So here she was, on this October afternoon, waiting to talk to Tom Craigie.

The receptionist came to tell her: "Mr. Craigie will see you now." Nell stood up, a slim girl with brown eyes and a quick direct smile, and followed her across the outer office, richly decorated with soft carpeting and muraled walls. It occurred to her that in order to fit into these elegant surroundings she should really have dressed up. Instead she wore only a sweater and skirt with the short yellow wool coat she always wore to walk to and from the high school thrown over her shoulders; she was sure she looked very much the teacher, almost as if bits of blackboard chalk still clung to her finger tips.

The receptionist led her into Mr. Craigie's office, and before she knew it, they had exchanged greetings and she was sitting in one of the sumptuous chairs, all leather and softness. And there was Tom Craigie behind his desk, looking at her coolly, courteously, and without an ounce of encouraging sympathy. He was a big man of forty or so with wild reddish hair and a nose that had probably been stubby when he was a little boy but which did not in the least detract from his tough dignity. Nell looked straight at him, and plunged into her business.

"Mr. Craigie," she said quickly. "I came to talk to you about your son."

"Has the kid been misbehaving?" asked Tom Craigie.

"No, of course not," said Nell, and as she said it she realized what an odd situation this really was. Usually a teacher came to talk to parents when their children were incorrigible, and here she was coming to Tom Craigie because his son Robb was—not a bad boy, anything but a bad boy—studious, serious—"but he's so changed."

"Changed from what?" asked Tom Craigie bluntly.

"Changed from what he was last year. He was fourteen then, he's fifteen now—but that shouldn't make such a difference. He used to play tennis, he won the school cup last year; he used to play basketball and sing in the glee club, and when you met him in the hall he was always whistling. He was like someone who—who got an extra measure of everything that makes a person happy and successful and—" Nell stopped, seeing Tom Craigie start to smile faintly, then said, "What I'm trying to say is that Robb is an entirely different boy this year—very quiet and—oh, it's too plain for anyone to miss—unhappy. . . ."

TOM CRAIGIE'S face gave the impression of being a hard mask that no kind of emotion could disarrange. He said: "Robb lost his mother in April, Miss Shipman. It happened very suddenly. Naturally it was a shock to him."

"Yes, I realize that," said Nell. She had heard the details of the accident. Robb and his mother had been out horseback riding. Mrs. Craigie was a person who would gay-heartedly meet the challenge of anything her son did, and she had been following him over a country fence when her horse stumbled and fell with her.

"But," said Nell, "I don't believe it is that, Mr. Craigie. I've talked to Robb now and then, and he speaks of his mother in a simple natural way as of some lovely, wonderful person whom he has gotten slowly used to missing. This thing is different—something buried inside him, some vague feeling, perhaps, of a lack in himself. I've wondered, Mr. Craigie, if there's something you might have noticed, something in his home life that . . ."

As Nell spoke of Mrs. Craigie, Tom Craigie's face had for an instant lost its stolidity, and Nell realized now for herself what she had heard from others, that his wife's death had been an overwhelmingly painful blow for him to take. It was like having a series of doors opened into the very core of his character and glimpsing a great tenderness that could make you forgive him almost anything else that he was. . . . Then, once more, his face hardened and he was saying: "Are you asking, Miss Shipman, if Robb is well treated at home?"

"Of course not," said Nell. "But you see him when he's not at school, and I've thought you might have gotten a clue to what is wrong—"

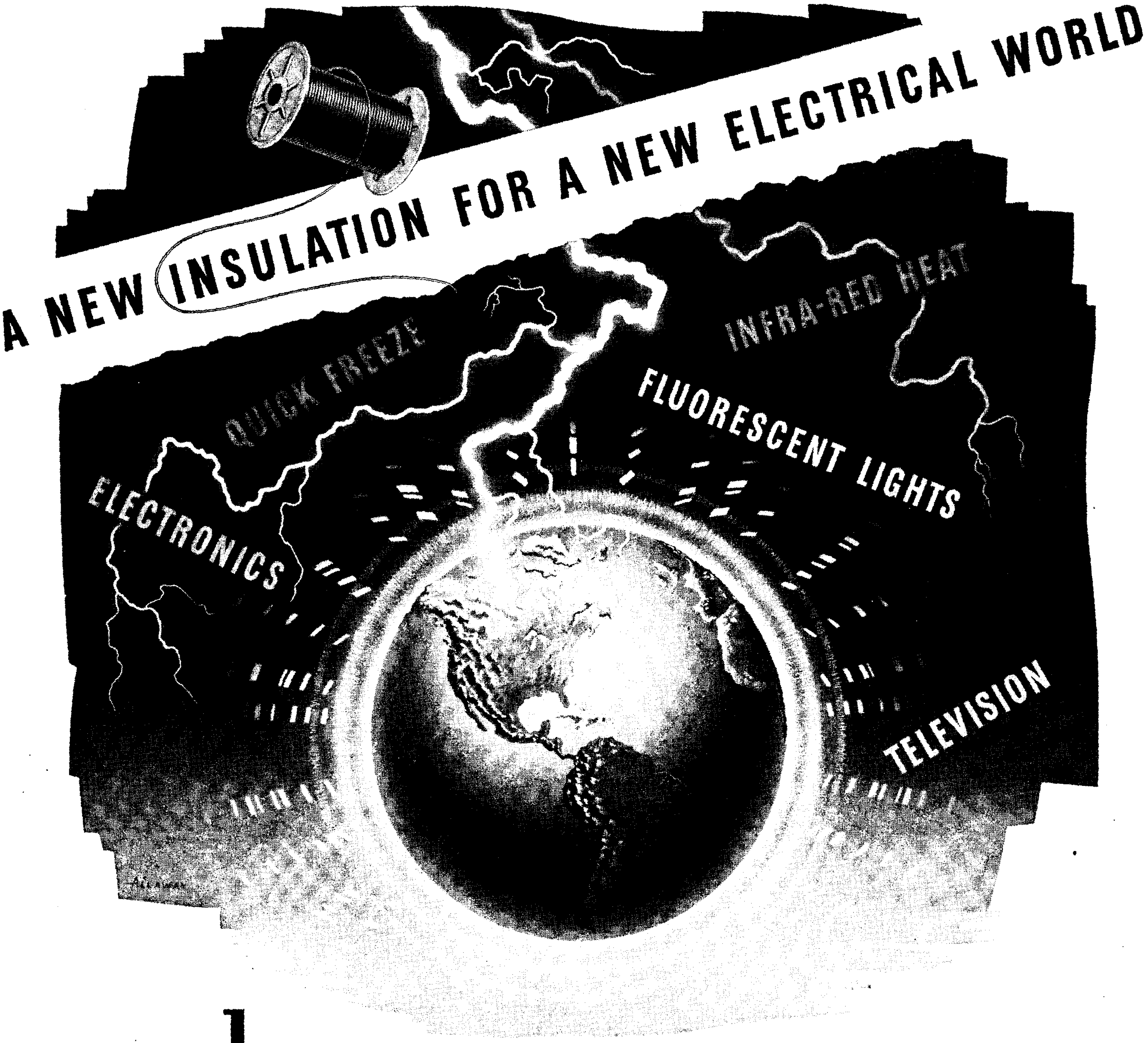
"There isn't anything wrong, I believe, Miss Shipman. Robb is entirely happy at home. He's well treated, he's—"

"Why, certainly. I know. I haven't meant that he . . ."

Tom Craigie leaned forward and stubbed out his cigarette. Nell felt as if he were getting ready to terminate the interview at any minute, but he said: "What makes you take this special trouble with Robb, Miss Shipman?"

"That's very easy to answer," she said simply. "He's one boy in—in ten thousand. He's bright, he's honest all through, he's going to be a man

(Continued on page 56)



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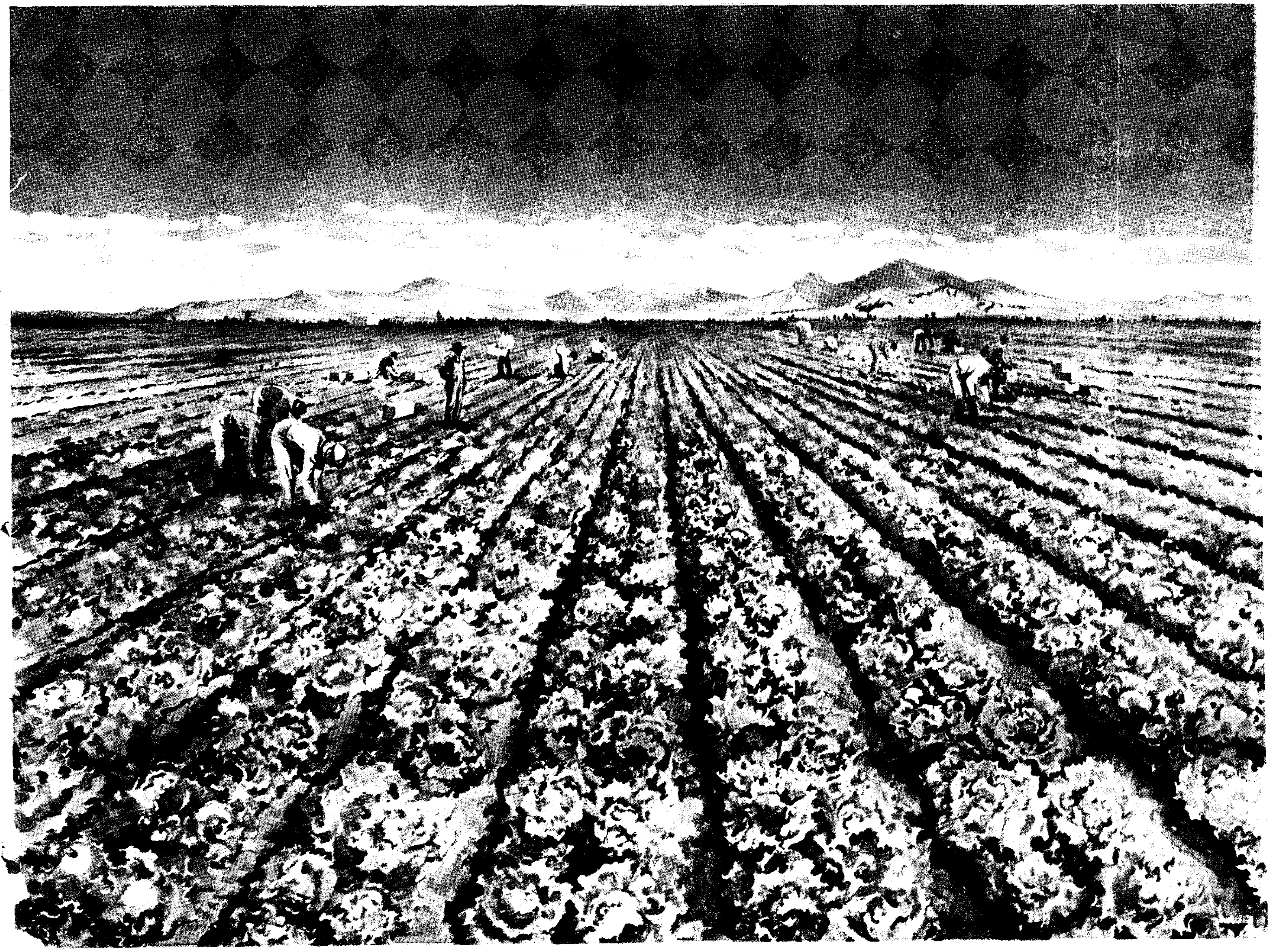

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Continued from page 13

Alice shrugged. "Rick and Jenny," she id, "are in a sense, both in the same boat. 's in love with another gal and she's in ve with another man and somehow it thers me. Call it imagination if you will. all it my intuition."

She got to her feet and picked up her avy homespun topcoat. "I'm going home fore I make you and Helen any madder," e said smiling. Then she was serious again. "If only Jenny could talk, Tom," she said ickly. "If she could only *tell* someone at's going on behind that lovely, lovely tle face of hers. But she can't. She's like y young Bill. Everything's locked up inside her. Sometimes it almost breaks my heart, cause I love her. I always have. She's *very* ecial, Tom, and I can't bear to see her rt."

She turned and picked up her fur-lined oves. "I'm going now. Tell Helen I'm rry. I didn't mean to bludgeon her. But *do* wish you'd get rid of Rick Hadley some- ay."

She crossed over to go out through the ning room and turned back with that quick, vid smile of hers.

"And Charlotte Preston," she said. "I wish u'd get rid of her too. She's nothing but two-faced little snake in the grass. Good ght, Tom. I'll see you tomorrow."

"Good night, Alice."

Tom sat where he was for a long time. hen he put the bowl of his pipe into his uch, filling it absently, his troubled eyes ed on the dancing fire.

ENNY sat with her feet curled up under her on the davenport in the basement play- om, while Tommy put on his new record. ut when the music began, she felt her sense the present slide away again. It was funny e and Tommy almost never talked about teve because Tommy adored him too and e had the one picture of him there was in e house. The only person she could talk about Steve, casually and naturally, was ick Hadley—Rick Hadley who didn't know im and had never seen him.

Rick was stationed at McNair before Steve ft to go overseas but Jenny hadn't met him ntil the following Saturday night at the can- en dance at the Country Club. They just emed to gravitate toward each other, she nd Rick, because he was sunk too—over a irl named Sue Croft. Basically their roblems were the same and talking to each ther made it a lot easier somehow for both f them. She couldn't mention Steve's name anybody else without an anxious scrutiizing glance—or the kind of left-handed racks she got from Anne.

The picture Tommy had of Steve was on he wall above his radio. She knew it so well hat she could see it without looking at it. ommy had taken it the day before the pic- ic. In it Steve was mowing their back lawn, is pipe in his mouth, his blouse lying on the rass. That had been in September before nne decided to marry Kip, before Jenny new that Steve wanted to marry her. Be- ore Steve knew it himself. Because he hadn't iscovered that until the picnic at Alice Ac- on's farm the following day—

Jenny was back at the picnic, now, seeing t all vividly. . . . She had gone to the picnic vith Bill Acton, Alice's youngest son, and teve had taken Charlotte Preston who lived cross the street. Jenny watched Steve at he picnic, not because she was jealous of Charlotte but because as long as she could emember she had always watched Steve, nute and adoring. Nobody else knew it, and he wasn't jealous of Charlotte Preston be- ause it had never entered her wildest dreams hat Steve would ever look at her.

But then that day Steve did look at her. They had finished playing baseball and vere both sitting on the table under the rape arbor. Suddenly he turned to her and rinned.

"You've grown up, Jenny," he said.

She got a fiery stupid red, and he laughed. "Not so grown up either, I guess." Then he said, "What about a movie, some time next week?"

Her knees were like water when she got down from the table, feeling such ecstasy that she hardly dared breathe. He was over before lunch the next day, and then every day, casually sauntering in and talking to Anne and Tommy—and to Charlotte, who always seemed to be around. But, when he went back to North Carolina to camp and didn't write her, it dawned on her, slowly and a little painfully, that he'd come not to see her but to see Charlotte. Charlotte's father didn't like boys hanging around the house. When Anne said of course that was why he'd come over so often, Jenny knew it was true.

Then suddenly just before Christmas the doorbell rang one evening and she answered it. It was snowing, and Steve Dillon was standing there with the snow coming down all around him.

He didn't say anything at first, and she thought he must be ill, he looked so white and strange.

She couldn't find any words for a moment either, and then she said, "Hello, Steve, come in. Everybody's in the den."

"I don't want them," he said. His voice was abrupt and harsh. "I want you. I love you, Jenny. I'm almost crazy, I love you so much."

Then something happened. He put his hand out and touched her, and it was just as though she had been a rag soaked in gasoline and somebody had touched a match to it. The flames were over both of them then, she was in his arms, and he was crushing her so tightly she could hardly breathe. The buttons of his overcoat hurt her breasts and the snow on his shoulder melted so cold that it burned her throat and her face against him.

Then her mother came out into the hall. Jenny didn't see her, but she heard her voice, terribly surprised and very cool. Jenny clung to Steve, suddenly so frightened she could not move.

"Jenny . . . Steve! May I ask what in heaven's name goes on?"

Steve still held her close to him, gently now.

"I guess it *is* a shock, Mrs. Wingate," he said, his voice calm. "It's been a shock to me, too. I just realized after I left here last time that Jenny's about all there is. It came to me all of a sudden that I've been in love with her all my life, I guess. I couldn't stick it any longer, finally, and I got a week's leave to come and tell her so. I want her to marry me."

"Oh, Steve!" Helen Wingate's voice was still cool, and it was a little amused. Jenny felt herself trembling, the blood rushing to her cheeks.

Steve released her slowly, embarrassed now.

"I guess I'm pretty much of a wreck," he said. "I haven't been home yet. I . . . I came straight here. There wasn't a bus till this morning, so I hitched a ride on a truck."

He looked from Mrs. Wingate to Jenny. Then all the embarrassment left him instantly, and there, in front of her mother, he took her in his arms again.

"Jenny!" he whispered. "You're so beautiful. . . . I love you so much . . ."

Jenny heard her mother's heels click rapidly on the hardwood floor and heard her speak.

"Tom, you'd better go out and get your daughter. Steve Dillon's come—*no*, Tommy; stay where you are."

IT HAD all started then, the pressure on both of them, and finally Steve and Jenny had lost. Her mother and father were not angry or dictatorial but just patiently firm, trying to make her and Steve understand how wrong they were. If it had just been one of them, Jenny thought now. But her father always backed her mother when there was a showdown of any kind. It was her mother who instigated his opposition. It was she who said Steve might come home wounded and be a care, or there might be a baby . . . and that had clinched it. Steve couldn't say anything after that.

"I guess they're right, Jenny," he said. "And maybe you are too young."

And to everything she could say he just shook his head. The day he left he came to see her. They were alone in the den. He put his hands on her shoulders and looked down at her.

"You go ahead, Jenny," he said softly. "If you find another guy, well, okay. I'm not going to keep any strings on you. I promised your mother and father I wouldn't let you wait for me. I'm not even going to write to you. But if I do come back, Jenny, and you're still here . . . Look at me, Jenny."

She raised her face to his. He looked at her a long time, and then put his lips down to hers, lightly and tenderly. She closed her eyes.

"Look at me again, Jenny."

He was smiling at her then.

"Promise me this," he said. "Don't let them know how much it hurts. They didn't mean—they just don't understand. Smile, baby. Just smile and shut up."

"SMILE, baby. Just smile and shut up." Jenny tried to smile now as she looked across at her brother. He was chewing the end of his pencil trying to do his English composition. He pushed it aside with an instant grin and stuck his pencil behind his ear.

"Get a load of this one, Jen," he said. "Boy, it's hot."

He put on the same record again. . . .

Jenny was waiting with her mother in the drive beside Alice Acton's station wagon the next morning, when Alice came out and slipped into the front seat. "Sorry I kept you, dears," she said, switching on the motor.

"It's just that I think we ought to get there before Bob Preston has everything his own way," Helen said.

"Well, I'm sure I don't know why I'm on a Welfare Board, anyway," Alice returned calmly. "The only welfare I'm interested in at the moment is the immediate welfare of Joe and my three kids."

She looked at Jenny and laughed.

"Where are we taking you, baby?"

"Meade's, please, Aunt Alice. Rick's colonel is speaking to the Rotary Club and he let Rick off. We're having lunch at the fountain."

Alice was silent a moment.

"Okay," she said. "I'll drop you in back. Then I can park in front of the Welfare Board without wasting gas going around the Square." . . .

The back door of Meade's drugstore opened off a narrow street next to Main. Beside it was the delivery entrance, blocked with crates and paper cartons. Jenny made her way through them and waved back to her mother and Alice Acton before she went in. Halfway down the stairs to the main floor she stopped, caught herself quickly. Then went on down.

Steve's mother and father were at the prescription counter talking to Charlotte Preston. Charlotte was being very blithe and sweet and Mrs. Dillon looked paler and unhappier than Jenny had ever noticed before. Her spare, rigid figure seemed a little less rigid but the minute she saw Jenny she drew herself up again, tense and reserved as ever.

She's seen Rick, Jenny thought. She had caught sight of him buying a magazine at the cigar counter by the front door when she started down the steps. His tall figure in a belted raincoat, his officer's cap pushed back on his dark head, stood out among the G.I.s in rumpled olive drab, crowding around the pin-ball machine near the door. He was keeping one eye on the front entrance watching for her.

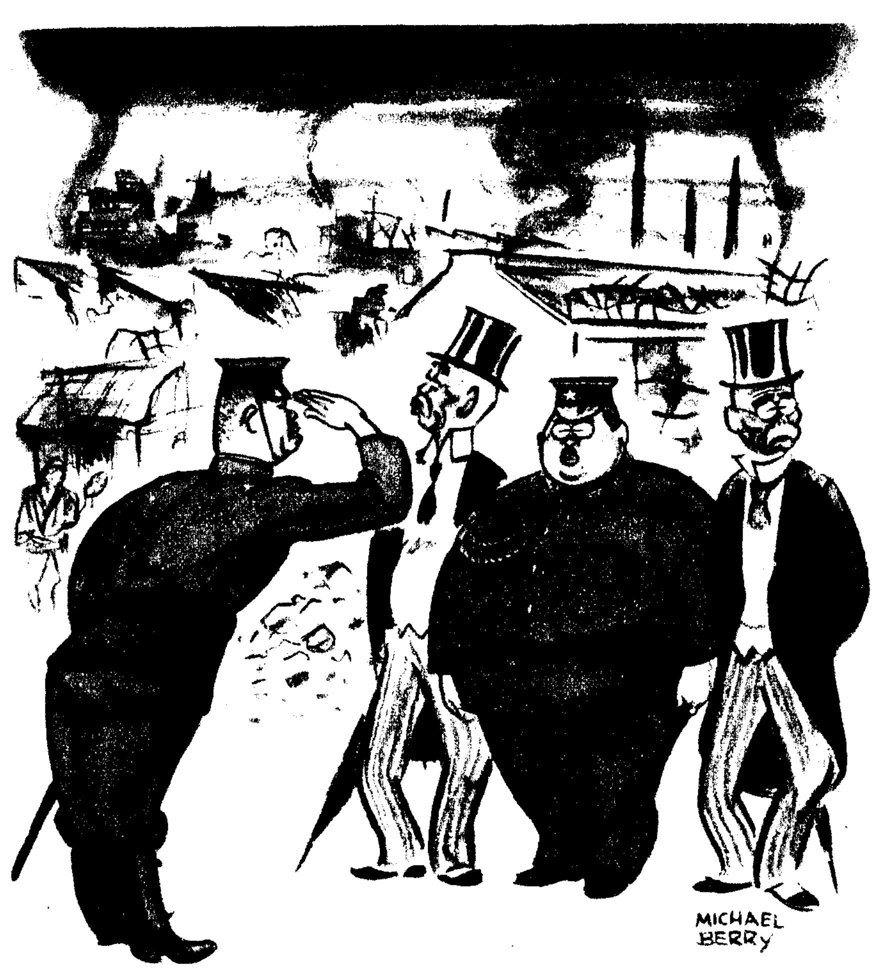
If Charlotte weren't with the Dillons, Jenny thought, she would ask them to have lunch with her and Rick. Then they could see there was nothing between them to worry about. They were just friends, she and Rick, and there wasn't the slightest reason for her hesitating on the stairs the way she had. But the Dillons were strange. Or Mrs. Dillon was. Mr. Dillon was just as sweet to her now as he had been before.

Jenny knew, of course, the excuse Fairfield always made for Mrs. Dillon. Elizabeth was proud and sensitive, and she thought because they were less well off than their old friends people weren't as cordial as they used to be. It was silly because it wasn't true. Everybody liked them—especially Big Steve. Everybody loved Big Steve.

He was standing at the counter a little apart from his wife and Charlotte Preston. He was a little gray man but almost everyone in Fairfield called him Big Steve. Even

TOKYO TALKING

by MICHAEL BERRY



"Their planes got away, Col. Kobayashi—but every one of their bombs was destroyed on the ground"

COLLIER'S

B-24 LIBERATOR BOMBER

C-47 SKYTRAIN

P-61 BLACK WIDOW FIGHTER

CHEVROLET

Reports to the American Peop on Chevrolet Production of Volume for Victory

Year after year, our ever-increasing production of war matériel has dwarfed all previous production records of even America's larges manufacturer of motor cars and trucks.

CHEVROLET

BUY MORE WAR BONDS . . . HELP SPEED THE VICTORY

After 22 months of production of 14-cylinder, 1200-horsepower Pratt & Whitney aircraft engines, Chevrolet was requested by the Army Air Forces to undertake the manufacture of an entirely new 18-cylinder model, developing more than 2,000 horsepower, to help meet urgent military needs. The contract for this new engine was signed—the first engine was test-run in one-third the time usually allotted to projects of this type—and shortly thereafter Chevrolet went into volume production on this new and more powerful Pratt & Whitney aircraft engine.

Currently, Chevrolet is producing three models of Pratt & Whitney aircraft engines: (1) a 14-cylinder, 1200-horsepower engine for the B-24 Liberator—one of America's longest-range bombers; (2) a 14-cylinder, 1200-horsepower engine for C-47 and C-53 transport planes—"workingest airplanes in existence"; and (3) a new 18-cylinder engine of more than 2,000 horsepower for the latest models of the P-61 Black Widow night fighter and the P-47 Thunderbolt—this latter engine being one of the most powerful of all radial-type aviation power plants.

In all, as of Nov. 30, 1944, Chevrolet has manufactured more than 54,000 Pratt & Whitney aircraft engines—supplied the armed forces of the Allied nations with more than 64,000,000 aircraft horsepower—and, as early as November 1943, attained an output of 3,502 complete combat-type engines—the largest single month's production ever achieved by any aircraft engine manufacturer up to and including that date.

CHEVROLET *Division of* GENERAL MOTORS

Chevrolet has produced over 2,000 of these gic 90-mm. guns—and more than 3,000 spare tubes to help destroy enemy tanks and planes.

941

Even in 1940, more than a full year before Pearl Harbor, Chevrolet was producing military trucks for the War Department; also steel forgings for gun nts. On April 3, 1940, Chevrolet was awarded educational contracts for the forging and chining of 75-mm. shells, and the first shipment of these was made in December of that year. s was followed by the signing of contracts (or letters of contract) to produce 14-cylinder, 00-horsepower Pratt & Whitney aircraft engines (June 1941), pilot models of armored cars ovember 1941), and high-explosive and armor-piercing shells (June and November 1941). ther Chevrolet war matériel produced during this year included aluminum forgings for air-raft manufacture—within a few months after work was started on the expansion and conversion f the first plant devoted to this purpose.

1942

With the U. S. fully engaged in the world struggle, Chevrolet activities were increased to keep pace with the ever-mounting, ever-varying demands for war equipment. In January, work was started on an addition to the aluminum forge facilities, and this work was completed a few months later. On March 30, the first Pratt & Whitney engine was produced, six full months ahead of schedule. Also in March, Chevrolet was again requested by the Army Air Forces, for the second time in three months, to expand its contract for these engines. April brought production of the first armor-piercing shot and the beginning of the construction of another aluminum forge plant, which was completed at the end of 1942. September 1 saw the first armored car—September 11, the first 90-mm. gun . . . and September also saw the beginning of the construction of a new magnesium foundry, completed in January of the following year.

1943

The year 1943 brought new high production marks in Chevrolet's program of turning out Volume for Victory. Production of Pratt & Whitney aircraft engines—armored cars—90-mm. guns—high-explosive and armor-piercing shells—military vehicles—steel forgings—aluminum forgings—magnesium castings and other war matériel—all reached or surpassed the prescribed peaks during the year, with the monthly output of some of these items doubling, tripling or even quadrupling by the end of 1943. And, by the same token, increased manufacturing efficiency made it possible for Chevrolet to reduce the unit prices on various matériel to the Government and taxpayers by 18 to 62 per cent in this year alone.

1944

Again in 1944, Chevrolet concentrated on its program of building Volume for Victory, producing at a rate *far exceeding the totals of its greatest peacetime year.* For its achievements in war production, Chevrolet plants and employees have been honored with six Army-Navy "E" awards: one for the production of armor-piercing shells (1942), with two additional stars for continued efficiency (1943-1944); three Army-Navy "E" awards for aircraft engine production (1943), with a total of six additional stars for continued efficiency (1943-1944); and two more Army-Navy "E" awards for aircraft engine production (1944), with one additional star for continued efficiency. And, needless to say, Chevrolet will continue with its vital work of war production until complete victory is won.

*

Chevrolet has produced over 400,000 rugged, powerful military trucks, in three different types, to serve our fighting men on battlefronts in all parts of the world.

Chevrolet has produced and shipped over 100,000,000 pounds of aluminum forgings from one plant alone in 22 months—this one plant being the largest of four aluminum forge plants operated by Chevrolet.

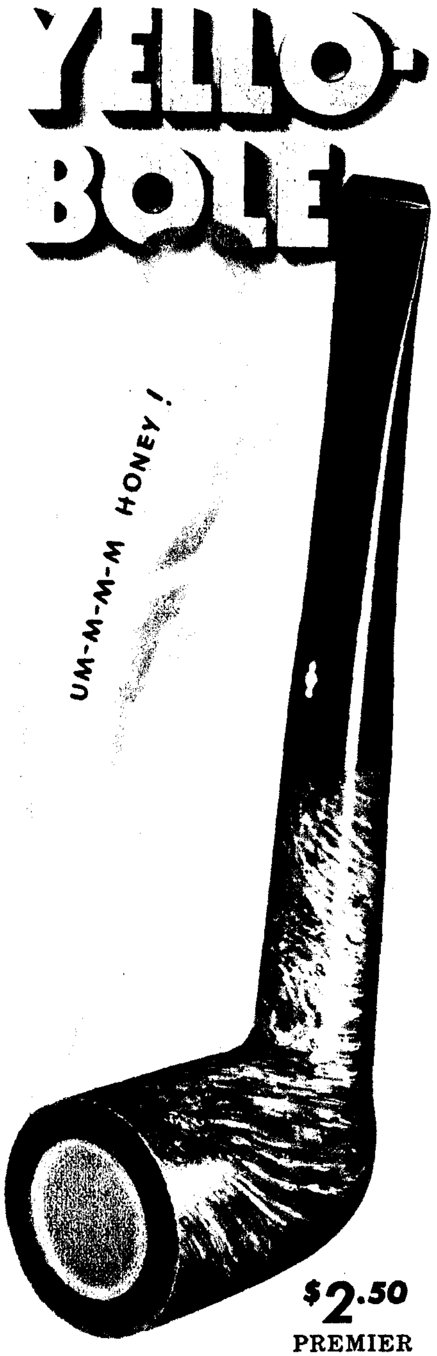
Reproduced from official U. S. Army Signal Corps photographs.

*

evrolet has produced millions of high-explosive d armor-piercing shells to help our fighting men total victory over the Axis powers.

Chevrolet has produced other vital parts by the million for scores of other war producers both within and without General Motors.

Chevrolet has produced several thousand 14-ton armored cars—instruments of victory extraordinary—to help spearhead Allied invasions.



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Honey is sprayed and brushed into Yello-Bole Pipes. It blends gently with the tobacco—so that the pleasant, mild flavor of it joins with the tobacco-flavor and aroma, forming the most enjoyable, satisfying smoke ever imagined in the most wishful hopes for "*the* perfect" pipe smoke. Continued rising demand from all Fronts makes Yello-Boles scarce, but your dealer is being supplied as frequently as possible.

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YELLO-BOLE A NAME TO REMEMBER, WHEREVER YOU ARE—AND WHEN YOU COME HOME

now that Steve was six feet and towered above him, the name still clung, amusing and affectionate, and everybody went out of their way to trade at the dingy grocery store which was all he had left after the depression hit Fairfield. For Big Steve seemed to get sweeter and better loved as the years went on—it was only his wife who felt that things were different.

"*Hello,* Jenny." His voice was as warm as his smile and he took her hand in his, patting it, shy and a little awkward. His face looked so gray and lined today, that Jenny wondered quietly whether he was having trouble with the mortgage on the store again, then remembered that Alice Acton held the mortgage now and realized it couldn't be that.

"How are you, Jenny girl?" He was still patting her hand, holding on to it as if he didn't want to let go.

"I'm fine, thank you, Mr. Dillon." She turned to Mrs. Dillon. "Good morning," she said. "Hello, Charlotte."

"Good morning, Jenny."

There was no doubt Mrs. Dillon was cool. Not the slightest shadow of pleasure livened her sallow face or her frosty blue eyes.

"What on earth are you doing downtown in those clothes?" Charlotte asked, looking at Jenny's old camel's-hair coat and down at her moccasins and red socks. "Aren't you going to the luncheon for Anne at Camp McNair?"

Jenny shook her head. "I wasn't invited. It's for the young married crowd out there. I'm having lunch with Rick Hadley."

She nodded down the store toward the cigar stand, knowing that it was senseless for her to feel as embarrassed as she did. But Charlotte had been running over to see Mrs. Dillon a great deal of late, and Mrs. Dillon hadn't been nearly as cool before. This was no doubt another example of the sort of thing she knew Charlotte accomplished.

"Oh, really? Do you meet him on street corners now?" Charlotte said, laughing.

JENNY was aware of Mrs. Dillon's black-gloved hand tightening on her bag. "There's a gas shortage—remember?" she answered calmly. "Mother and Aunt Alice dropped me on their way in."

"Really? At the back door?" The inflection in Charlotte's voice was too obvious for anybody to miss.

"It's shorter to the Square the back way," Big Steve put in. He smiled at Jenny. "I suppose your ma had a meeting, didn't she?"

Jenny nodded. "It's the Welfare Board this time," she said, and smiled back at him. She wanted to go on, she wanted to say almost desperately, "What have you heard from Steve?" But with Mrs. Dillon's unsmiling eyes and Charlotte's bright inquisitive ones fixed on her, she couldn't speak his name.

"Well . . . I—I guess I'd better hurry. Rick's waiting." She felt awkward and ill at ease. "Goodby, Mrs. Dillon." She turned to Big Steve, hoping that he would walk a little way with her and tell her about Steve as he had several times before, but he didn't. He just stood looking at her as if he were as helpless then as she.

"Well . . . goodby," she said. "Goodby, Mr. Dillon."

Half a dozen soldiers blocking the passage between the soda fountain and a toy display in the center of the aisle held her up for a moment, and as a result she couldn't help overhearing Charlotte Preston's comment to Mrs. Dillon. She came to an abrupt stop, black fire in her eyes. For an instant she decided she would go back but she changed her mind, knowing there'd be a scene and, because she was hurt and angry, Charlotte would have the better of it.

"Funny she didn't ask about Steve," Charlotte had said. That hurt Jenny because she knew it would hurt the Dillons. But the next remark had made her angry. "And you should have heard Mrs. Acton giving Mr. Wingate blazes about her and Rick last night. I came downstairs from Anne's room to get a drink and . . ."

The G.I.s moved aside for her to pass. A young soldier at the end of the fountain looked around and started to smile, then turned quickly away, and glanced at the others behind her, obviously thinking they'd said something. And just then Rick turned and saw her. The smile on his face went off as quickly as the soldier's and his jaw hardened.

"Did one of those guys . . ."

"No, no, Rick. Come on, let's get out of here and go some place else."

Rick looked back at the G.I.s again and then he saw Charlotte and the Dillons.

"Oh," he said. "I get it now."

He picked up his magazine and a pack of cigarettes. "Okay. But it can't be the Fairfield. If the old man sees me he'll forget he said I didn't have to hear him sound off again today."

RICK HADLEY watched Jenny all through the blue plate special. They were out at a hamburg joint a couple of blocks past the Post Office on the McNair road. There wasn't much light in the place but there was enough for him to see that Jenny. sitting across the white-topped table from him in the booth, was still burned up.

Legions of "Logists"

For almost anything, there's a "logist" whose special business it is to explain it to you. In the left column you will find 20 out of the legions of "logists." In the right column you will find words that hint at what the particular "logists" have made their business. Try to match the words in both columns.

A score of 18 and over is excellent; 15-17 good; 13-14 fair; 11-12 average. Answers on page 70.

1. **Anthropologist**
2. **Genealogist**
3. **Horologist**
4. **Toxicologist**
5. **Biologist**
6. **Ontologist**
7. **Mineralogist**
8. **Conchologist**
9. **Bacteriologist**
10. **Gynecologist**
11. **Ornithologist**
12. **Ichthyologist**
13. **Paleontologist**
14. **Phytologist**
15. **Ideologist**
16. **Neologist**
17. **Demonologist**
18. **Paleologist**
19. **Necrologist**
20. **Phrenologist**

Antiquity
Heads
Plants
Women
Races
Watches
Living organisms
Fossils
Inorganic substances
Spirits
New words
Germs
Shells
Fish
Poisons
Birds
Reality
Obituaries
Pedigrees
Theories

GERARD MOSLER

It was the first time in the two months he had known her that he had ever seen her sore at anything. But angry as she was all she had said as they left the drugstore was, "Let's walk, shall we?" Most girls would have blown up all over the street—Sue especially.

It was because of Sue Croft that he had asked Jenny to come in and have lunch with him today. Every time Sue picked him up and every time she let him down again it was Jenny to whom he flew. But he had to have somebody to talk to or he'd go nuts. Just now especially because in the letter he had in his pocket that had come that morning, Sue was finally kicking the bottom out of everything.

He pushed his plate aside and leaned back against the fiber-board partition.

"Let's quit talking about the weather and get down to cases," he said. "What's all the heat lightning? Give."

She didn't have to tell him. Not after he saw Charlotte Preston and the Dillons watching her from the end of the drugstore. The Dillons probably didn't go for her having lunch with another guy and to hell with it. What did they expect her to do—go crawl in a vault in her father's bank and stay there till Steve came home again?

"It's nothing," Jenny said. She pushed her plate aside, too. "But just wait till I see Au Alice!" She laughed suddenly. "It's all crazy and I don't believe it in the first plac I'm all right now. Let's talk about somethi else."

"Okay." Rick grinned amiably across her. "How long have you been carrying t torch for this guy Dillon, anyway, Jenny he asked.

He wondered about it a lot of time He had heard all the scuttlebutt during t first dance he had attended at the Count Club, but he never heard it from Jenn She seldom talked about Steve, but whe she did something happened to her fa that reminded him of a church. It was ha pening now.

"Always, I guess, Rick." Even her voi changed.

"That's swell, Jenny," he said. And the "I sure hope he comes back okay." was a crazy thing to say to a girl. He ha thought it a lot of times but it sounded pret grim when he said it out loud. But she wasn taking it that way.

"Oh, he will, Rick!" she whispered. "H will. I *know* he will. He *has* to."

She smiled across at him. It was as she had a light shining inside of her th made the tawdry booth a glowing plac Rick looked down at the bottom of h coffee cup and thought that he wa nothing but old dregs in the bright sha low cup of Sue Croft's heart. If she ha one.

"What's the matter, Rick?" Jenn asked gently. "Is it—is it Sue again?

He nodded his head. "I don't kno why I let it get me down like this," h said. "She's changed her mind so dam many times I ought to get used to i I ought to give up. And she means it thi time, I guess. There's—well, there's a Air Corps lieutenant colonel in the pic ture as of now."

He raised his napkin and dusted off hi single gold bar with a lopsided gri "I'm just a dope. I keep thinking I like to go jump in the lake."

"River," Jenny said. "We don't hav a lake deep enough."

"Okay. River. If it weren't so foule up with mud and oil."

He looked at her and laughed. The he glanced down at his watch and sig naled the colored waiter at the bar. H felt a little less sunk. The sudden gaiet lighting up Jenny's face always di things for him, and when they crosse the street to the main entrance of th Fairfield he felt almost human again.

"I'll see you tomorrow night," he said "I guess I'll write Sue and tell her I' taking you to the dance. Maybe that' bring her around."

"Okay," Jenny laughed. "And i you're in in time why don't you brin some shoes and go bowling with me and Tommy?"

He shook his head.

"No can do. The old man's a stinkero about Saturday afternoon. We stick around for the good of our souls, I guess."

He stood a moment watching her cross the Square to her father's bank.

Steve must be quite a guy, he thought as he turned to go inside. Really quite a good guy.

A LITTLE before three o'clock Alice Acton hurried out to the car. She was happier than she had been for months. *Bill was coming home!* For one week he would be there in the house with her—her youngest son, her sweet, shy, gangling Bill. The brick walk was rosy insubstantial air as she trod it, her overnight case in her hand, already an hour late for the appointment she'd made with her tenant farmer.

"Aunt Alice!"

She turned from putting her bag on the front seat. Jenny Wingate was calling her, running toward her from the corner just coming back from downtown.

"Jenny! Bill's coming home!"

Alice was fairly shouting it and one of the things Bill said not to do was tell anybody because the date wasn't sure and he didn't want to put a jinx on it. But of course anybody didn't include Jenny—not for Bill. It was

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33 Fine Brews
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DANNY KAYE ON THE AIR EVERY SATURDAY 8 P. M. EWT—CBS
WITH HARRY JAMES AND HIS MUSIC MAKERS

the neighbors Alice was thinking of after she shouted, not of Jenny herself.

"Oh, how *wonderful*, Aunt Alice! When?" Jenny's face was shining as if it had just been scrubbed with soap and water. "I'm *so* glad, Aunt Alice!" She was as breathless and as excited as Alice was.

"He doesn't know exactly, but his wire said sometime quite soon. It'll be such fun, Jenny! We'll have a lot of parties and be gay again at Acton. But don't tell anybody yet, will you, dear?"

Jenny shook her head. Remembering why she had come around the front way, her face had gone suddenly grave. Alice aware of the wide questioning eyes looking into hers let the door stay open.

"What is it, Jenny?" she asked.

"Oh, it's nothing really. It's just something I was going to ask you about what Charlotte said to—"

She hesitated and Alice's heart sank. The rose-colored air became instantly firm uneven brick sidewalk under her feet again. "Oh, Lord," she thought dismally.

"—to the Dillons," Jenny went on. "Something you said about Rick and me that I don't believe . . . I mean not really, I don't, Aunt Alice."

"If I ever get my two hands on that little rat's scrawny neck . . ." Alice Acton said to herself but to Jenny she said, "Oh, I know, dear. And I did say it. I told your father I thought you were seeing Rick too much . . . and too exclusively."

She stopped. Looking into Jenny's sweet transparent face, she wondered why she had been so disturbed. Except that Jenny's face was too finely drawn these days.

"It's not that I don't like Rick, Jenny," she added hastily. "I do very much. It's just—well, my lamb, I guess it's just that it's so awfully easy to—to abandon hope when you're young. . . ."

Jenny's face broke into radiant, unexpected laughter.

"Oh! *You* think we're going to fall in love with each other!" Her sudden infectious gaiety made it seem a little ridiculous to Alice too. "But you're *wrong*, Aunt Alice. You're *so* wrong. It's just that he needs somebody on account of Sue and—and I—well . . . it's sort of hard. I don't like to go out with Anne's crowd. They think you're drippy if you don't want to kiss them good night . . . and all that sort of thing. And Rick isn't like that. You see?"

Alice nodded her head. "Yes, I see, Jenny."

"And you know it's so funny, Aunt Alice," Jenny added quickly. "You won't believe it but Rick's just like Bill. He's so much like Bill."

Alice looked at her blankly.

"Bill? *My* Bill?"

Jenny laughed again, as merrily as a hoop of silver bells and nodded her head.

"You never have to *tell* Bill things," she said simply. "He *knows*. And you don't have to have a line and always pretend—I mean, if you don't want to talk you don't have to. Well, that's what's so nice about Rick, Aunt Alice."

ALICE was thinking about her youngest son. Jenny was right in some ways. Bill had, more than any of the three, his father's infinitely precious gift of understanding—a word, a gesture or a situation without either. It had always completely disarmed her just as Jenny's saying Rick had it, too, was disarming. There was only one flaw in the statement—one she couldn't point out now. If Jenny didn't know by now that Bill had always been in love with her, with no ghost of a chance because of Steve Dillon, it wasn't for her to try to tell her.

She leaned forward and kissed her lightly on the cheek.

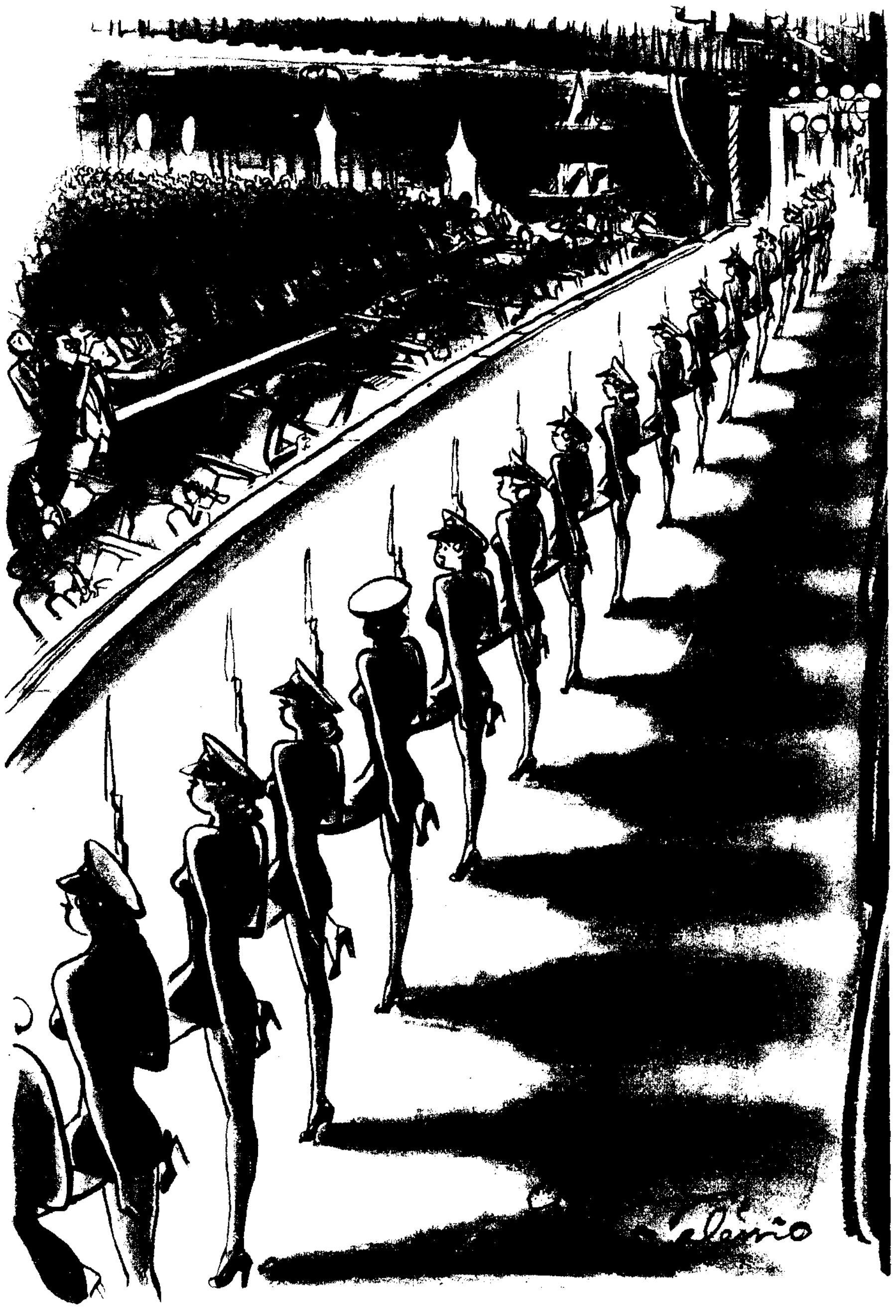
"All right, baby. Forgive me, please," she said very gently. "And don't ever listen to Charlotte, will you?"

She closed the door to go around to the other side of the car and stopped again.

"I'll be seeing you, Jenny. And do save some time for Bill, won't you? Let's have a house party out at the farm."

She tried to make it sound casual and ordinary but she knew she didn't quite succeed. She *so* wanted Bill's one week to be happy. . .

WELCOME HOME! **by GREGORY D'ALESSIO**



"Oh, the Wacs were all right, I guess—but the regimentation and drilling got you once in a while!"

COLLIER'S

On Saturday afternoon the Fairfield local board of Selective Service met in an upstairs room at the Post Office. Tom Wingate was chairman and the other two members were Big Steve Dillon and a retired contractor who lived on a farm outside of town.

Fairfield was behind in its quota and National Headquarters was prodding them to review all their deferred 1-As. At four o'clock there was still a big pile of cover sheets on the table in front of them. Big Steve had been unable to attend the meeting—which was surprising because he was always the wheelhorse of the outfit. That left only two to take care of the work, and Tom had had to give up his original idea of getting away early to join Tommy and Jenny. To add to it all, the phone had rung incessantly all afternoon.

"There it goes again," he said.

The clerk answered it abruptly and looked apologetic as she turned to him.

"It's for you," she said. "It's Mrs. Wingate. She says it's terribly important."

"Thank you." Tom took the phone impatiently. "What is it, Helen?"

THE instant she spoke he stiffened a little in his chair. She was almost never hysterical but he knew before he knew anything else that she was now—

"I'm sorry to bother you, Tom!"

"Helen! What's the matter? What's wrong?"

"Oh, Tom! It's Steve. He's missing in action, Tom! He's gone. He's . . . he's gone. Oh, Tom! Tom, are you there?"

He was there, stunned a moment, unable to speak. Then he said, "Yes. Yes, I'm here."

"Then listen, Tom! I'm at McNair with the Blood Bank. I can't get home for at least an hour—and somebody's got to be there when the paper comes. It's in it tonight. Oh, Tom!"

Tom pulled himself out of a shocked paralysis and tightened his grip on the phone.

"Wait a minute, Helen," he said abruptly. "Just stop and get hold of yourself. How do you know? What happened? Are you sure it's definite?"

"I'm *telling* you, Tom!" Her voice rose desperately. "Elizabeth Dillon's cousin was out here a few minutes ago. They were notified three days back. That's why they've been avoiding everybody. The report has been officially released today and it's in the paper tonight. He's listed missing only because his body can't be recovered. Oh, it's so horrible Tom! I can't stand it. I can't bear it for poor little Jenny!"

Her voice at the other end of the phone broke sharply, and he knew she was crying, knew all the things she was reproaching herself with—bitterly and futilely, so tragically late.

"Listen, Helen," he said quietly.

"Yes, Tom." The abject obedience in her voice was more shocking than her tears.

"Where's Alice? Can't you get hold of her?"

"No, Tom. I tried. She's at the farm and the phone's out of order."

Oh, *damn*, thought Tom. That's always the way. But aloud, he said, "You must call the house at once."

"I have already. Jenny and Tommy are out bowling. They won't be back before o'clock. I thought if you could get ho and be there when she comes, or go out a get her, Tom! She'll want you, not me."

Tom looked at the stack of registrar files on the table and at the clock on wall. Jenny was safe for a little while a the registrants were important, too. The cisions made were a matter of vital and p sonal importance to them and to the coun they were being called to serve. He could get up and walk out. He had Big Steve's j to do as well as his own.

"I'll get away as quickly as I can, Hele he said. "You'd better call Maggie and her to keep the paper and telephone aw from Jenny until one of us gets there. A Charlotte Preston," he added sharply. "T Maggie not to let Charlotte in the hous

"I already have," Helen answered. "C Tom! What'll we do. She'll *never* forgive Oh, *never!*"

Tom waited a moment after he heard h fumble the receiver back into place and th he put the phone slowly down.

"Steve Dillon is lost in action," he said.

The contractor and the clerk both sat m and sober-faced. Then the contractor sa "I guess that's why Big Steve didn't come today. I guess Big Steve's going to take mighty hard. Steve was a good boy."

Tom Wingate nodded his head. He could trust himself to speak again.

The contractor looked at him.

"Maybe you'd like to go home, Tom," said. "I guess your little girl'll be all bro up, too."

Was she really safe at the bowling alle Everybody in town knew the story just the contractor did.

"But we ought to get these out today, guess," the contractor said.

Tom nodded his head.

"Okay," he said. "Next."

IT WAS half-past five when he hurried the walk. He was aware the instant opened the front door that the house was n the same. The evening paper was lying the table, still folded into a small square, a seeing it he was relieved. She hadn't come it cold, he thought. That was something.

He picked it up and went through the li ing room into the den. Helen was there alon sitting staring into the fire, her face white.

"Jenny knows," she said.

Tom put the paper down. "Where is she

"Upstairs. Tommy got his old charl horse back and they got a taxi to bring hi home. The driver was a classmate of Steve in high school. He told them."

She stopped an instant.

"She brought Tommy home and took t taxi on over to the Dillons'. Elizabeth w there and told her the rest of it."

Her voice caught suddenly.

"Oh, how she must hate us all, Tom. never really realized it before . . ."

She stared white-faced into the fire.

"She came home and went straight over Alice's. Oh, how I *wish* she'd been there. She stopped and then she went on. "I'd ju got in when she came back from Alice's. Sh didn't speak to me; she just went straight u to her room and locked the door. I calle her but she won't answer. She's not crying- I wish she could. Oh, Tom, I can't bear it, can't bear it! Go up, won't you? See if yo can do something . . ."

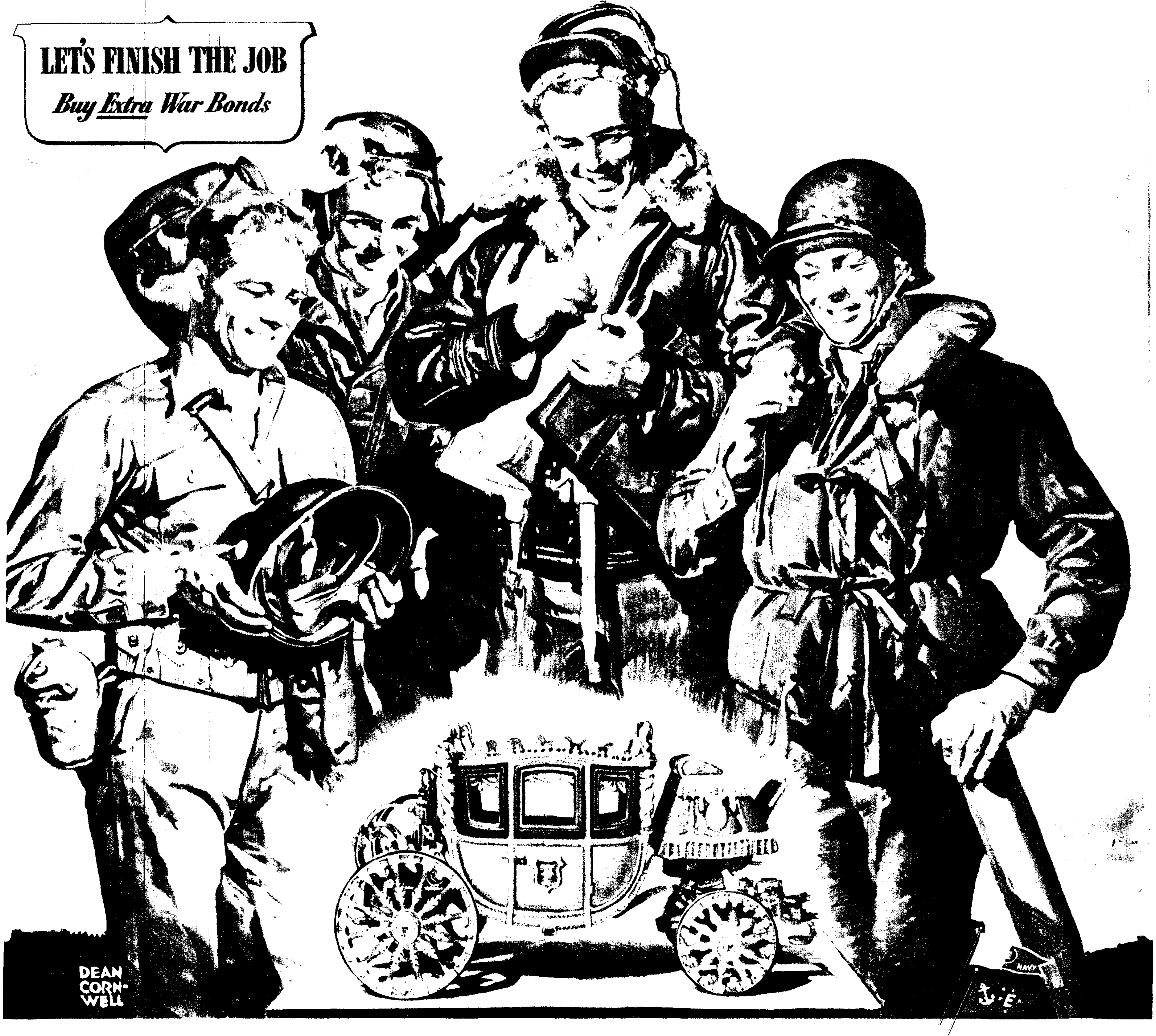
He started slowly toward the door.

"I've been trying to get hold of Rick Ha ley, to tell him not to come in tonight," Hele said helplessly. "But it's too late, he's a ready in town somewhere, they said. We' just have to tell him when he comes to tak her to the dance."

She listened to Tom going upstairs, hear his footsteps stopping at Jenny's door. The were so close, the two of them; he woul be able to give her comfort that nobody els could. If I had *only* let her marry Stev Helen Wingate thought, and stopped shor She mustn't do that. It was too late even t think about it now.

She listened again. Tom had left Jenny door and was going across to Tommy's an inside. He came out after a little and bac to Jenny's again. Then he came back dow the stairs.

Helen could see the hurt in his eyes and i



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IT was at Tarawa—on the beach at Anzio—in Normandy—in bombers over Berlin—in tank battles, dog fights, and on the high seas—on every fighting front.

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"I sat up...and look who took notice!"

1 Not being Mrs. Moneybags, I'd been forced to take the sit-up train to the west coast. But poverty has its rewards after all—'cause look at the handsome Air Force Captain I drew for a seat-mate!

2 I'd gotten on at midnight, and hardly noticed him then. I must have fallen asleep quickly, 'cause the next thing I knew, something wakened me. And guess what? I'd been snoozing with my head on his shoulder!

3 "Sorry to wake you," he whispered. "My arm's gone dead. Wouldn't have noticed, but I can't sleep." So naturally, I started to apologize—but he stopped me: "*YOU* didn't keep me awake. I guess I wouldn't have *slept tonight anyway.*"

4 "Broken heart?" I queried. "No!" he laughed, "just coffee for dinner. I love it, but the caffein always jitters me up." So I said, "Why don't you drink Sanka Coffee? It's 97% caffein-free and *can't* keep you awake."

5 "But," said he, "does it still taste like the good ole Java?" "Yup," I grinned: "flavor magnificent—aroma, super!" And he replied, "Say, you're super magnificent *yourself!* Beauty *and* brains. Do you believe in whirlwind courtships?"

6 Well, the following night, after a lovely dinner (including Sanka Coffee) the Captain slept like a baby—but *I* couldn't sleep! And what kept me awake was discovering that I *did* believe in a whirlwind courtship—for *us!*

Sanka Coffee

YOU CAN DRINK IT AND SLEEP

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TUNE IN TWO GREAT RADIO SHOWS! "Those We Love," Sunday, 2 p.m., E.W.T.—NBC and—The New Kate Smith Hour, Sunday, 7 p.m., E.W.T.—CBS.

the tired lines around his mouth. "She asked me to please go away," he said. . . .

At quarter to eight Jenny had not come down. The rest of them had eaten dinner in silence and Maggie had taken away their plates barely touched. Tommy had gone downstairs to the playroom and turned on the phonograph. Anne had gone up to write to Kip. Tom and Helen were in the den.

"If she'd only let us in," Helen said. "If we could only tell her—"

She broke off suddenly as Anne came running through the living room.

"Oh, Mother!" she cried. Her face was pale, her lids still reddened where the tears had flowed while she was trying to write. "Mother—it's Jenny! She's going to the dance! She's all dressed, Mother—and you can't let her! She can't go, Mother. It isn't decent! I couldn't think of going, and he's . . . he's not anything to me!"

Tom Wingate put down his pipe and got up. As he did, the front doorbell rang briskly through the house. He went past his older daughter through the doorway into the living room, his face set. When he came out into the hall he looked up the stairs. Jenny was coming down. He stopped, staring at her, something closer to despair than he had ever known suddenly freezing his heart.

She was beautiful, as beautiful as a star. Her eyes were clear and wide. She had on a filmy blue dress and her dark curly hair was caught up at the back with a little bow.

"Jenny," he said.

She looked at him, her face pale ivory but unchanging, and came on down the stairs, moving softly and lightly as a summer cloud.

"It's all right, Daddy," she said. ("Smile, baby. Just smile and shut up." It was Steve's voice whispering through her heart as she came down the stairs. "Don't ever let them know how much it hurts. . . .")

She flashed her father a quick vivid smile and fled past him to the door, ignoring the hand he had half-raised to stop her. He let it fall helplessly to his side as she opened the door.

"Hi, Jenny!"

Rick Hadley, cap in hand, was there, the porch light shining down on him. Tom Wingate felt a sharply twisting doubt. He held his breath for an instant and let it out slowly, feeling a sudden complete blank. Maybe they *were* wrong. He had never seen Jenny gayer, or heard her voice more warm.

"Hello, Rick! I'm ready— Let's go, shall we?"

Rick Hadley stood there, surprised and not comprehending. Jenny's hand was on his arm, pushing him urgently out of the doorway. He came to abruptly.

"Right-o," he said. "Good night, sir."

HE PULLED the door shut and put on his cap. Jenny was waiting at the bottom of the steps. He went down and took her arm. Suddenly as they crossed the pavement to his car she staggered a little. He caught her and held her, supporting nearly her full weight.

"Jenny, what's wrong?" he asked urgently. "What's the matter? What's happened?"

"It's Steve, Rick," she said. "Oh, what will I do? He's dead, Rick. He's dead."

It came as a silencing shock to him, but he held her, steadying her, holding her tightly in his arms to keep her from collapsing onto the sidewalk.

"Oh, Lord, Jenny, I'm sorry." He was conscious of feeling ill and caved-in in the middle; he had no other words to say. Then he pulled himself out of the fog and reached for the car door.

The thing to do was to get her away from there—away from her family a little while—away from the people who wouldn't let her marry the guy because they knew what was best for her. They'd be sunk, too, and try to tell her how sorry they were now it was too late. She must want to get away from that, getting all dressed up and coming out; she was trying to escape, trying to cover up and not let them know what it was doing to her insides.

"You poor kid," he said.

He lifted her into the front seat and pulled her skirt in around her legs. She let her head fall back on the cold red leather and lay there, her eyes closed, limp and absolutely motionless.

Rick closed the door, ran around to the other side of the car, got in under the wheel and switched on the engine. . . .

"We'll go some place and sit this one out, Jenny, shall we?"

A few drops of rain spattered a chill warning on the windshield as they moved away from the curb. Rick Hadley tried to think. They couldn't go to the Fairfield or to the hamburg joint out on the road. He didn't have enough gas to drive around and if it really started to rain the rag top of the convertible would leak like a sieve.

"I know," he said. He swung the car sharply left into a street that would take them out to the road to Camp McNair. "We'll go to Stu and Molly Johnson's. He's got the duty and Molly's in Philadelphia. We'll go out there. It's only a couple of miles and they've got a lot of records."

He was just talking out loud. He knew Jenny wasn't hearing him. She didn't even notice when he reached down and moved her feet to get them out of the puddle of water forming from the leak in the dash. It was himself he was talking to. It was funny how you could feel so sunk about a guy you'd never even seen. . . .

THE little bungalow that Molly Johnson had found when Stu was ordered to McNair was miraculous compared to the places the other officers' wives who had followed their husbands to Fairfield lived in. It was an oasis in a crowded desert of run-down bars and it sat behind a fringe of sycamores off the main road. There was always wood in the shed and beer in the icebox, and the key to the back door was on top of the gas meter on the kitchen porch when the Johnsons weren't there.

Rick went into the living room and switched on the lights. Then he went over to the fireplace and put a match to the paper under the kindling. It was lucky, he thought, that it was Saturday night and all the usual crowd was over at the dance at the Country Club. He put another stick of wood on the fire and opened the front door. Jenny was still in the car where he had left her to go around for the key. She looked so white and small, it frightened him a little. He picked her up quickly, kicked the door shut, and carried her into the living room, where he laid her down on the sofa before the fireplace. She turned her head on the cushions and lay motionless, her jacket huddled around her.

He closed the front door, came back, sat down on the edge of the sofa and took her hands in his. They were icy-cold.

"Please, Jenny."

She turned her face farther away.

"I can't stand it, Rick. I can't stand it," she whispered. "I want to die."

He held her hands tighter in his own. "If you could just cry, Jenny," he said helplessly. "Because you've got to take it, baby. A lot of people have got to."

She shook her head back and forth. "I can't cry. I don't want to. Oh, if they'd only let me marry him! . . . Rick, he's gone, and there's nothing . . . nothing."

He bent forward, put his arms around under her and held her close. "I'm so *damned* sorry, Jenny!" he whispered.

There was nothing more he could say. He kissed her forehead and drew her closer to him. He never knew he could feel so desperately sorry for anybody and be so powerless to help. All her frustration, all her misery, had become his own; he had nothing but a dumb, aching sympathy and no way of communicating it to her.

She huddled close in his arms, taut and freezing cold, pressing her head hard against his shoulder. "Oh, Rick, Rick! I can't stand it."

Her despair . . . her lonely, aching heart beating against his, kindled a sudden stabbing longing in his own—lonely and frustrated, too. . . .

"Jenny, Jenny," he whispered.

He let her back against the cushion, his lips moving softly over her face, caressing her forehead, her pale cheeks, her lips. And suddenly, without warning, without conscious will, against everything he thought she meant to him, he was a brilliant, flaming arrow of desire, burning, passionate. . . .

Jenny stirred blindly, instinctively. "Don't, Rick! Rick!"

"Oh, Jenny. Please. We both need each other, Jenny."

It was a passion Rick had never known before, relentless as fire bursting through a midnight forest, and Jenny was completely defenseless. . . .

The fire burned low on the hearth.

Jenny lay motionless looking at it, remembering, the way she would remember, waking from a dream. There was the same sense of unreality, of waiting, hardly breathing, for all of it to fade out, as dream stuff fades out into normal consciousness. But this did not fade. The fire was real in a real room, the homespun coverlet tucked about her was real. She moved it away, looking down at her rumpled skirt and the silver slippers on her feet. They seemed vague and far away, as if they belonged to somebody else, not her. She remembered about Steve, too. Steve. Steve was gone. But that could not be real. It was like coming out of an anesthetic with a memory of bitter pain dulled for a moment.

She lay very still. If she moved it might all come back again with sharpening awareness in her mind. She lay motionless, listening.

Rick was moving about in the kitchen. She could hear him quietly closing the icebox. Rick . . . She said his name again but it had no meaning. In a curious way that she did not understand, he was no part of what had happened to her. She listened again. He was coming back. She closed her eyes, waiting.

He came quietly into the room. She was aware of him standing beside the sofa, looking down at her. He said, "Are you all right, Jenny?"

THE anxiety in his voice made her open her eyes quickly. He was bending over her, looking down. Their eyes met and held a long time. It seemed to Jenny that she was seeing him for the first time that evening, and that he was no more real than any of the rest of it. She had no sense of shame or of fear, and there was nothing in his face except kindness, kindness and compassion. He sat down on the edge of the sofa, and took up her hand, pressing it hard against his cheek.

"I'm sorry, Jenny," he whispered, not looking at her. "I didn't mean to—I'm sorry as hell, Jenny."

"Don't be sorry, Rick," she answered softly. "It just . . . it just seems sort of strange, is all. It doesn't seem like it's me."

He bent down and touched her forehead gently with his lips, and then sat looking into the fire.

"It wasn't you, Jenny. It wasn't either you or me," he said. "It's all just crazy. Oh, Lord! I'm sorry." He was silent again, sitting there, his face screwed up into a painful bewildered knot.

"I've been thinking, Jenny," he said, without turning his head, "I think we'd better get married, you and me."

She watched the flicker of the dying fire on his face. It seemed strange that she could look at him without any feeling of shame or remorse to disturb the muted, healing calm inside her.

"Why?" she asked quietly.

He couldn't look at her. If she didn't know he couldn't tell her, not just then, anyway. He didn't want to frighten her. She was too sweet, too lovely.

She put out her hand and touched his arm softly with her finger tips.

"Thanks, Rick." She shook her head. "You're sweet. But no. No, Rick."

HE TOOK her hand and held it tightly for a moment, and then got up abruptly. He ought to tell her, ought to make her see it wasn't safe. But he couldn't. Not then he couldn't. Maybe tomorrow . . . or maybe it would be all right.

"I'd better get you home, Jenny," he said brusquely. "It's almost one o'clock. We'll talk about it tomorrow."

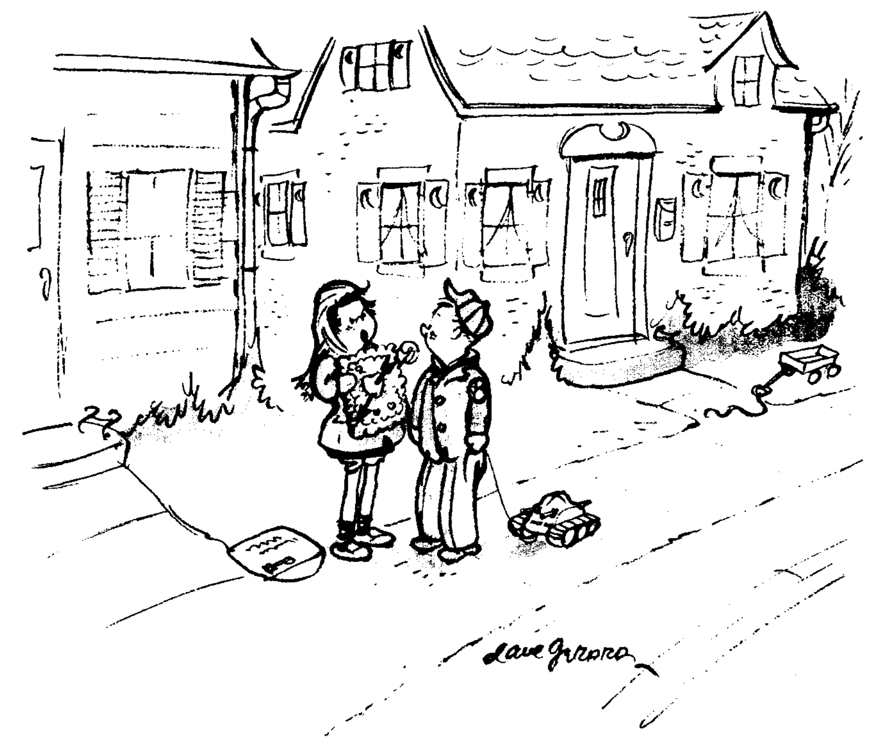
He put out his foot and kicked the last flaming ember back against the bricks, then put the screen in front of the fire. He picked up her fur jacket, bent down and lifted her to her feet. He held her close to him for a moment before he could trust himself to speak.

"You're so lovely, Jenny," he whispered. "Don't be unhappy, Jenny. I couldn't help it. And if you ever need me . . . if you ever need me for anything . . ."

He released her abruptly and went to the front door, holding it open for her. She came across the room slowly and went out to the car, then stood alone in the dark waiting for him to leave the key and come around to the front again. It was all silent and strange, and still not real. It still was like a dream that she would wake to find untrue.

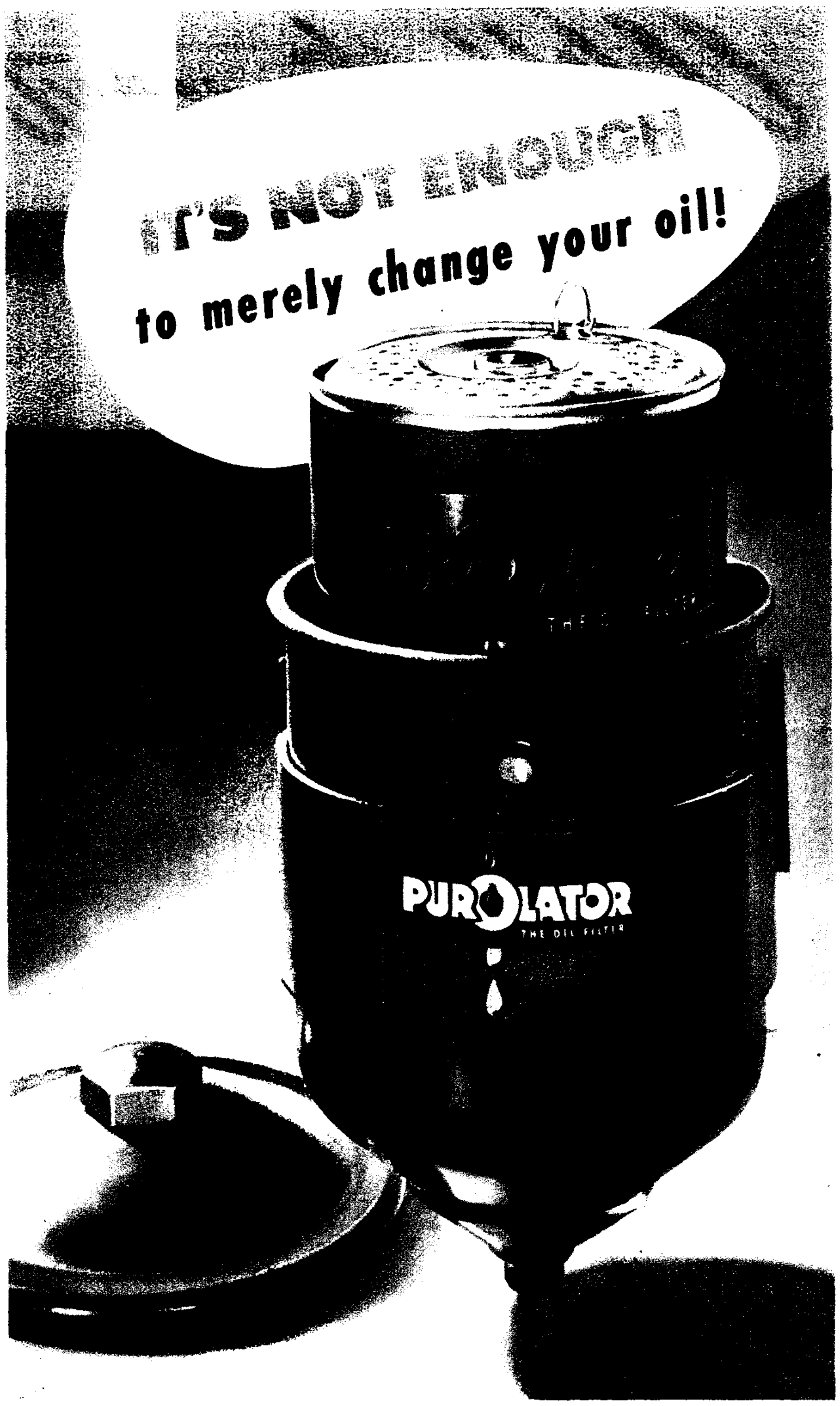
As Rick turned the car out of the yard into the lane another car turned off the road and came toward them, its headlights suddenly long and yellow in front of them. Rick edged to the side, looked quickly into the car and watched it in the mirror over the windshield after it passed. It was turning into the Johnsons' yard. He let his breath out slowly. There was an off chance that the sharp bright eyes of Charlotte Preston snuggled against a brother officer in the front seat hadn't recognized him as quickly as he had recognized her. He didn't like Charlotte Preston. He didn't trust her. . . . He glanced at Jenny. She was sitting there beside him, still dazed.

Well, there wasn't any use frightening her



"What's the idea of the mush! Where's that comic valentine you always send me?"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD



CHANGE YOUR OIL FILTER ELEMENT

Changing oil regularly is very important to keeping your car running in good condition. But it is not enough to merely change the oil—if you don't change the oil filter element. If you don't change the oil filter element at regular intervals it becomes clogged and saturated with abrasives, motor-damaging scum and sludge. It ceases to function. You then lose the vital protection of your oil filter and abrasives which find their way into the lubricating oil remain unchecked. The result is excessive wear to moving parts and eventually—a stiff repair bill. Purolator Products, Inc., founder and leader of the oil filter industry. Newark 5, New Jersey

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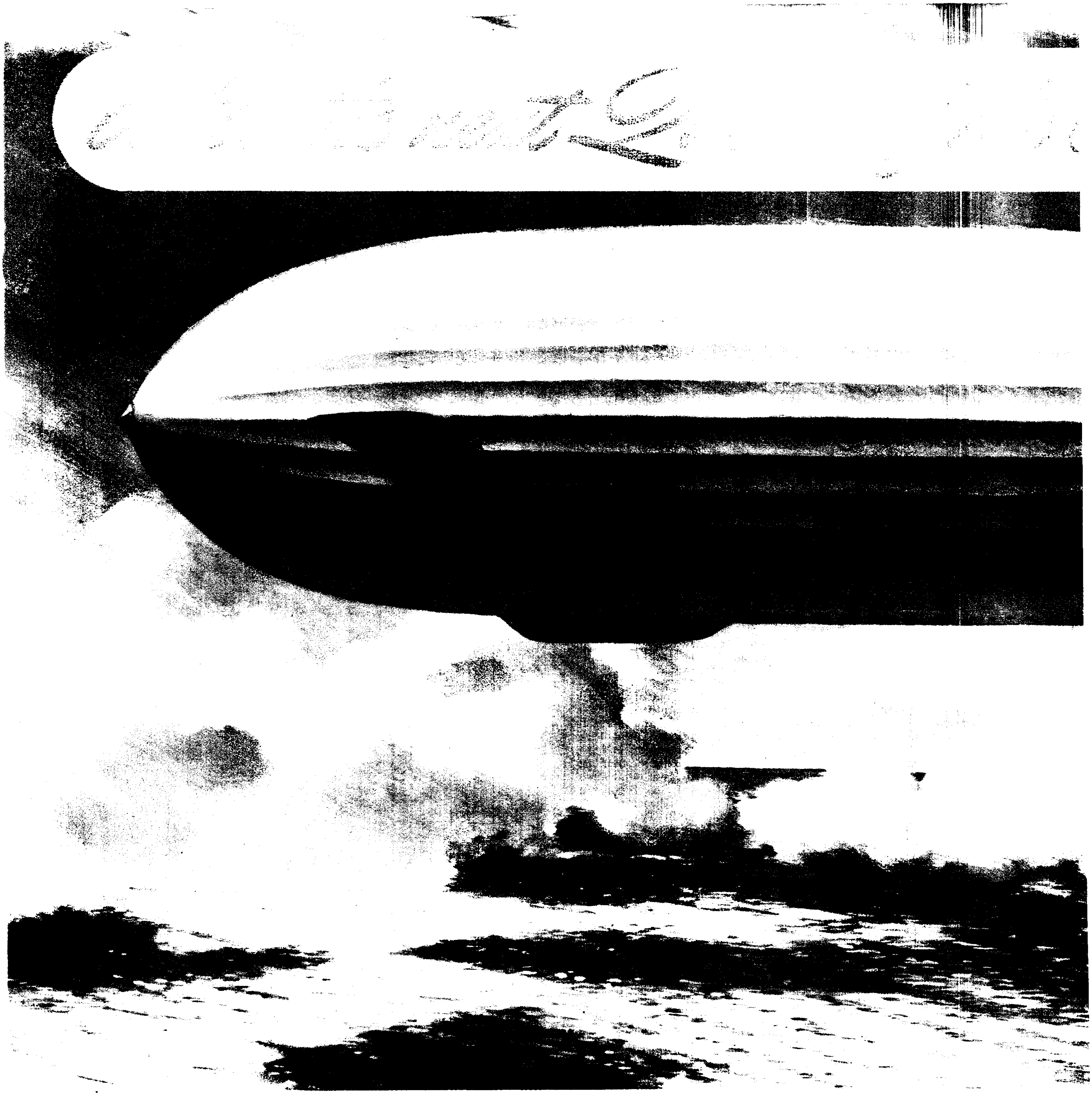

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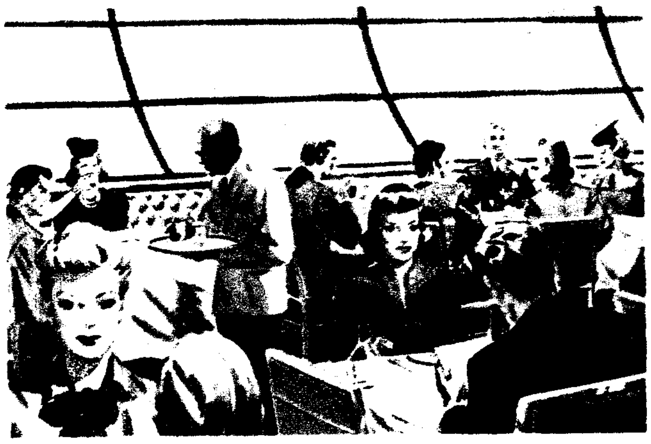

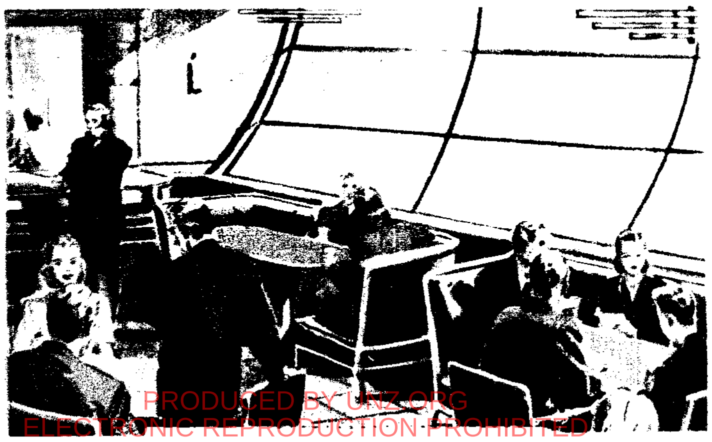

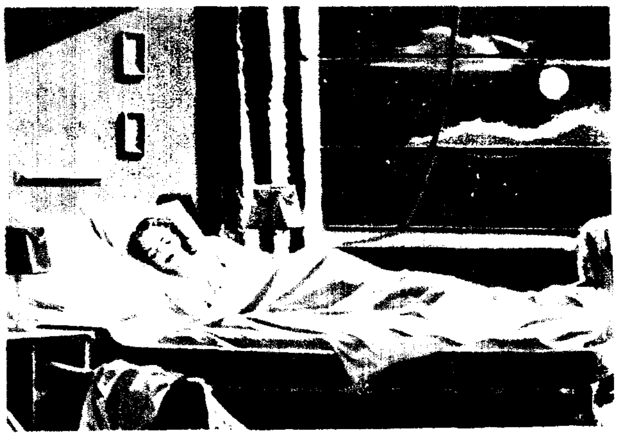

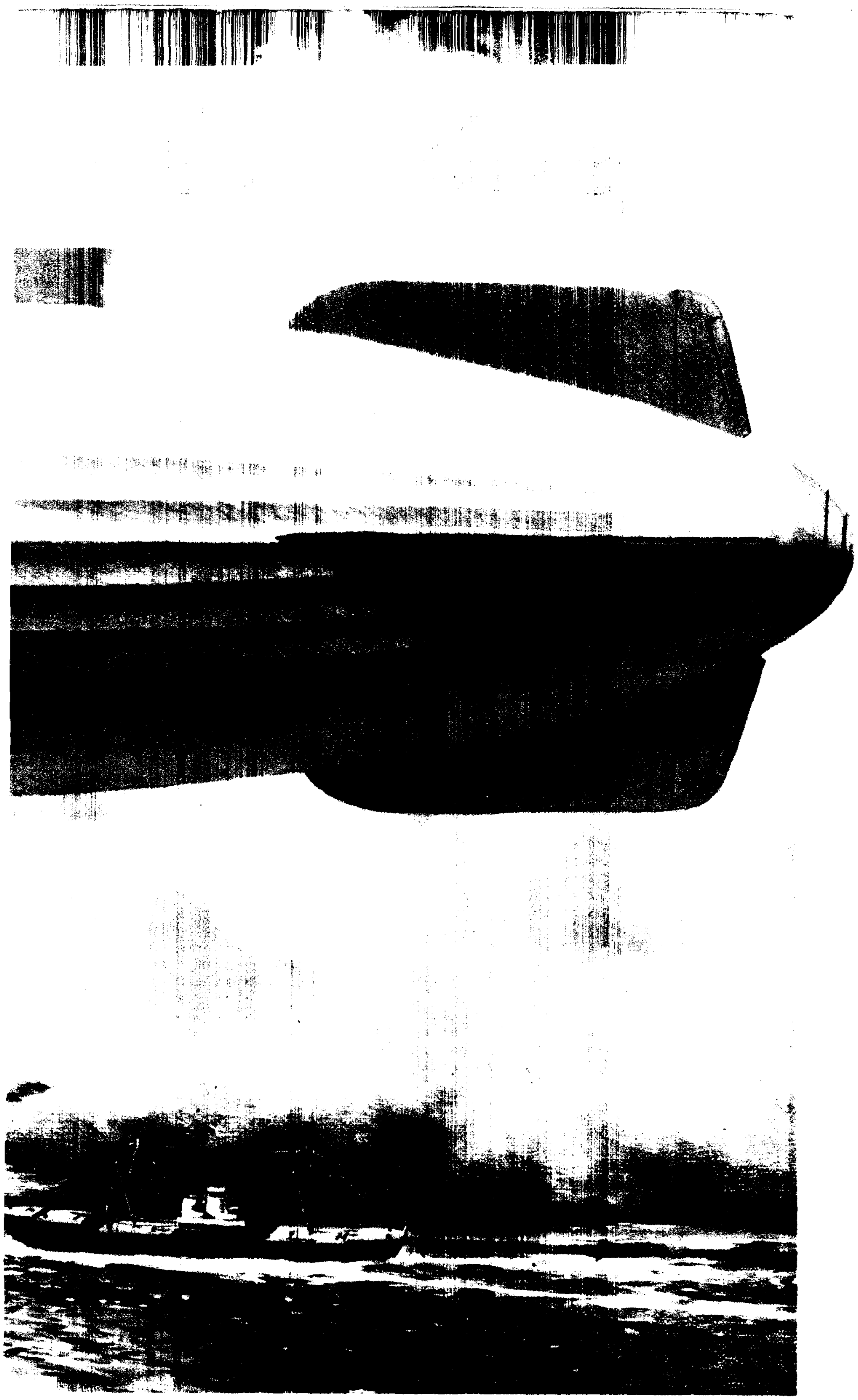

IT will be news to many people that overseas air travel is possible with most of the comforts, conveniences and niceties of life offered by giant surface liners.

This is by means of the airship — the one form of air transportation in which America holds all the aces. Here are the facts:

First, as to safety. America controls the world supply of helium, the only safe, noninflammable airship-lifting gas. Goodyear-built, nonrigid airships, inflated with helium, have carried 450,000 passengers on more than 150,000 flights without injury to a single one — *an unparalleled safety record!*

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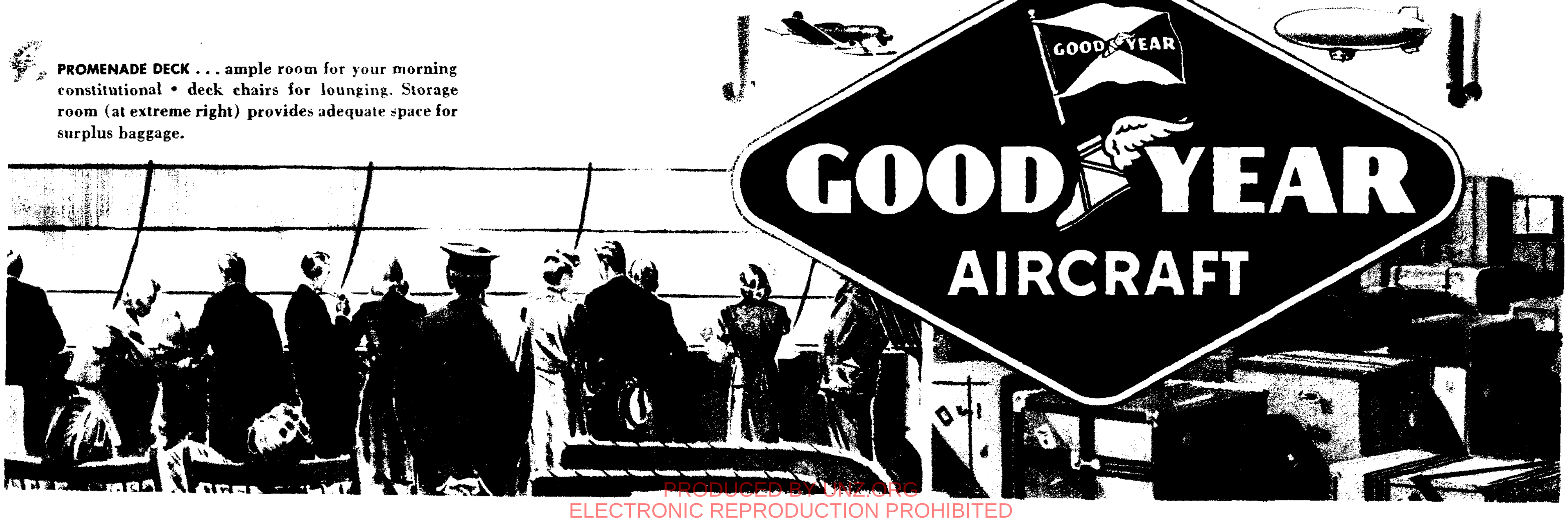

A Little, but Oh, My!

Blackie: "What do people think we are, Whitey—magicians?"

Whitey: "Have patience, Blackie, we're not going dry."

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now . . . about Charlotte or about any of it. Tomorrow, or the next day . . .

The sun was shining when Jenny woke up the next morning. It seemed to her, as her eyes moved slowly over the familiar everyday objects in her room, that she was waking up out of a kind of delirium to a numb but normal sanity again. Everything that had happened was part of the delirium, and part of an ecstatic dream that had ended in a nightmare. She was a different person waking up to empty reality. Yesterday she had thought she couldn't stand the emptiness, the going on without Steve ever being there again. This morning she knew she would go on . . . some way. Steve was dead, Steve would never come back to her again. And when she was thinking about him she suddenly remembered Rick.

She turned over and buried her face in the pillow, expecting something awful to happen, some burning cringing shame to envelop her. After a moment she raised her head slowly and lay there, looking out of the window. It was very strange. Except for the shock of suddenly remembering, there wasn't anything. There wasn't anything at all.

"I'd forgotten it," she thought with stupefying surprise. "I'd really forgotten."

She sat up slowly and looked at herself in the triple mirror on her dressing table, her lips parted and her gray eyes bewildered.

"It's funny I don't feel anything," she thought. "But I don't. I really don't."

She even looked the same, she thought . . . pale and a little washed out, but still the same. She ought to be ashamed and horrified. On a top level of her mind she was, but deep inside her she was not, she had no feeling at all. She sat back against the head of the bed and pushed her rumpled hair slowly away from her forehead. She had done something dreadful . . . but it was her mind telling her so. The pain stirring numbly in the bottom of her heart had no relation to last night. It was for Steve Dillon. Everything else was a blank, without meaning or validity of any kind.

She gave an abrupt start. The bathroom door was opening very quietly.

"Jenny?"

Anne's yellow head came cautiously around.

Jenny drew her breath in quickly. This was something she had not thought about: facing her family . . . especially Anne. Even if she didn't feel different or look different to herself, Anne always spotted everything. She relaxed slowly and waited.

"Oh," Anne said.

Jenny waited breathlessly, aware of Anne's swift change of manner as she came on into the room. Then she relaxed still more. Anne hadn't noticed anything.

She came over and flopped down on the foot of Jenny's bed. All the things she wanted to say but had avoided because Steve was dead and Jenny was so heartbroken came quickly to life on the tip of her tongue. Anne was suddenly and inexplicably annoyed.

"Mother and Dad said nobody was to say anything to you about last night."

JENNY looked at her. There had been times when she had hated Anne, but now these times seemed as remote and unreal as everything else. And she hadn't really hated her, even when she thought she had. She listened, but Anne was not talking about what had really happened last night. Nobody knew, nobody except herself and Rick.

"What you've got to do, Jenny, is forget about Steve . . . about the past. I mean you can't just ruin your whole life."

She looked at Jenny. Her face brightened. There was something . . .

"Jenny! Did Rick propose?"

Did he? Jenny thought. She looked at her sister silently. All of Anne's reactions were so simple and direct. What had happened to her last night would never have happened to Anne, who would have had too much sense.

She shook her head.

"I just wondered," Anne said. "Because he called up this morning." She stopped, deliberately provoking.

"What for?" Jenny asked, knowing that Anne expected her to. Yet in some strange way she didn't really care. She liked Rick, but she had no feeling about him, except to wonder vaguely how she would feel whe she had to see him again. Meeting him fac to face it might be different.

"They're going," Anne said. "They're o an alert. Rick would be courtmartialed i they found out he told. That's why I though . . . I mean, if it meant that much to him. . . He sounded practically out of his mind Jenny. I wanted to wake you, but Da wouldn't let me."

She leaned forward. "Oh, Jenny, I hop it's not . . . I hope his going away isn't—"

Jenny shook her head. "It isn't. In fact I'm . . . I'm sort of glad he's gone."

She was aware as she spoke that it wa true. She was glad. It was a kind of fina closing of a whole book that would neve open again. Steve was gone. Rick had left He had Sue to think about. She had nothing

She moved the bedclothes aside. "I gues I'll get up," she said.

Anne watched her blankly as she wen slowly over to her dressing table and picke up her hairbrush.

"I think you're dreadful, Jenny—simpl dreadful!"

She got up off the foot of the bed and wen back to the bathroom door.

"I don't think you care about anybody. Here we all thought you were in love with Steve. I don't think you care a thing for Steve. I don't suppose you even care that Bill Acton's home. He got here this morning. You just don't care about anybody but yourself, Jenny Wingate!"

JENNY sat motionless, a sudden pain contracting her heart. The ache she had thought was gone was there again; would always be there. Her face was white as death itself.

Anne stared at her in alarm and ran over to her. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean that—"

"Oh, go away, please—go away!" Jenny cried. Anne moved back sharply and closed the bathroom door behind her, and Jenny put her head down on the glass top of the dressing table. The tears had come at last, the tears she thought would never come to wash away the pain.

"—Oh, darling, darling!"

A warm comforting voice was speaking in her ear and comforting arms were holding her. She hadn't heard Alice Acton come into the room, but she was there, and Jenny turned blindly and clung to her, shaking. Alice Acton held her tightly in her arms, her silence meaning more than any words she could have said, until Jenny's sobs died down.

When she raised her head Alice Acton bent down and kissed her forehead. "There, there, darling," she said. "I'm so sorry I wasn't home last night." She let her go gently, went over to the window and stood looking down into the garden for a long time before she turned back.

"I'm going to ask you to do something for me, Jenny," she said. "It may be cruel to ask you now, but . . . if you could, dear, it would mean everything to me. Bill's home. He got in this morning— He's got a week, Jenny, and it's so lonely over at our house. You're the only one he wants to see. If you could, even now, Jenny . . . maybe we might go out to the farm and stay quietly a couple of days. He doesn't want a party, either. But he's been counting on seeing you, and I hate to disappoint him."

It seemed so strange to hear Alice Acton pleading with her that Jenny looked up, her eyes suddenly wide and dry.

"I'd love to, Aunt Alice," she said unsteadily. "I'd—I'd do anything for Bill. It just won't be very gay the way you wanted it."

"Oh, darling, it can't be now. He understands. He feels it, too. It's just . . . I don't know, Jenny. And if you wanted Rick along—"

They had told her, Jenny thought. They told her everything.

"Rick's gone, Aunt Alice," she said quietly. "Anyway, I . . . I only went with him last night because I had to get away. You weren't home. I had to go somewhere."

Alice Acton looked out of the window again.

"I know. I'd feel the same way. I couldn't bear it either. If anything happened to Joe or one of the boys I'd go mad. I couldn't stand it . . . I know I couldn't." . . .

Bill Acton and Jenny sat cross-legged on e bearskin rug in front of the big fieldstone eplace in the living room at the Acton rm. It was the night before he had to go ıck to Florida. The fire lighted up his face that for a moment he looked more like his other than Jenny had ever thought he oked before. His hair was dark like his faıer's but his eyes were hazel like Alice's. ıd his face was like hers, candid and open ıd forthright.

"You've been swell, Jen," he said shyly.

He had never mentioned Steve, but in the eek they'd spent playing Chinese checkers nd going to the movies, with the last two ays on the farm, he hadn't had to mention teve for Jenny to know the way he felt. He as like Tommy. Steve Dillon had been a rt of hero to him, too.

"I mean I'd have been pretty sunk without ou," he said.

"I guess I'd have been sunker without you. ill," she said quietly.

"Jenny," Bill said.

"Yes, Bill."

"Jenny, when I come back . . ." He hesiıted, looking down at his big brown young ands. "Maybe someday . . . I mean, I know 'm not the guy Steve was. But maybe you'll ant somebody, Jenny. And there's always ne."

She blinked the quick tears out of her eyes.

"Thanks, Bill." It was all she could say. he put her head down and felt blindly in er jacket pocket for her handkerchief.

BILL left the next day, and it was just three weeks later that his plane flew out ver the Caribbean and never came back. ill was lying fathoms deep under the clear lue water. And because he had loved Jenny, nd because she was the only person Alice vould let come and stay with her in the big onely house next door, the first clear warning hat Jenny should have been aware of slipped y unnoticed.

That was the last week in March. April ad passed. The next day was May first. nd Jenny Wingate sat motionless on the ed in her room. Everything inside her was ompletely paralyzed . . . everything but a mall terrified segment of her mind that kept oing round and round. "It can't be true. It *can't* be. But it is. It is true."

For a week she had gone around the house almost frozen with fear. It was so incredible, so awful that she kept thrusting it aside, refusing to believe it. But the relentless truth kept flashing back, leaving her mouth dry as old dust, her heart pounding with renewed terror. Now she sat paralyzed with dread and with the knowledge that there was only one thing to do—she had to tell her mother as quickly as she could.

The doors of the bath connecting her room and Anne's were open. Her mother was in Anne's room. They were counting the linen an aunt in New York had sent as her wedding present. "Hand towels, one dozen . . . guest towels, two dozen . . ." She could hear them laughing, both so excited and happy they could think of nothing else. Anne's wedding was set for June sixth—six weeks away. If only she could put off telling them for just six weeks more! But she couldn't. She didn't know very much, but she knew she couldn't do that.

I've got to tell her. I've got to. Now.

The gaiety in the next room died down for an instant.

I've got to. Now.

She clenched her fists together and forced herself to her feet, feeling a sudden dizziness as she took a step toward them.

I can't do it, she thought. It'll kill them.

She gripped the side of the door and stood there. Then, as she tried to take another step forward, she stopped suddenly, hearing Anne's voice again. It had something in it that Jenny had never heard there before.

"I'm so happy I'm . . . frightened, Mother. What if something should happen!"

Her mother's voice was so warm and tender that Jenny's grip on the door tightened.

"Baby child, *nothing's* going to happen. It's all going to be wonderful and lovely!"

"I wish his father and mother weren't coming before the wedding."

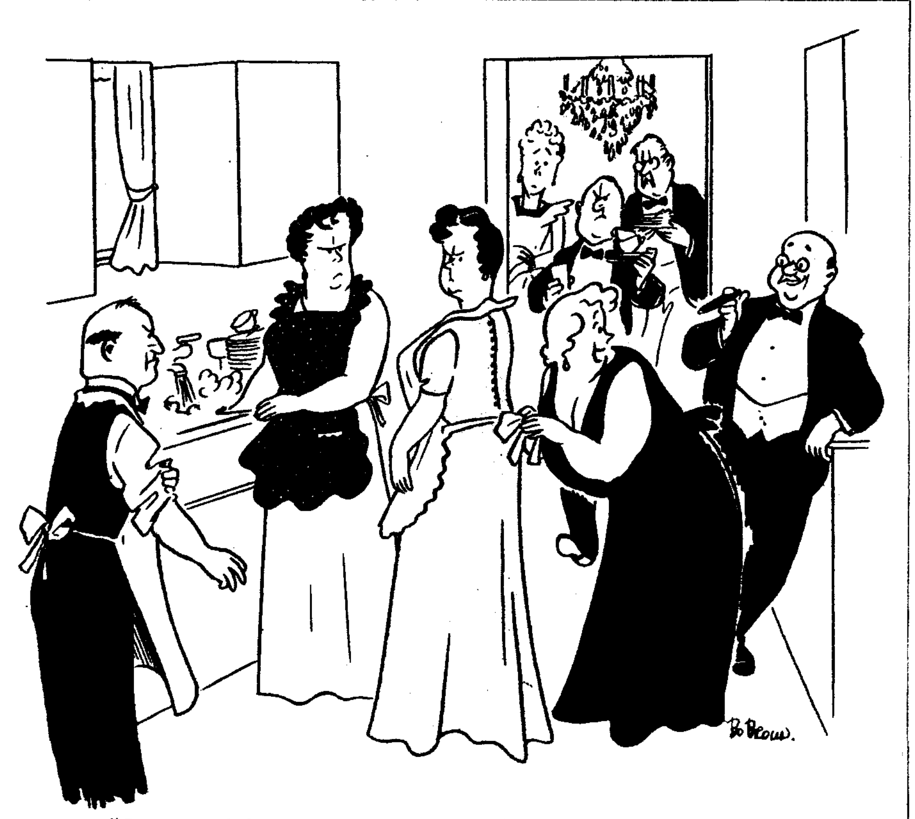
"That's silly, Annie. They're not coming for two weeks and it'll be all right. Jenny's room is very nice and she'll stay with Aunt Alice. They'll only be here a couple of days. I'll see that Tommy washes his face and Daddy doesn't forget and offer them a cocktail."

"But they're sort of . . . well, stuffy, and they had another girl all picked out for Kip. They don't think I'm quite good enough for him. And it's not what everybody thinks. I really love him. I love him so much I'd die if anything happened."

"But nothing's going to happen Annie. Don't be silly. You're tired and excited, with so many parties. The Rogers may be stuffy and very rich, but the Wingates are really *very* nice. In fact, they're just as good as Fairfield's best. You don't have to be ashamed. . . ."

Jenny moved her hand to the door and closed it very quietly, then she groped blindly back to her bed. . . .

Until that moment Jenny had not thought as far as any real consequences, even to herself. Her dread of having to tell her mother



"Get one of the invitations, dear, and show them the fine print!"

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BO BROWN

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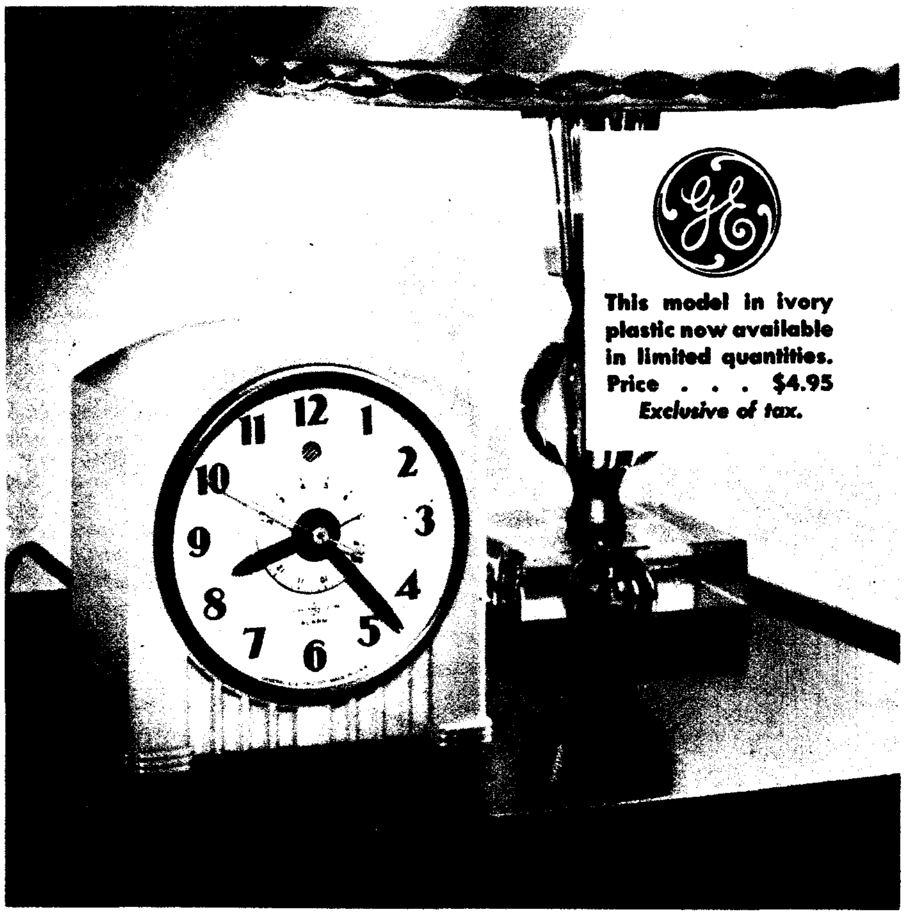

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ROMA *Wines*

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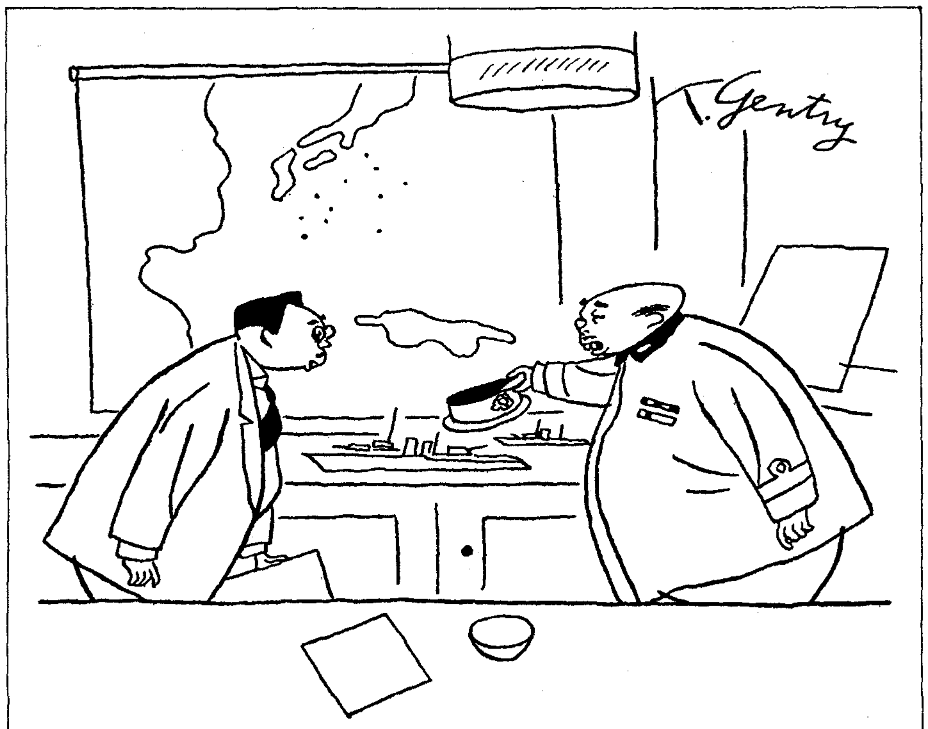
was the same dread, with the same desire to put off telling, that she had had as a child when she'd broken a lovely Venetian vase she had been warned a dozen times never to touch. It was her mother's voice, half-laughing, half-serious, wholly confident, saying ". . . the Wingates are really very nice. . . . You don't have to be ashamed. . . ." that made her suddenly stupefyingly aware of what it would mean to the rest of them.

They really were very nice people, but now, because of her they wouldn't be nice people any longer. The dazed realization of what she was doing to the rest of her family drowned everything else, leaving her conscious of nothing but a torturing sense of guilt.

She remembered a family on the next street that had had to sell the store and the house and move to another town. That came back to her out of a numb agonizing fog. She remembered asking her mother why they were leaving.

"Well, you see, dear," her mother had said, "Ruth is going to have a baby, and it's a terrible disgrace because she isn't married. They just can't face their friends here in Fairfield, I guess. They know it'll be easier to go somewhere else and try to live it down. They couldn't live it down here in Fairfield—it's such a small town, everybody knows everything, and people can be very cruel to one another about that sort of thing."



"First the enemy couldn't find our fleet—now *we* can't find it"

COLLIER'S THURSTON GENTRY

It hadn't been entirely clear to Jenny then. Now it had a desperate clarity that blinded her to everything else. She could visualize her own family unable to hold up their heads and face their friends . . . selling the house, her father giving up the bank, her mother resigning from her clubs, Tommy ashamed to go to school, the Rogerses not letting Kip marry Anne . . . all because of her. She hadn't thought of it that way before; she hadn't really thought of anybody but herself.

HER mother and Anne were coming out of Anne's room, laughing now, momentary fears forgotten. Jenny held her breath, listening to them pass her door and start down the stairs. They had forgotten her too. Then halfway down the stairs her mother called back up.

"Jenny—Anne and I are going over to Mrs. Raymond's for a fitting before my meeting. Do you want to come along?"

"No, thanks, Mother." She made her voice sound casual and uninterested.

"Then goodby. We'll see you."

As she heard the front door close she had for a moment an almost sickening sense of escape and relief. Then she felt abandoned and alone. The house was terrifying, accusingly silent. . . .

At dinnertime she realized there was something still worse that she had not thought about. She'd got through the day dazed and frightened, seeing the house and the garden they would have to leave as if she were seeing them and realizing how happy they had been there for the first time in her life. In the afternoon she fell asleep, exhausted, while Anne and Charlotte Preston were down in the den addressing invitations. Her father's voice woke her, and she sat up, blinking the sleep out of her eyes. She was halfway down the stairs when it flashed into her mind.

IN THE happiness of hearing her father's voice and dashing down to see him, she had forgotten, for an instant. Her father . . . she thought now. What would he think, when he knew? How would he feel? Nothing else seemed important, compared with that. It was her father. She was his faith and his pride, he loved her better than anybody else, and he would be hurt, so hurt, and ashamed.

For the first time she had a sudden overwhelming sense of physical shame, and wanted to turn and run back up the stairs and hide herself.

She heard his voice calling her, and started slowly on down the stairs.

"Coming, Daddy," she said. He mustn't ever know, she thought desperately. He mustn't ever know.

Tom Wingate listened absently to the chatter at the table. It was hard to tell who was more excited, Anne or her mother. He hadn't realized that an approaching wedding, even to a son of the Rogerses of Cleveland, could so completely disrupt a normal household and drive everything else out of the female mind. He looked silently at Jenny. She hadn't eaten anything for almost a week and she seemed paler and more fragile every time he looked at her. It was wrong. He had tried several times lately to make Helen see that all the fuss and excitement and constant talking about Kip Rogers was only intensifying Jenny's tragic sense of loss. But Helen had brushed it aside with a kind of casual ruthlessness that had seemed a little shocking to him.

"She'll just have to get over it, Tom. This is the most wonderful moment in Anne's life, and we can't let Jenny spoil it for her, can we? I'm sorry, but there's nothing we can do. Jenny's got to pull herself together."

He watched Tommy gulp down his stewed fruit and grab another piece of cake before he dashed off. His job as electrician at the school operetta took six nights a week, but it was a relief not to have him baiting Anne all the time. Anne and her mother were gone almost as quickly. He looked at Jenny again. She was trying to get away, too. A gulf seemed to have opened between them that he had no way to bridge, and he felt it more acutely this evening than he had ever before.

He smiled at her. "Don't leave me, Jenny. I'm beginning to feel like an outcast around here. Come on out in the den and talk a while."

He looked at his watch. There was a meeting of the ration board, but these meetings were one of the troubles. He was blaming himself now. Not since that Saturday night when he and Helen had waited up until after one o'clock for Jenny to come home had he had a free night when he could be alone with her. He was at a meeting, or someone was in, or Anne and her mother were making wedding plans, with Jenny sitting listening quietly or going up early to bed. He had never had a chance to talk to her about Steve. When he had tried once to bring it up, she had drawn away so quickly that he hadn't tried again. Then the shock of Bill Acton's death had changed things. That, too, had probably been much harder on her than any of them had realized. As he thought with a sharp pang of remorse how far away from him he had let her get, and how profoundly lonely her heart must have been all these weeks, he suddenly felt acutely lonely himself.

She went slowly out into the den and sat down on the sofa. She was very pale, and her eyes avoiding his had a too-bright and stricken look in them. He sat down by her and took one of her hands, shocked to find how cold and taut it was.

"Jenny," he said, "I'm afraid I haven't been any help."

He hesitated and went on. "You should have married him, Jenny," he said steadily. "We were very wrong. Can you try to forgive us, Jenny?"

He felt her shrink, trying to draw her hand away from his, her eyes fixed blindly before her. He felt the tragic futility of trying to say that now. If he had said it earlier, before Steve was lost, it might at least have kept the bond between them from breaking so completely.

He put his arm out and drew her against him, her head to his breast.

"Jenny, it breaks my heart to see you like this," he said. "We didn't mean to be so cruel, darling."

HER body quivered in his arms and she gave a little sob and huddled down closer to him. "Oh, Daddy, Daddy!"

The closeness and the understanding were coming back. He was protecting her as he had when she was a child, frightened and clinging to him for safety and love.

"Oh, Daddy! Daddy! Don't hate me."

She moved her head hard and painfully back and forth against his shoulder, clutching to him as if she were in physical agony.

"Hate you, Jenny? I love you better than the whole world . . . and I'm proud of you. You've been wonderful, the way you've kept your chin up. It's the way Steve would have wanted it—he'd be very—"

He was instantaneously aware that something had happened. Her arms clinging to him relaxed almost as if he had struck her, and she was so quiet that it seemed to him even her heart had stopped beating. He looked down at her, deeply alarmed and uncomprehending, and saw her face frozen again, her eyes bright and staring.

"Jenny!" he said.

In an instant the whole moment had vanished.

Then, with a relief as sharp as his alarm had been, he realized it was not something he had said. The front door had opened. Jenny sat up, and he heard Charlotte Preston's baby voice in the hall calling up the stairs to Anne. There was a commotion upstairs and Anne was answering over the bannisters. "Go on out in the kitchen, sweetie, and I'll be right down. There's lemonade in the icebox—get me some, too."

Jenny went quickly over and stood by her father's chair, her face pale, the paper she picked up trembling in her hands. She was only vaguely aware of Charlotte coming through the doorway. Her mouth was dry again, her heart numb.

I almost told him. I almost told him. The thought kept going round and round in her head.

What if I had? What if I had told him?

(To be continued next week)

**IN STYLE—
ALL ELASTIC**

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Paris Free-Swing Suspenders – first in style – outsell any suspender sold – outmode any suspender made. They're smarter, they're more comfortable, they're tops in value. Widely imitated but never duplicated – Paris is the only suspender made with the exclusive swivel action back – no strain – no skid – no pull – "Can't skid off your shoulders". Smart new spring patterns and colors – and they're all elastic – at the better stores everywhere – $1.50 to $3.50.

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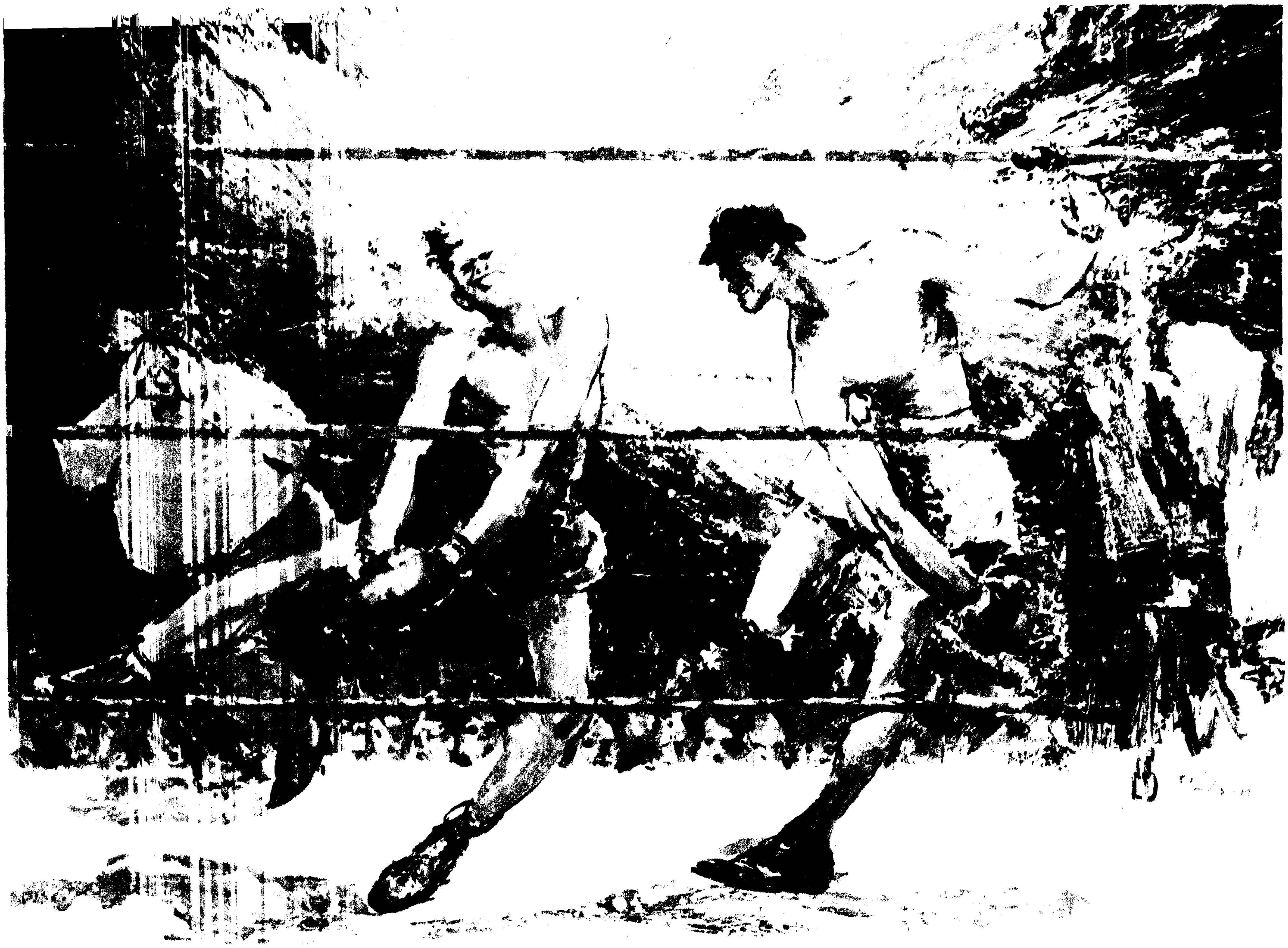


"Al!" Doc cried. "The fight ain't begun yet." But Al Hame rose like a skyrocket bringing a right-hand sock to land full into Young Bosco's face

Home Town DECISION

by **ROBERT GRIFFITH**

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

Can a man win a fight and lose it? Here's a tale concerning a conquering hero who came home in triumph and left in his unmentionables

IT WAS nearly midnight, and Doc was sitting in the lobby of the Homelike Hotel with half a dozen others, talking about Al Hame's coming back to Mill City. The chief of police was saying, "Of all the fights you ever run, Doc, the comicalest was the first four times Al Hame tangled with Young Bosco."

The others laughed, and Doc looked a little annoyed. He spread his two hundred and forty pounds around the big leather chair and frowned thoughtfully up at the poster whose red letters spelled AL HAME VS. YOUNG BOSCO. "All I hope is the fans'll like this show," he said.

"They'll like it," said Zack, the sour-faced night clerk, "if it's like the others was."

"Sure was comical," the chief of police chuckled, "the way Bosco would wind up and let go with that haymaker—and the faces Al Hame would make when Bosco almost landed!"

Doc pushed his checkered cap back over his white thatch of hair and gazed out the window, smiling absently. "You know, boys," he said, "it'd be awful nice if Al settled down here in his home town. Got married to some nice girl."

Zack made a face, and the chief said doubtfully, "Girls here never liked Al Hame much." Doc's smile faded, and the chief said quickly, "When you expecting Al?"

"Tomorrow, maybe," Doc said.

Just then the revolving door spun, and a slight figure in derby, spats and fleecy, orange-colored topcoat stood there, staring in a dazed way.

Zack, at the desk, wiggled his eyebrows and opened his mouth. Doc, with a happy, surprised smile, struggled out of his chair. The newcomer moved warily forward. The derby fitted low on his pale, triangular face; its brim was a curved line above black brows and black, ever-moving dots of eyes. His mouth was an opening sliced sidewise beneath a rectangular block of nose. When he spoke, there was a glitter of bridgework.

"Yes," he said flatly, "it's me."

The chief jumped up with a yell. "Well, Al!"

Doc's outstretched hands gripped Al Hame by the shoulders. "Al," Doc said with feeling, "you come home."

"Yeah," Al Hame said, pulling away. "Easy on the coat. I paid one-two-five for that coat."

The crowd guffawed, and somebody said, "Same old Al!"

Doc laughed uncertainly; the others pressed forward to shake hands. The dazed look left Al Hame's face; he tipped back his derby and put on a smirk. "Same old jerk sports," he said.

Doc said, "Folks here'll be glad to see you back, Al. We sold out the house, reserved, already."

"Sure, sure," Al Hame said, with a grimace to mask his pleasure. "I s'pose I'm a regular hero to them. All I hope is the babes here don't chase me around like in Boston."

Zack's smile was crooked. "Same old Al," he said.

"I told them," Doc said, beaming, "how you said, sure, you'd fight anybody I got."

Al Hame sniffed. "I knew you couldn't get anybody only bums—compared to me, I mean." He looked up at Doc, smiling falsely. "How's the big promoter these days, anyways? Still paying them off in the alley, using twos for fives?"

Doc was embarrassed. "Well, Al," he said, "business ain't been quite up to normal, same as always."

"We was just talking about you, Al," the chief put in. "About them first four fights you had with Young Bosco." Somebody laughed, and Al Hame's smirk disappeared.

Al Hame's quick eyes fell just then on the red-lettered fight card; his mouth dropped open. "That fat bum!" he said. And then he laughed, but not convincingly. "I'll chill him first punch, prob'ly."

Doc looked worried, but he went on with what he had started to say: "We was just talking, Al, how it would be nice if you come home to stay. Got married and settled down."

"Me?" Al Hame demanded, scowling. "Married? I got troubles enough, all the babes chasing me since I become famous."

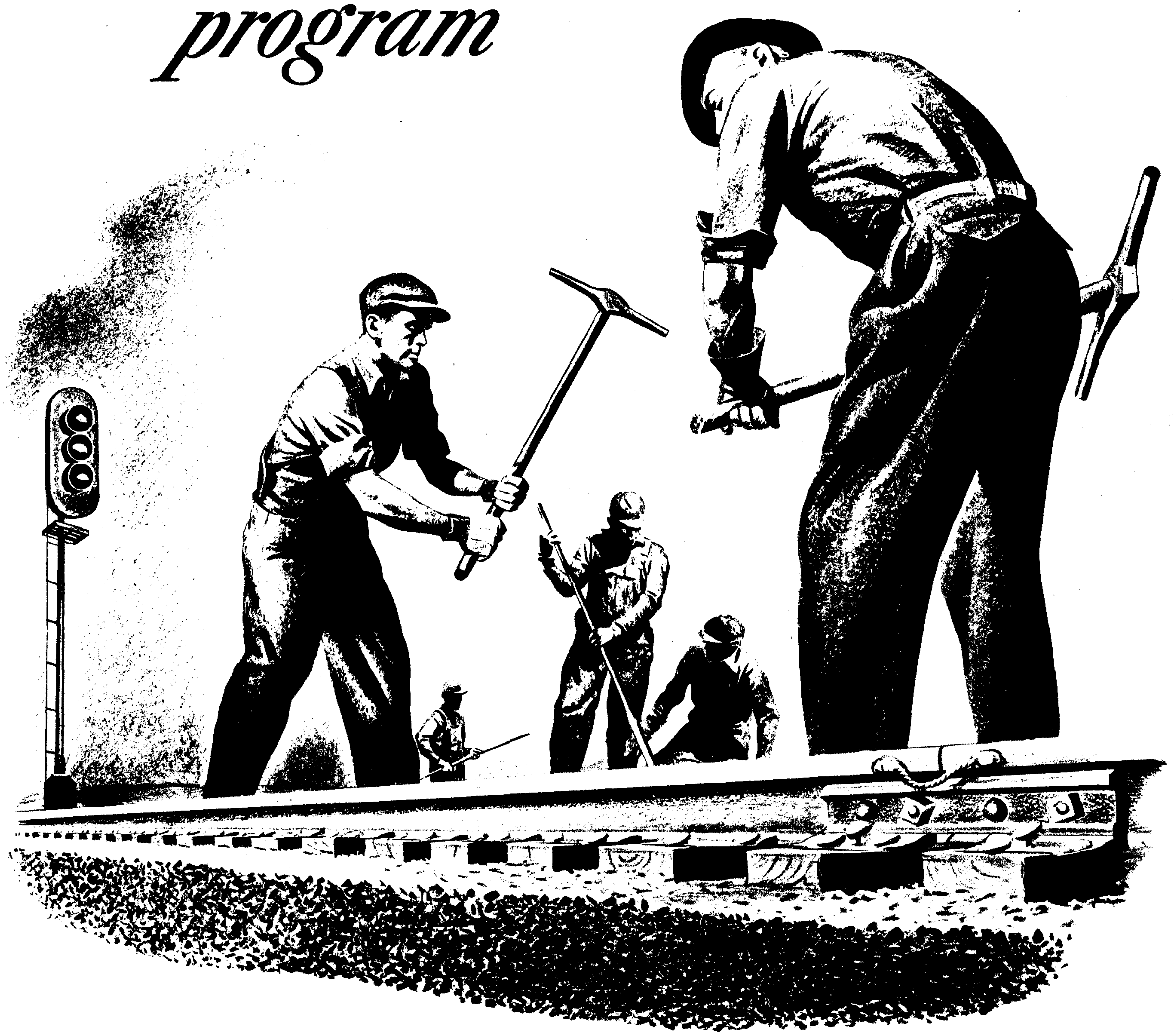
Everybody laughed. Al Hame stared around, suspicious at first, and then grinned, enjoying the role he was playing. But he stopped abruptly, his eyes fixed on something across the lobby. Doc followed his gaze to the cigar stand. A girl with black, long-bobbed hair and large brown eyes was returning Al Hame's stare with a bold and yet secretive smile.

Doc hastily put himself between Al and the eyes. "Let's all go over to the Presto Lunch," he said. "Get a bite to eat."

Al asked the chief of police: "Who's the babe?"

The chief spoke from behind his hand. "Ask

Another Billion dollar highway program



IN thinking about work after the war, don't overlook the 230,000 miles of steel "highways" which the railroads have built and maintain at their own expense. These "highways" provide jobs for more than a quarter of a million men working on construction and maintenance of tracks and roadway—jobs for more than a million other railroad workers—besides still other thousands in the mines, the mills and the forests where roadway materials and supplies are produced.

More than that—the railroads pay real taxes on these "highways," not for their own special benefit, but for the support of schools and other general services, including public highways and streets.

After the last war, between 1920 and 1930, the railroads spent more than four billion dollars for improvements on these "highways," and in addition more than three-and-a half billion dollars for betterments in equipment. After this war, a similar program will be required.

So there's another highway program which could make a lot of postwar jobs, and which needs no more than a public policy of treating all forms of commercial transportation alike—letting each one pay its own way, which includes the payment of the general taxes upon which governmental services depend.

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CANADA *WORLD FAMOUS* **DRY**

"The Champagne of Ginger Ales"

SO DELICIOUS, SO PURE, SO REFRESHING...ENJOYED THE WORLD OVER

any drummer about *her,*" he said. "Her name's Lily Ray."

Al Hame's eyes were very bright, but he yawned widely. "I'm tired," he said. "I better get some sleep."

The chief said, "Yes, Al, you better. Got to be in shape."

Doc was disappointed, but he said, "Maybe you better, Al."

Al turned to the desk. "Gimme a room with a bath," he told Zack. "The best you got."

Zack saw the hungry smile that Al Hame turned upon Lily Ray. "Double or single?" he asked sarcastically. . . .

When they had said good night to Al Hame, Doc and the chief of police walked out and stood a minute on the sidewalk.

Doc sighed. "I always think," he said, "how good it'd be, when Al Hame gets champeen, if he was introduced, right on the radio, as coming from Mill City. Folks here'd be awful proud."

The chief put his hand on Doc's shoulder. "You could be proudest of all," he said. "You gave Al his first start, fighting."

"Well," Doc said, smiling, "I guess I would."

The chief was looking through the window into the lobby. "There's Al buying some cigars," he said. "I didn't even know he smoked."

THE fight was two days off, and early next morning Doc went down to the Mill City ball grounds to set up the ring and arrange the seats. A score of fans were there ahead of him in hope of getting a look at Al Hame. It was after ten when Doc left the work to his customers and walked over to the hotel.

"Where's Al?" he asked the day clerk.

"Sleeping prob'ly."

A bellboy winked at Doc. "Him and Lily Ray was kicking it around at the Abbey all night."

"And anybody goes out with Lily," added the day clerk, "needs plenty of sleep."

Doc swallowed hard; he looked badly upset. "Needs more'n sleep, too," the bellboy said. "You got to have the old spondoolix, if you want to travel with Lily Ray."

Doc's round face flushed, and he turned upon the boy: "You think Al Hame'd got famous if he hadn't lived a good, clean life?"

The day clerk smirked. "Maybe he's getting *un*famous now."

Doc turned away just as the chief of police, swinging his billy club, came into the lobby. "You look like you had a bellyache," he said to Doc. "What's the matter?"

Doc took the chief's arm. "Let's get out of here," he said.

They went outside and turned downstreet. The chief laughed suddenly and nudged Doc. "Look," he said, pointing. "The human fire engine himself."

A wide, squat figure came jogging down Main Street, pausing every fifty feet to crouch, duck, feint, and send violent haymakers at the low-hanging maple branches. Half a dozen small boys trailed behind him, aping his every move. The strange man's legs were spindling, but his upper body swelled from the waist like a balloon. His face was flat and scarred, but his eyes were bright and full of hope.

"Hiya, Doc!" he called. "Hiya, Chief!" He heaved his great fist at a branch, and missed widely. "Hey!" he puffed, "I'm in wonderful shape and rarin' to go!"

"Bosco," the chief said, "you talk like a champeen."

But Doc was frowning, and Bosco looked anxiously up at him. "I been powerin' up my punch," Bosco said hopefully. "I'm going to get him this time, Doc."

Doc said, "You best try and not get hurt, Bosco. That Al's a real fighter." Bosco's face fell, and Doc patted his shoulder. "I know you'll fight good," he said. "Win or lose."

"I'll do my best," Bosco said earnestly. "And, Doc, if I do lick him, I'll owe it all to you. I won't forget that, Doc."

Doc turned to watch, as Bosco started off again, the boys trailing after him. "I wisht I'd got somebody else for Al," Doc said worriedly. "But Bosco begged me."

"Al Hame wasn't exactly pleased," the chief said.

"It's the way the fans always laughed," Doc said. "It kind of always annoyed Al, when him and Bosco fit before." And Doc shook his head. "*I* never see anything funny about them fights."

"No," the chief said, but he was grinning, "only the way Bosco would r'ar back and send over that haymaker. Doc, if he ever landed square on Al, he'd kill him dead."

Doc nodded; and he looked more worried than ever. "Hope Al's in shape," he said. "Be awful if Bosco hit him, just by accident, and hurt him bad."

"Awful funny," the chief chuckled, and then seeing how serious Doc was, he changed the subject. "I presume you got to pay Al plenty for fighting."

Doc was cheerful. "I don't have to worry about Al. He said just pay him what I pay for any main bout. And," he added, "that's a break, too. I've gone in the hole, my last three shows."

DOC walked into the lobby of the Homelike Hotel at five o'clock, just as Zack, the night clerk, came downstairs. "Well," Zack said, grinning, "I see your dream come true."

"Huh?" Doc said.

"Al's got a girl—while his money lasts."

Doc looked upset. "Took her dancing one night. That's no sign."

"Brother," Zack said, "you think it ain't. I seen that girl work before."

Doc sat down heavily. "Oh, why'd he have to meet a girl like her right now?"

"Huh?" Zack said. "I'd say them two was just made for each other."

"It ain't funny," Doc said. "Zack, that boy worked hard and got to be a success, and now this, this . . ."

Doc's words petered out, because he suddenly realized that the hostile brown eyes he was looking into were those of Lily Ray herself. She stood before him, arms akimbo; she was smiling, but not pleasantly.

"Sounds *very* interesting," she remarked sarcastically. "This girl, you seem to know all about her—somebody you been out with, I s'pose?"

Doc's face was red; he gulped but could not speak.

"And about Al Hame," Lily said mockingly. "You're prob'ly his guardeen or something?"

Zack stood by helplessly. Doc rose slowly from his chair. "Allus I said," he mumbled; "allus I said was . . ."

"Oh, I know what you said." Lily Ray smiled her contempt. "Something about how I would play around with Al till he ran out of—spondoolix?"

"*I* didn't say that!" Doc protested in confusion.

Lily Ray looked from Doc to Zack, and her smile grew wistfully sardonic. "Oh, I know how people here in Mill City bandy my name around," she said.

"*I* ain't bandied anybody," Doc said. "Allus I done was—"

Lily Ray shrugged; her eyes were very sad. "I'm used to having lies told about me."

DOC was almost in tears. "*I* didn't mean," he blurted; "I didn't have no intention . . ." He groaned then, and said, "Well, I guess I did. And I'm sorry." He looked appealingly into Lily Ray's eyes. "I guess I just didn't stop and think prob'ly you like Al Hame much as any of us—"

"Much as!" Lily Ray said sharply. "Much as *you*, f'rinstance?" Her eyes were no longer soft and sad; they held a strange accusing light. "I'm sure *I* never stole hundreds of dollars off of any poor kid trying to make a living fighting! You got a crust!"

Doc's face went white. He tried to roar but only squeaked: "That's a big lie! I never!"

Lily Ray made a noise with her lips. "You, you big fat gyp—always making out you're such a sport!" She turned abruptly and clack-clacked across the lobby and out the revolving door.

Doc groped for his chair and sat down. His face was wreathed in pain as he looked up at Zack. "Sometimes," he said, after a long pause, "sometimes, I couldn't pay the boys what I promised. But I paid 'em what I could. I never cheated a one of them."

"Course you didn't," Zack said stoutly.

"Why," Doc went on, "if she'd just ask Al Hame, he'd tell her—"

Zack's voice recovered its sardonic tone. "Don't be so dumb," he said. . . .

There were still a few fight fans at the box office when Zack arrived late, fight night. He went in the back way, and found Doc at the wicket. The crowd in the grandstand was whistling and booing the semifinal. Zack said, "Sounds like a full house."

Doc subtracted figures on the wall. "Fifteen hundred and fifty-eight dollars," he said wearily. "Best gate I ever had."

"Good," Zack said with satisfaction. "You'd ought to be happy. Made a little money, for once."

"Yes," Doc said, making change.

Zack was watching him, beginning to frown. He saw Doc, at every other sale, stuff a dollar bill into his pants pocket. Zack said sharply, "What kind of bookkeeping you call that?"

Doc pretended that he was too busy to answer. Zack got up and, moving closer to Doc, saw that his pockets were bulging with dollar bills. "Why, you old fool!" Zack cried. "Does that mean you're paying Al Hame—*half the gate?*"

Doc's face was stern. "I ain't going to have that tart claiming I cheat my fighters," he said.

Zack swore soundlessly.

Doc stood up, lifted the wicket and stuck his head outside. "Go ahead in," he said to the boys who were hanging around outside.

"Don't let Al catch you doing that," Zack said sourly.

The door opened, and the chief of police came in. Doc looked up anxiously. "It's okay," the chief said. "He just got here." Zack was curious, and the chief explained. "Al and Lily Ray been on a picnic or something since last night. We was afraid they might not get back in time."

"Trust Lily," Zack said, "when they's money in it."

Doc said hesitantly, "Is Al all right? He look like he'd been . . . dissipating?"

"Sober as a judge," the chief said.

"Oh," Doc said, "I know Al wouldn't get drunk."

THE howls of the fight fans urging the semifinal boys to action came from outside. Doc sat down and wiped the sweat from his face. He looked up at the fight bill on the wall. "Al Hame," the red letters said, "Mill City's Own Coming Champ." And, addressing neither Zack nor the chief, Doc muttered, "He'll get sick of *her*. Settle down here in Mill City; train right here in the ball grounds."

The chief looked at Zack and shook his head. "Well," Zack said uneasily, "he may, later."

"He will," Doc said, nodding. He was smiling a little. "Then, when he gets champeen, he'll be introduced—all over the country they'll hear it—introduced coming right from Mill City."

The chief screwed his face up. "Doc," he said soberly, "Al Hame bought two tickets for Boston. I just come from the depot, and I see Lily Ray waiting there. She had two suitcases."

The light went out of Doc's eyes; he turned slowly away and began to fumble with the stacks of bills in the cash drawer. Zack looked at his watch. "Train leaves at ten-twenty," he said. "Al must figure on a quick K.O."

From outside came the crowd noises, louder now. Doc shoved the money bags into his pockets and turned around to face the others; his shoulders drooped and he looked very sad. Zack opened the door and listened. "Time for the execution," he said.

They left the box office in silence, walked through the turnstile and were engulfed by the standing crowd packed between ringside seats and grandstand. An explosive yell rose from the fans, and a swollen figure in scarlet silk robe galloped from the dressing-room passage. Young Bosco grinned, saluted, posed; he crouched, feinted and sent his famous haymaker through the air. The crowd screamed its delight. Bosco caught sight of Doc and ran over to him. "Doc," he said, "I'm going to get him this time, I am."

Doc looked down into the scarred and earnest face.

"He never could hurt me, Doc," Bosco said. He was gazing up at Doc as if waiting for some sign of encouragement.

Doc only patted briefly at Bosco's shoulder and went on. "Go ahead in, boy," he said. "The best man'll win."

WITH Zack following, Doc went down to the dressing rooms under the grandstand. Al Hame's quarters were choked with Mill City sports, but when Doc stood in the doorway, the sports respectfully opened a lane between him and the fighter. When Doc saw Al Hame, his face changed quickly; his expelled breath whistled dismay.

Al Hame sat like a king, on a packing box, his knees apart, hands on hips. He was still wearing his derby and spats and orange-colored topcoat.

There was only the gentlest of rebuke in Doc's voice: "Al," he said, "there's people waiting out there."

From outside, again, came the sound of the crowd, a great roar of laughter.

Zack made a grimace. "Bosco's in the ring," he said. "I mean he *fell* in, as usual."

Al Hame's mouth jerked spasmodically sidewise. He looked at Doc. The derby was pulled so low over his forehead that his moving eyes were like shiny black balls dangling from the brim. "So this," he said, "was going to be another of them very comical shows."

Doc blinked. "No, Al," he said. And he added, "I never thought them shows was funny, Al."

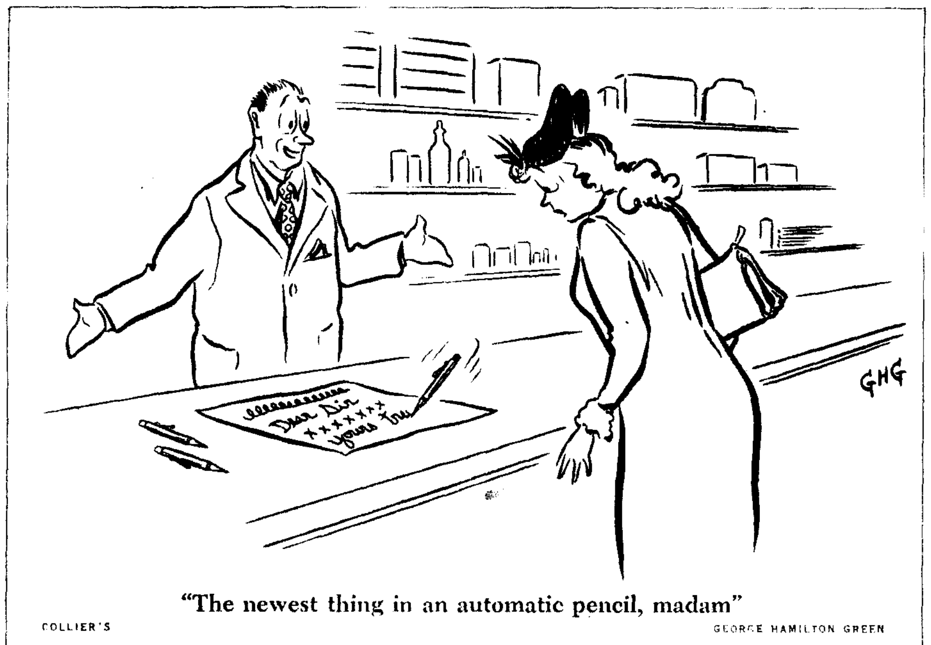
"Oh, yes," Al Hame said, flashing his bridgework. "You thought they was very comical. They made you a lot of money, too."

"Al," Doc said, "what's the matter?"

Al Hame waited, and the laughter from outside faded. "About my end," he said. His voice was as harsh as sandpaper.

Doc was embarrassed by the many eyes that rested on him. He tried to smile. "I didn't expect you should fight for nothing, Al," he said mildly.

"No," Al Hame said, wetting his lips. He



"The newest thing in an automatic pencil, madam"

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

pop out of bed
with a SONG

Try this tonight for morning freshness!

Remember that youthful thrill of waking up *happy*—fresh and radiant to greet the day? Why not enjoy it again, morning after morning? Just try this pleasant plan thousands are following—drink a cup of Ovaltine at bedtime each night!

For Ovaltine acts in these ways, to bring sparkling morning freshness.

First, taken at bedtime, it promotes sound sleep, *without drugs.*

Second, it supplies food elements to rebuild vitality *while you sleep!*

Third, it furnishes extra vitamins and minerals in a delicious, *more natural* way for all-round health and vigor.

So why not turn to Ovaltine tonight? See if you don't feel better, look better, get more fun out of life!

RESTFUL SLEEP FOR THOUSANDS! A cup of Ovaltine at bedtime induces sleep in these natural ways, without drugs. It has the power to relieve "nervous tension"—also to prevent certain types of unrest that cause night-time tossing. Supplies food elements *known to be necessary* for sound, restful sleep.

TO START THE DAY IN HIGH—Want a lot more zip to tackle your work—more vigor to meet today's strain? Then try a cup of Ovaltine each night. You'll be glad you did!

BUILDS VITALITY WHILE YOU SLEEP! Ovaltine provides food elements to rebuild worn-out muscle, nerve and body cells. Processed for easy digestion so you can get the good from it even when digestive action is low—as it is during sleep.

Ovaltine
PLAIN AND CHOCOLATE FLAVORED

paused; he seemed about to pronounce words carefully rehearsed. "I ain't fighting these days for what's throwed to me," he said finally. "I'm fighting for . . . fifty per cent of the gate—in advance!"

Doc's face changed strangely; it was almost as if Al Hame had slapped him. He stood a moment silent; when he spoke, his voice was very low. "Come out to the box office, Al," he said, "and count the tickets."

Zack inhaled convulsively; he grinned down into Al Hame's startled face. "You'll have to count awful, awful fast, Al," he crowed; "you want to make that ten-twenty!"

THE crowd was stamping and whistling, fifteen minutes later, when Doc and Al Hame appeared at ringside. Doc was the first in the ring. Al Hame yanked off the orange-colored topcoat, stuffed a money bag into one of its pockets, and, still spatted and derbied, stepped through the ropes.

The fans whooped with relief, and then stopped, puzzled at Al Hame's costume. Young Bosco waddled across the ring, his battered face awry in dismay. "Al!" he cried. "You ain't got your tights on!"

Al Hame divested himself of his coat and vest: A titter ran through the crowd. He removed his pants, and the fans guffawed in chorus. And then he stood ready, in street shoes, socks and garters, and pink-striped underpants, still wearing the derby—the grandstand rocked with uproarious hoots!

Somebody tossed a new pair of boxing gloves to Al Hame; he hurled the left glove out of the ring. He thrust his right hand into the other glove and, holding it high, turned to face Mill City. His sharp-angled, block-nosed face was skewed, like a face seen in a warped mirror. "You suckers!" he screamed. "Seven hundred seventy-nine bucks you pay me—for one punch!"

The fans yelled their derision. Doc walked to the center of the ring and held up his hands for silence; his face was very grave. He opened his mouth wide and bellowed: "Lay-dees and gen-tul-mun!"

The crowd's voice lowered, but just then the excited Bosco jumped up, and, grabbing the ropes, began to warm up so violently that the whole platform wobbled—and the crowd began to howl with new laughter.

Doc was annoyed. "Bosco!" he yelled. "Set down!"

But the crowd wouldn't quiet, and Doc signaled the chief, who was in the timekeeper's seat. "Chief," Doc ordered, "ring that bell and see if we can quieten this crowd."

The chief socked the bell. Doc turned again to address the crowd—but turned quickly back when the roar of laughter was drowned out by a burst of hysterical screaming. He looked around to see Young Bosco, head down, charging from his corner. And he saw Al Hame face about slowly, saw his black eyes roll upward as if in terror, saw him stand there like a man paralyzed.

"Wait! Bosco—wait!" Doc yelled.

But he was too late. A gust of wind swept his nose— Young Bosco's haymaker arched with terrible grandeur through the air and crunched full force into Al Hame's left ear.

"Bosco!" Doc cried weakly. "Wait!"

Al Hame's derby remained where it was, but Al himself was flipped into a somersault and catapulted into the ropes. The ropes bowed and recoiled and dumped Al Hame upon the floor.

Doc spread his arms helplessly. "Bosco," he half whispered in the startled stillness, "the fight ain't even *begun* yet!"

BOSCO stood staring down at his incredible work. A thousand eyes were fixed upon the scene; not a voice sounded. And then Al Hame sat up. He saw his derby on the floor. He picked it up and put it on his head. The fans gasped, every one, as they might have gasped to see a man dead in his coffin sit up and look around.

"Al?" Doc quavered. "You okay, Al?"

From a mile away came the muffled hoot of the ten-twenty.

Remembrance flushed the dazed look from Al Hame's face. He glanced up quickly, at Doc, at Young Bosco. He got to his knees. His eyes were mere shining black points. He sucked in his lips; with his left hand he fitted the glove that was on his right.

"Al!" Doc cried, wringing his hands. "The fight ain't *begun* yet, Al!"

But Al Hame had risen like a skyrocket; he had brought a right-hand sock with him. It looped high and landed with squashy impact full on Young Bosco's nose. Bosco sat down and pawed at his wounded face. Doc looked as if he would burst into tears. Al Hame cried sharply, "Count him out!" and reached for his pants, which hung on the middle rope.

Doc leaned over and put his hand on Bosco's shoulder. "Get up, boy," he said.

Bosco held to his blood-gushing nose.

"Bosco," Doc said, "you *got* to get up!" But Bosco only whimpered. Doc seized him then under the arms and hauled him to his feet. Over his shoulder, Doc spoke to Al Hame. "Al," he said sternly, "you take off them pants and come here!"

Al Hame took off the pants, because they were on backward. "The fight's all over!" he barked and, grabbing his clothing, he ducked out of the ring, snatched up the orange-colored topcoat, and plunged through the standing, gaping crowd. "The fight's all over!" he was crying.

A babble of angry talk came then from every part of the arena. Somebody was yelling, "Come back and fight!" A chorus of catcalls arose; there was a sudden, concerted movement of the crowd toward the main exit. The chief of police jumped up in alarm and, waving his billy club, joined the rush.

Doc stood a moment holding up Young Bosco. Only those at ringside knew that he was talking; scarcely a dozen heard his words.

"Boys," he said, speaking only to the clinging, bleeding Bosco, "you know the rules. Shake hands now, and come out fighting."

Doc stepped back, and Bosco, treading high and clumsily, staggered across the ring to grab a post and hang there desperately. Doc turned toward Al Hame's empty corner. "One!" he counted, swinging his arm downward. "Two!"

He counted slowly and fairly all the way to ten. Young Bosco lost his hold on the post then and reeled back. Doc caught him around the neck, seized his limp right ar and lifted it high. He wanted to shout, b with all the customers running after A Hame, it didn't seem necessary.

"The winner," he said huskily, "by a technical knockout in the first round."

Far back in the grandstand a man who wa too drunk to run yelled, "Whurrpeee!"

IT WAS nearly midnight when Doc walke into the lobby of the Homelike Hotel. Th usual crowd was there; they seemed oddl red of face, and when Doc dropped into hi favorite chair without a word, somebod snickered. Zack, at the desk, was grinnin

Doc's face was glum and very weary. H lay back in the chair; his eyes fell upon th red letters that spelled AL HAME VS YOUNG BOSCO, and he winced. Th snicker broke out again.

"I don't see anything funny about it," Do said, looking hurt.

"You wasn't at the depot," Zack chuckled "You didn't see Al Hame trying to pull Lil Ray onto the train. 'Come on, honey,' h was saying. 'You promised!' And the conductor, mad, hollering 'All aboard!' An poor Lily crying, 'I ain't getting on tha train with anybody hasn't even got thei pants on!' "

Doc sat up, startled. "Al went—withou Lily Ray?"

Everybody looked expectantly at the chie of police; his face was red, but he was tryin to keep from laughing. He lifted his bill club and squinted absently along its hard shiny surface as if looking for some sligh imperfection. "When the train started pulling out," he said, "Al, he just . . . decided t leave Lily in Mill City."

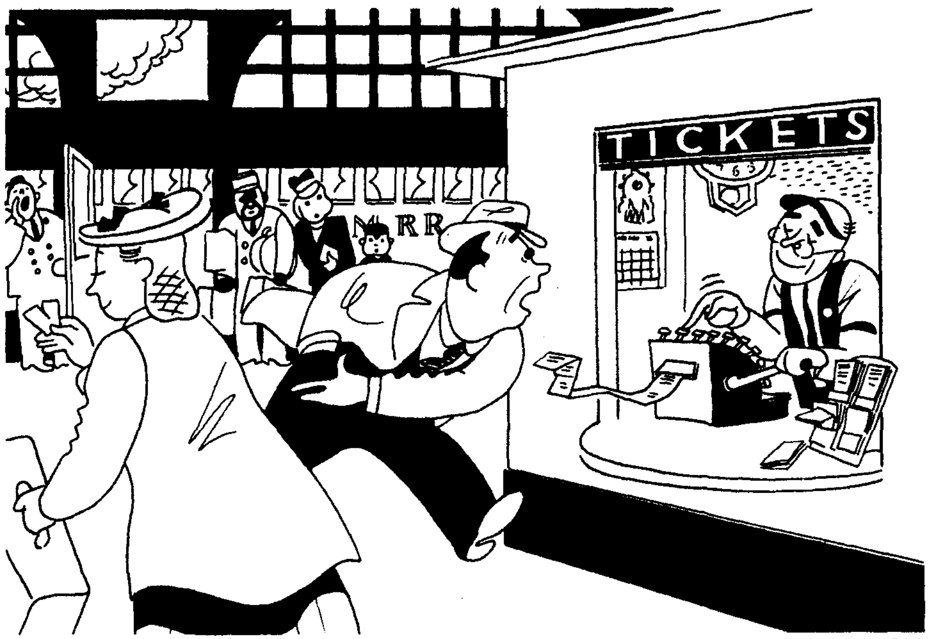
Zack couldn't hold back. He let out a wil whoop of glee. The chief grew purple an held both hands over his mouth, but th others just threw themselves back in thei chairs and howled with laughter.

Doc was mystified, but his face lightened "Anyways," he said, "long as Al had to ge kayoed, I'm glad it was a Mill City bo done it."

THE END

Your Life TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY



G. FRANCIS KAUFFMAN

Tickets While You Wait

The long lines of patient people who stand waiting to buy tickets in every large railroad station in the country will be gone at war's end, and no future emergency is likely to bring them back. The railroads have just invented a machine for printing tickets on the spot and handing them out almost as soon as the passenger names his destination. You will simply tell the clerk where you are going; he will punch a few buttons on a small machine that looks like a cash register, pull a handle, and the ticket will drop onto the counter. A hundred different destinations will be available on one machine.

The great speed-up feature of the ticket printer is that it does the bookkeeping while it is grinding out the ticket, leaving the clerk *nothing to* do but make change. In a more complicated model, the machine will also be able to turn out long-distance strip tickets with lightning speed, eliminating the tedious writing-in and pasting-up process that costs the passengers so many weary hours of standing in line.

Plastic Eyes to the Rescue

Relief is on the way for thousands of unfortunate people who have lost an eye and must get along with the unsatisfactory, heavy glass imitations that stare straight ahead. New plastic techniques developed by scientists of the American Optical Company to meet the needs of war victims, are producing eyes that are lifelike and comfortable. The new eye is so light that it moves exactly in unison with the good one. It neither glitters nor stares.

Millions of glass eyes have been imported from Germany in the past, but no matter how expertly made, they were imperfect because glass, once formed, is rigid. They never quite matched the good eye; they were soon corroded by bodily secretions and they chipped or broke when dropped. Usually they had to be replaced within two years.

These defects have been remedied by the plastic eye, which can be cut and fitted to the patient and then refitted if the shape of his eye socket changes. In addition, a perfect match can be made. Color photographs of the good eye are "printed" in three dimensions within the plastic layers to reproduce every shade and pattern within iris and eyeball, and to locate the pupil deep inside where it belongs.

The plastic eye is unbreakable; its perfect fit does away with irritation so that it need never be removed; it will neither fade nor corrode. Changes in temperature do not affect it. At present, all that can be made are going to the Army, but production will soon be equal to both military and civilian demands. There will be two grades: stock eyes that will closely approximate various types of natural eyes and can be ground to fit any socket; and custom-made eyes "built" to the exact specifications of the individual's good eye. Once plastics have replaced glass it is expected that surgeons themselves will do the fitting, to make the result as permanent and comfortable as an artificial arm or leg.

Electrical 1969 is Here!

This is 1969, as far as electrical appliances go. Twenty-five years of scientific and engineering development have whisked by in the great rush to apply every known electrical principle to war uses. Perhaps most important and revolutionary is the new science of electronic control. Vacuum tubes—a few years ago mostly confined to radio broadcasting—can now supervise practically any mechanical operation, making decisions, controlling the quantity and quality of products, heating, welding, gluing, sorting and doing a hundred other tasks with absolute certainty and often thousands of times faster than human hands and minds.

This electronic millennium has cost at least ten times as much in laboratory and engineering development work as it would have in ordinary years, done a little at a time.

Watch for These . . .

Electric wall switch with a tiny light built in, to guide you to it in the dark. Burning all the time, the light will cost two cents a year.

A new kind of fountain pen with a tiny ball bearing in place of a point, that rolls the ink onto the paper. The pen requires only one filling every six months, and it won't leak in an airplane.

★★★

BEST TASTING TREAT

Milky Ways for two add delight to any occasion! And Dad knows they are pure as well as luscious. As you bite through that thick coating of fresh milk chocolate, the layer of smooth creamy caramel and the center of chocolate nougat richly flavored with real malted milk, you enjoy that rare taste blend found only in a Milky Way.

When you crave good candy, eat a Milky Way!

You'd think a Mother would know better!

I CAN NEVER excuse myself for the way I used to punish Susie! It was just plain ignorance on my part. Whenever she needed a laxative, I'd force her to take some harsh, vile-tasting medicine that would just about knock her out. It took me much too long to realize that

Some laxatives are too strong!

THEN I WENT to the other extreme. I started dosing Susie with some insipid stuff that I had been told was *very* mild. But the child had trouble with that, too. When she did get some of it down, the medicine only stirred her up without giving proper relief.

Some laxatives are too mild!

MY PROBLEM FINALLY was solved by one of my friends at a Mothers Group meeting. She tipped me off to Ex-Lax. I gave some to Susie and was she delighted! Ex-Lax tastes just like chocolate. And it works so effectively, yet so *gently!* Not too strong, not too mild...

EX-LAX is the Happy Medium!

IF YOU NEED A LAXATIVE WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD—
Don't dose yourself with harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax — the Chocolated Laxative! It's thoroughly effective, but kind and gentle!
As a precaution use only as directed

10c and 25c at all drug stores

EX-LAX

THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

The Barrier

Continued from page 32

some day that the world needs, and nothing ought to be allowed to go wrong for him—"

She stopped, realizing she had started to get rather emotional. When she began again, she spoke more lightly: "That's the main reason. But I suppose there's another less-important one. He reminds me of my own younger brother when he was fifteen—I mean, that quality Robb has, or used to have, of seeming to walk about two feet above the ground as if he had wings attached to his shoes, that quality of being an extra amount alive. Of course my brother Bill is a mature man now, and he's become—well, mortal like the rest of us. But why should Robb, who's only fifteen, have come down to the level of earth?"

Tom Craigie was regarding her curiously, as if he just now saw her for the first time as a person. Then he said, without attempting to dress up his blunt thoughts: "With a grown-up younger brother, you're evidently older than I took you for, Miss Shipman."

"I'm thirty-two," said Nell.

"Is that so? I wouldn't have thought it." He said it neither flatteringly nor unflatteringly but only as a candid statement of fact. The telephone rang and he picked it up, leaving Nell to sit there and listen to herself being dismissed: "Yes, I'm free right now. Send him in." He put the phone back and stood up.

He was very big, and as he looked down at Nell, his blue eyes danced sardonically. "No," he said, "I don't think you have to worry about Robb, Miss Shipman. He's growing up, that's all. And rest assured we're not manhandling him at home."

Nell was half inclined to protest again that she hadn't meant to imply that. She wondered if he were being the clever lawyer and deliberately pretending to misunderstand her or if he really had some subconscious feeling of guilt that made him take that line. In any case she knew one thing: the interview had turned out a pretty complete failure.

IT WAS the following afternoon that the invitation came—via Tom Craigie's secretary. Would Miss Shipman have dinner with Mr. Craigie and his son at their home on Saturday evening? . . . Nell hung up and, realizing she had automatically accepted, sat there for a little while afterward with her hand still on the phone. It was annoying that she should have let herself get muddled merely because it was Tom Craigie. She didn't particularly care to meet him a second time; she was uncomfortable talking to him and felt they didn't have enough in common to make even a couple of evening hours pass with anything but strain.

"I think he's asked me just so I can see that Robb is well treated," she told Gina Baker, the woman with whom she lived. "You'd almost think he felt some sort of guilt about it."

But Gina, a stout middle-aged person who had taught fifth grade for years, only laughed and said: "Forget his motive, Nell. Maybe Tom Craigie has a perfectly nice simple reason for asking you to dinner. Maybe he likes you."

"No," Nell said, "he doesn't like me. He was annoyed when I bothered him at his office, and he gave me a very quick boot out. . . . But I've accepted and of course I intend to go."

Robb called for her promptly at six-thirty on Saturday in his father's car. He was a slender boy with blond hair, a nose somewhat like his father's and with golden freckles scattered all over his face. When Nell came downstairs from dressing, he was standing in front of Gina's tiny white fireplace, looking tall and quiet and not in the least awkward. "Did I get here too early, Miss Shipman?" he asked.

"You were right on the nose, Robb," she told him.

"I wasn't quite sure," he said, with a quick grin. "I was looking forward to your coming over, but I was afraid maybe I jumped the gun."

They drove a roundabout way to the Craigie house. It was a beautiful still autumn evening, cool so that the heat of the engine felt nice, yet mild enough so that one could have the windows open and smell the bonfires that early leaf rakers had started at the edges of their gardens or in the street.

When they crossed the bridge that led into the park, Robb said: "My mother and I used to drive around here a lot. Farther on, there's an elm tree that leans over the river, and once when we were coming home from the swimming beach I tried diving from it. It was quite a jump, and I looked up to the car to see if my mother had seen me, and just then I heard a splash, and there was my mother coming up out of the water, laughing—" He turned to Nell, his lips closed but drawn wide in a smile, his eyes almost shut with smiling. "That was the way my mother was. . . ."

"I wish I could have known your mother, Robb," Nell said. She had seen Mrs. Craigie only once from afar at a school tennis match—a small, rather plump woman. From that distance you couldn't judge what a person was, but Nell was quite sure that she had been like Robb. "She must have been a very wonderful person."

"Yes, she was, Miss Shipman." He was driving along slowly, looking about at the trees in a way that made Nell wonder if he didn't often drive this road just to be reminded of his mother. Then suddenly he slowed the car and pointed out the window. "There's the elm, Miss Shipman."

NELL turned. It was dusk outside and the thick elm trunk reaching up over the river, half obscured by mist and the evening shadows, had a forlorn melancholy look. Nell felt a wave of dejection pass through her and she turned back to Robb.

"Tell me something," she said, carefully forcing her voice to lightness. "You're quite a different boy this year, you know. How does it happen?"

He looked startled, uncertain. "Why, I don't know that I am, Miss Shipman."

"Oh, yes. You used to be all out for extracurricular activities. But now you seem to care about studying and nothing else."

"Well," said Robb, "I want to get really good marks this year. I guess I was sort of fooling around with a lot of junk last year, things that don't count for much in the long run. I think it would please my dad to see me get high marks."

"Of course it would," said Nell. "But, Robb, you're a bright enough boy to get A's and still do some of the things that you call—junk. Anyway they aren't that. The way you played tennis was a real accomplishment, something that—"

"Golly, I haven't played tennis for months," said Robb, smiling suddenly. "I bet I wouldn't even know how to take hold of a racket any more."

"Not much you wouldn't. You're still a better player than anyone else in town. Robb—" Nell said suddenly. She hadn't planned ahead of time to make the suggestion; it came to her now as an impulse. "Robb—I was just thinking. I have at least two friends here in town who would pay you good money to work up their tennis game for them."

Robb turned to her, grinning. "Oh, golly, Miss Shipman, I'd play with your friends for nothing."

"Certainly not. Everyone deserves to be paid for his work. But I'd consider it a favor too, Robb." She looked at him seriously, marshaling her arguments carefully: "Of course I have a sly motive of my own, Robb. I'm thinking that possibly if you play, even that way, you may start getting interested in tennis again, and in all the things you used to do."

Robb looked at her. With his stubby nose and his freckles, and smiling the way he was, he seemed much younger than the tall, poised boy who had waited for her in front of the fireplace. "Miss Shipman," he said, "you said that just the way my mother would have. Whenever she wanted me to do something, she'd always choose 'devious methods'—that's what she called them—and then every time she'd end up by telling the truth. I guess you're both a couple of these honest people we hear about. . . ."

Nell felt so complimented that her throat almost hurt. "Well, will you consider it, Robb? Will you?" . . . she asked.

When they reached the Craigie house a little later, Robb took Nell upstairs and showed her where to leave her coat. The house was a large one of white-painted siding and stone, built on a generous suburban hillside and surrounded by a great many tall trees. The bedroom in which Nell took off her wraps and tidied her hair was gracious and impersonal, and yet the whole house seemed to shout that the big reddish-haired snub-nosed man Nell had met briefly a few days ago lived in it.

Both Robb and his father were waiting when she came downstairs. Tom Craigie was mixing cocktails at a portable bar but turned around when she entered the living room and came forward to meet her. Nell was surprised and dismayed to find that since last seeing him a feeling had developed in her that made her sharply aware of his nearness.

"Nice to see you again, Miss Shipman," he said. He was urbane and affable, his greeting spoiled only by the touch of sardonic amusement which entered his voice when he spoke: "I hope this wasn't the wrong day for you. Afterward I seemed to remember having heard that teachers like to keep their week ends free."

"No, this was perfect," said Nell with a composed smile. She was able to seem placid, but inwardly she continued to be dismayed and upset. She could not shake off the feeling that Tom Craigie was observing her black sheer dress, her dark hair brushed back in loose soft waves, her wide brown eyes, yet she was sure that such an observation would be of only secondary importance to other thoughts that he doubtless had in his head. Don't go falling in love with a man like this, she told herself; don't go making a mistake like that. . . .

As the evening progressed she decided that she had been exactly right in her guesses to Gina. Tom Craigie seemed primarily interested in demonstrating to her that his son Robb was kindly treated at home. He was meticulous about drawing Robb into the conversation at dinner and listened attentively and thoughtfully to what he said. But although Nell had a feeling that he wasn't putting on an act, there seemed to be no true intimacy between them. She could see in a vague way that something was wrong.

Later in the evening she was shown the amusement room in the basement. It was a big pine-walled room with a juke box, a small soda fountain and plaid-covered lounges and chairs. On the mantel of the enormous smoked-up fireplace were silver loving cups that either Robb or his mother had won at horse shows, and in a far corner were Robb's tennis rackets sitting tight-locked in their frames.

Seeing them, Nell mentioned the suggestion she had made to Robb. "I'm hoping," she said, "that he'll start getting inspired about all kinds of sports again."

She gave Robb a side smile as she talked and was surprised to notice that he was looking at his father in a strangely eager way. Tom Craigie, too, had an odd look—a sort of studiedly uninterested one. But he said in a detached, pleasant-enough tone: "Oh, is the boy going in for tennis again?" That was all. They talked, after that, of something else.

PRESENTLY Robb went upstairs, and Nell was left alone with his father for a little while. She felt that by now the most formidable part of the evening was over and that in a few minutes she could mention the subject of going home. Tom Craigie was striking a match on the fireplace brick to light his cigarette. Nell moved slowly along looking at some pictures on the wall—snapshots of Robb and his mother engaged in various sports. There was one of Mrs. Craigie that she stood looking at for some time because it was so extraordinarily clear and seemed to catch the spirit of Robb's mother better than any of the others. She was in a riding habit, standing beside the Craigie car waving her crop, her round young-looking face full of laughter.

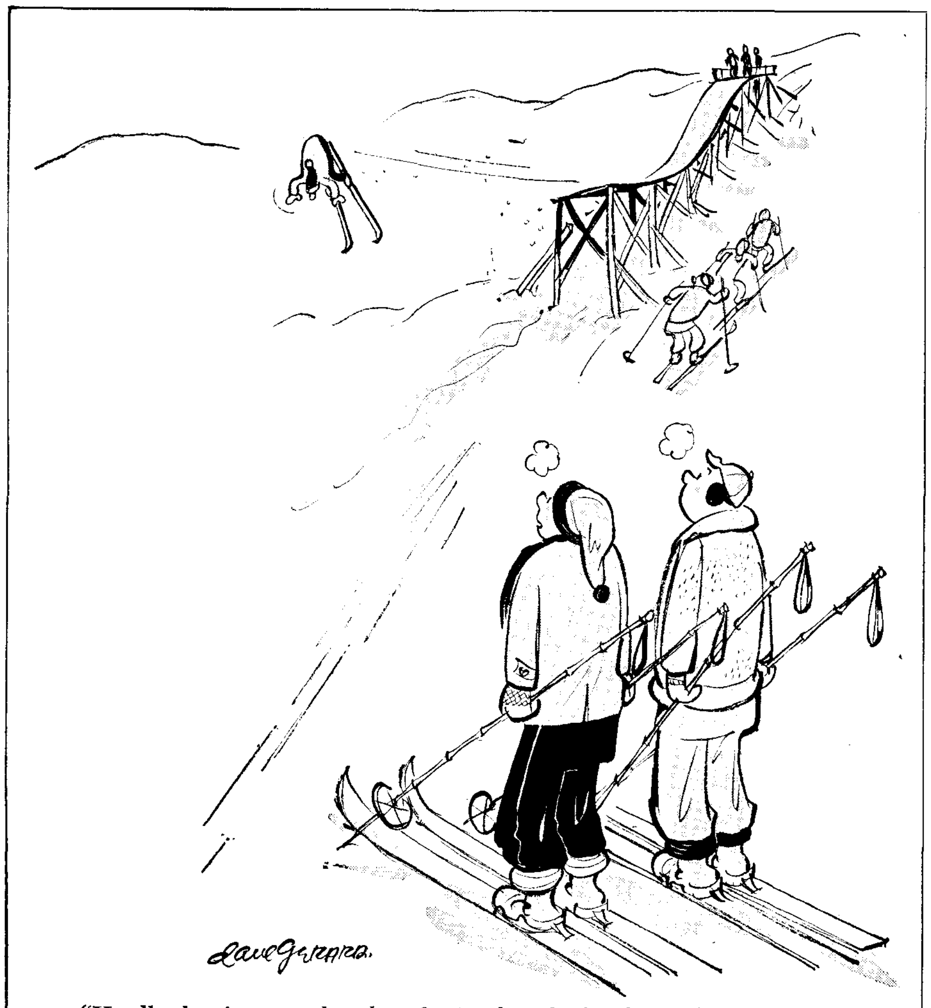
"Did you ever meet my wife, Miss Shipman?"

Tom Craigie had come over and was standing behind her looking at the picture over her shoulder.

"No. I had only a glimpse of her once at a tennis match."

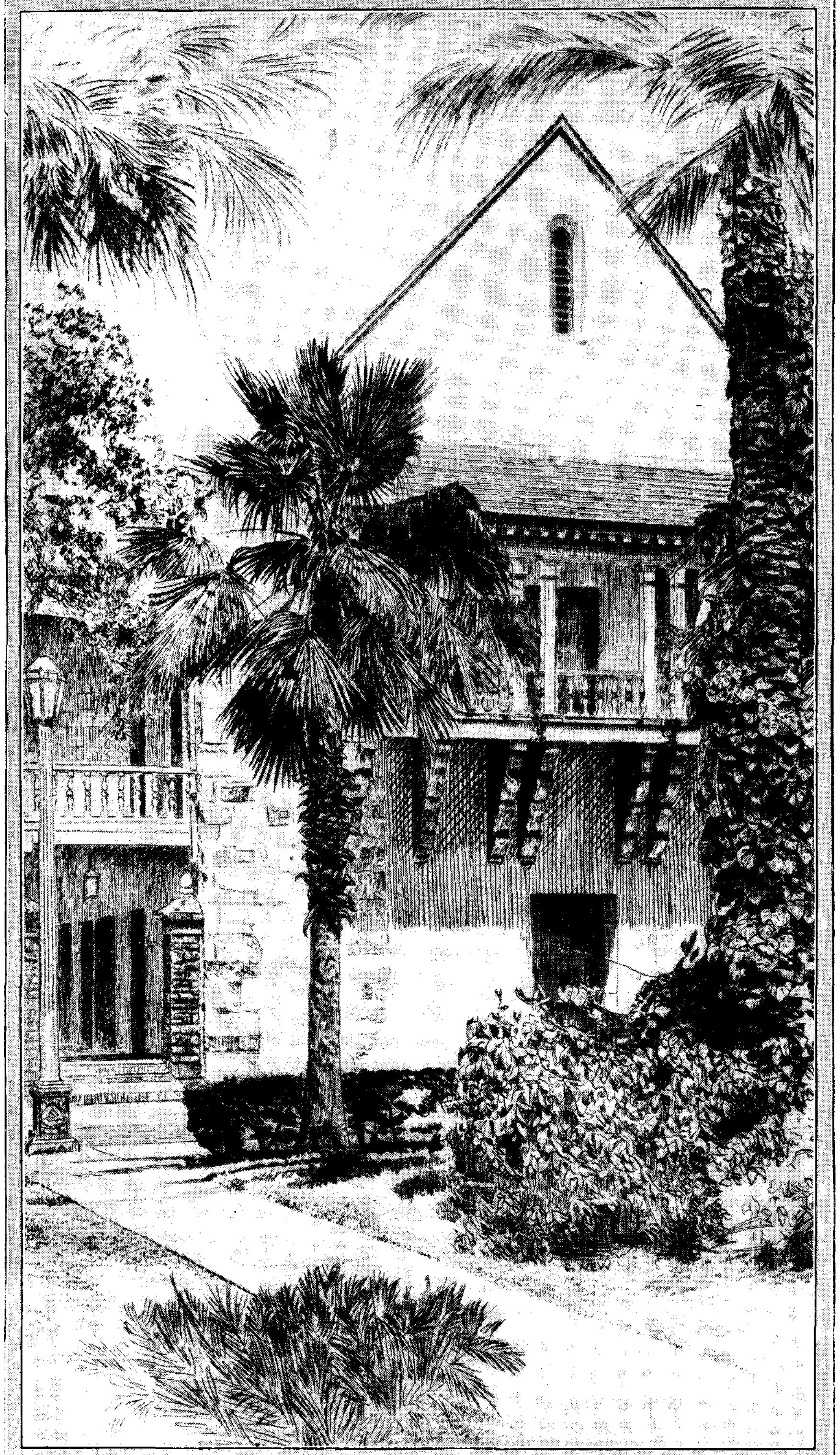
Tom Craigie was silent. Then he said: "If you'd known her, you'd mourn for her, Miss Shipman."

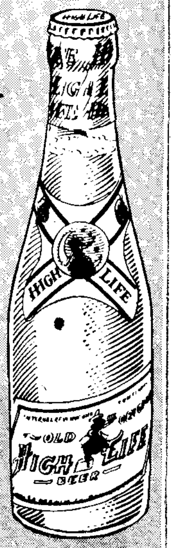
She turned around after a moment. It was the simplest, most sincere thing she had heard him say. For the second time she saw through doors to a tenderness, a humanity, that ordinarily wasn't even to be guessed at. She



"Hardly the time nor the place for it—but that's a beautiful jack-knife"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD



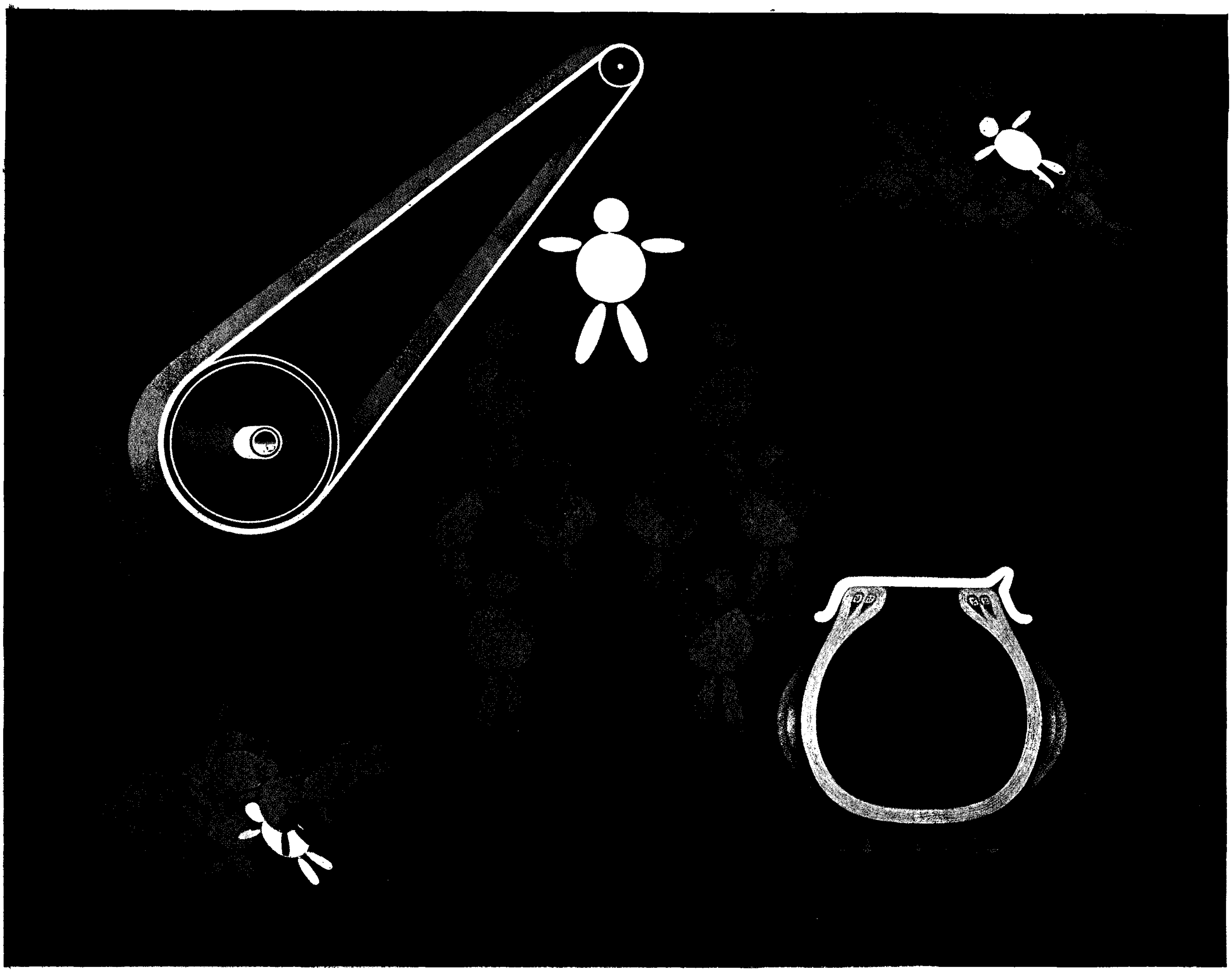


Customs House and Post Office
St. Augustine, Florida

Miller

HIGH LIFE

MILLER BREWING COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN



RESILIENCE IN RUBBER

When pressure is applied to rubber, as in an automobile tire, or, as when rubber belting rotates a pulley, the molecules in the rubber compound immediately arrange themselves into parallel interlinked chains forming a tough fibrous structure. Like little acrobats, they spring into a specific formation that gives rubber strength and stretch. When this pressure is removed these molecules resume their tangled groups. This action is resilience.

A molecule of rubber is so much carbon and so much hydrogen, but a mere combination of these elements does not make rubber. When science discovered the reason for rubber's resilience, and found out how to combine carbon and hydrogen into the specific and unique molecular pattern required to secure resiliency, synthetic rubber was born.

And the promise for synthetic rubber is that science and skillful craftsmanship will further refine its application and fabrication so that maximum efficiency for specific automotive and industrial applications will be achieved.

Delivering full value to our customers through science, and skill in design, materials and workmanship, underlies all products of both divisions: REPUBLIC RUBBER and LEE OF CONSHOHOCKEN.

LEE RUBBER & TIRE CORPORATION

GENERAL OFFICE • CONSHOHOCKEN, PENNSYLVANIA

REPUBLIC RUBBER • YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO
HOSE • BELTING • PACKINGS • MOLDED & EXTRUDED PRODUCTS

LEE TIRE & RUBBER CO. OF N. Y., INC., CONSHOHOCKEN
TIRES • TUBES • SUNDRIES & RUBBER ACCESSORIES

started to say something gentle; she had an impulse to put her hand out to his arm and then was glad she was realistic enough to block her more sentimental impulses before they made an absolute fool of her. . . . The moment passed, the subject passed and they were moving away from the row of pictures.

"It's getting late," said Nell. "It's time for me to go home." She looked up at him suddenly, frowning. "Mr. Craigie, did you mind what I suggested to Robb about tennis?"

"Certainly not," he said, quite a bit more coldly than she had expected. "Robb makes his own decisions about that kind of thing, and I don't interfere. Hasn't that been clear to you tonight?"

But nothing was really clear to her and became even less so as the days went on. Robb began giving tennis lessons the following Monday to the two women she had mentioned. Both of them were fairly expert players, and from the very beginning Nell believed she saw a change in Robb, a lift and liveliness in his look that came not only from doing something that he loved to do but also from being appreciated and respected for his skill in doing it.

The lessons were fitted into that late-afternoon space before dinnertime. Robb would come over to the tennis courts near Nell's home after school, and there he and the women would meet for a session of playing that was strenuous enough to keep them warm and perspiring on even the chilliest fall days. Nell didn't play herself but she often came over to the courts to watch.

Sometimes on those afternoons Tom Craigie would drive by to pick Robb up. He was usually a little early and Nell would go over to the car to chat with him. After the first time she remembered to have her hair freshly brushed and to bother with lipstick and it was probably this as much as his coming that made some of her friends start to get ideas. "I think, darling," one of them suggested, "that Mr. Craigie comes over here for more than just to give his son a ride home. . . ."

"You think so, do you?" she smiled. And of course she liked to have them say it, to make it sound possible, because by now too much of her was involved with Tom Craigie not to want even a morsel like that to take hold of, to hope on. And yet it was silly, because what man, if he really liked someone, would stand there at the curb, big and tough-looking in his dignified way, making conversation that was invariably wrapped around with a faintly insulting sardonic humor. But maybe it was his way, maybe he was abrupt with even the people he liked, maybe he—oh, you fool, she told herself—you fool. . . .

SO IT went on—the autumn afternoons; the lessons; the brief, difficult, yet cherished conversations with Tom Craigie. There was a time in late October when it seemed that all of it could go on indefinitely, and except for the persisting sense of a barrier between Robb and his father, Nell was willing that it should keep on as it was; she didn't want a change. But suddenly, on a week end when least expected, a change did come.

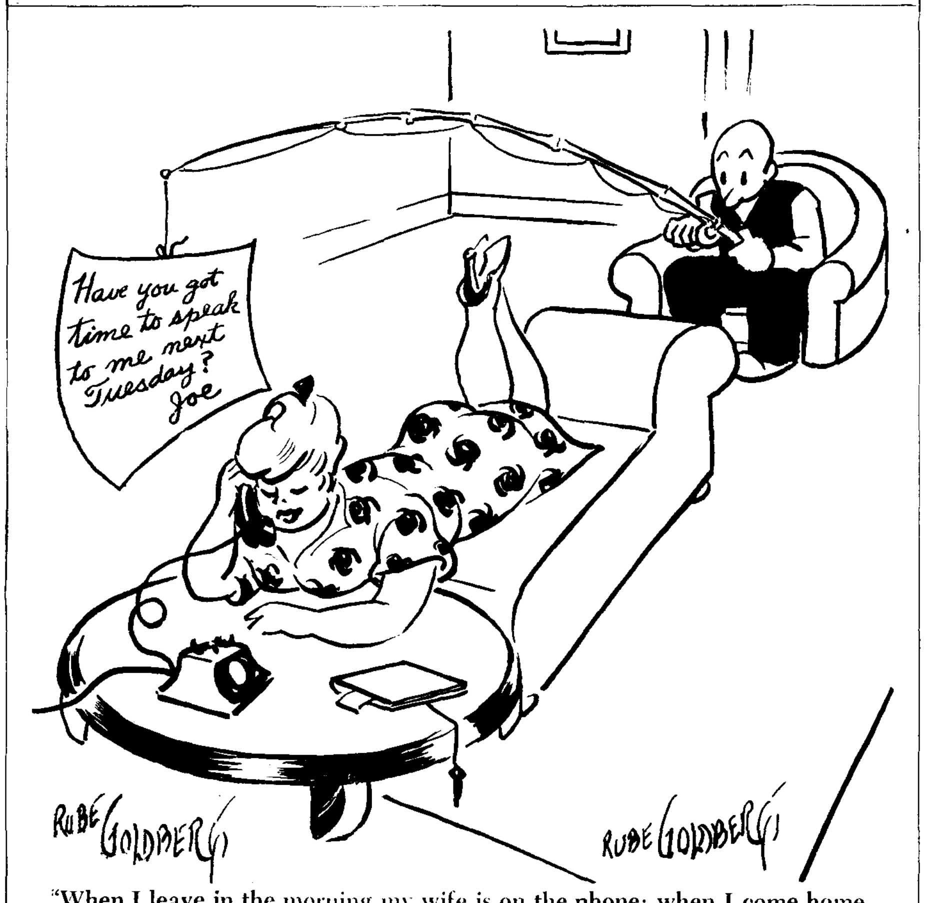
Nell had gone out to Gina's lake cottage that week end. She and Gina were doing the supper dishes on Saturday evening when Tom Craigie drove up the craggy road in his big black coupé, getting out with a perturbed violence and rattling the bell at the door. Nell had her hair pinned back and was wearing old slacks and a turtleneck sweater but she had no chance to feel concerned about her appearance when she saw how worried and out of temper he looked.

"Robb isn't here, is he?" he asked frowning.

"Why no. What made you think—"

"He hasn't come home tonight," he said,

THE SQUAWK CLUB . . . . By Rube Goldberg


Have you got time to speak to me next Tuesday? Joe

"When I leave in the morning my wife is on the phone; when I come home at night she's on the phone; and when I try to call my house during the day the line is busy. I didn't marry a woman. I married a busy signal."
—Walter Corben, Port Washington, L. I., N. Y.

YOU must have a pet beef or peeve. Send it to The Squawk Club, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. If it is published in Collier's, Rube Goldberg will illustrate it and you will receive the original drawing and a membership certificate in The Squawk Club. Runners-up each week will receive the certificate.

Runners-up: Wm. H. Clark, New York, N. Y., F. G. Baldus, Lake Placid, Fla., Evelyn Byron, Omaha, Neb., Wm. King, U.S. Coast Guard, St. Marks, Fla., Pat Goodwin, Kewanee, Ill., Richard Holth, Port Huron, Mich.

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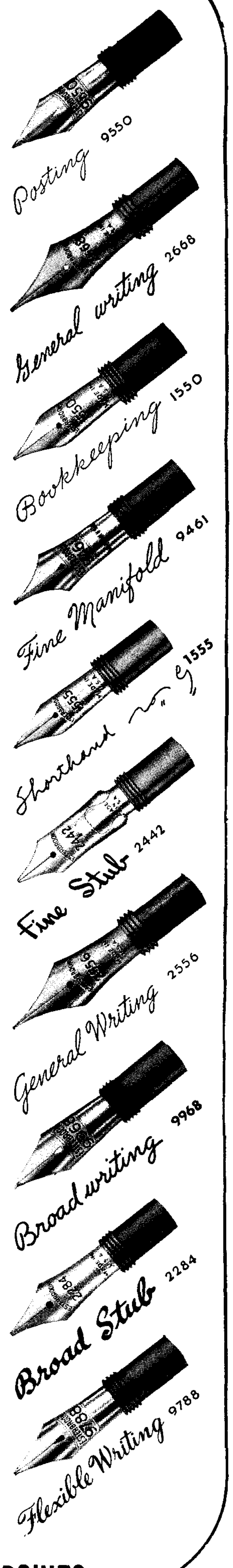

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with a kind of petulance that puzzled her. "We had a disagreement at noon, and that was the last I saw of him. He went off looking like a—like a kicked dog and— That's all of it."

"But surely you don't need to hunt him up," said Nell. "He's probably over at some friend's house. He probably got tied up with something—"

"He'd call home," said Tom Craigie. "He never fails to. And anyway I've talked to every kid in town that he knows. I've called the hospitals, I've called all the damn' places I can think of, short of the police. I've— Miss Shipman, haven't you any ideas where he might be, what might have—"

"Wait, I'll get my coat and go back with you," said Nell.

On the way into town she learned what had happened. "He wanted to take the car," he told her, "and drive out to see you this afternoon—just for someone to talk to, nothing else. I thought it was a waste of gas and told him so. Well, it was. You can see that, can't you?" He looked at her, and for the first time he seemed to be asking for something, for reassurance.

Nell sat there listening in silence. It seemed to her at that moment that she saw Tom Craigie's attitude toward his son very clearly. He seemed to be saying, "I was kind to him"—as if it were difficult to be kind to him, as if, going through all the motions of good fellowship and kindliness, he still found a barrier between them that made his efforts useless. And there was Robb, struggling to please his father, working for good marks because he had a blind feeling that that was what his father wanted him to do, reaching out for affection that he couldn't get because there was that barrier. . . . More and more, lately, he had turned to Nell for affection. But hers alone wasn't enough.

"Well, try not to worry about him," said Nell gently. She sat there pondering over what Robb would be likely to have done. He had been lonesome today for someone to talk to. Perhaps in his loneliness he had gone somewhere that would remind him of his mother. Not very hopefully Nell suggested that they drive around the park. . . . But there was no trace of Robb. When they came to the elm that arched over the river, Nell leaned forward and looked hard into the dusk. Mist was rising from the river, and Nell, in spite of her belief that she knew what Robb would do and wouldn't do, felt a sudden nervousness and apprehension. They came at last back to the bridge, and she said: "Let's try his friends again. . . ."

"It's no use. He would have phoned," said Tom Craigie. He turned south toward home. "We'll stop by at the house," he said. "He may be there by now or—he may have phoned. . . ."

THE house looked unpromising when they got there. The front entrance was lighted, and in the living room the maid had turned on a couple of lamps, but there were no messages—and no Robb.

Tom Craigie took off his topcoat and dropped it into a chair. "I'm going to call the police," he said. "Let them hunt him up. Maybe that'll teach him a lesson. Maybe then he'll—"

"Why don't you wait just a little longer?" Nell urged. She stood with her coat still buttoned up, her hands gripped icily in her pockets. "Oh, I won't pretend I'm not frightened," she said. "But still I can't believe he won't walk in all at once, and it will turn out to have been nothing at all. Because Robb is sound, Mr. Craigie; he's as levelheaded and strong-minded and sound as you are."

"Am I those things?" said Tom Craigie. He had turned around to her, his odd petulance and irritation suddenly gone. He gave her a strange, quiet look. "Have you—have you thought those words about me?"

"Yes, of course I have," she said honestly. "Those and—and many words more. So many more that—" She hesitated momentarily. She could hear her voice deepening in seriousness, and she knew that if she were wise she would not go on. But she had no strong caution holding her back tonight. It seemed to her at this moment that she was unimportant in herself, and she couldn't feel that it mattered very much if she gave herself away, if she said things she would remember with embarrassment tomorrow.

She looked at him with a slight frown and went on: "I've thought too often of you, Mr. Craigie, not with the detachment I started out with, not as a teacher thinking just of one of her pupils. You're—you're a difficult person outwardly, and yet it takes so little looking to see that you're entirely different inside. . . ." She paused. "But saying these things isn't helping to find Robb."

Tom Craigie turned and went over to the window, jerking at the draperies. "Darn that kid—why doesn't he come?" he demanded harshly. There was a silence in the room for a moment. Then he turned toward her again and said in a low voice: "Miss Shipman, I . . . never thought I'd want a woman to say things like that to me again."

She stood with her hands still gripped in her pockets, soberly looking at him. "I never thought I'd . . . say them," she said.

He didn't answer. He stood there at the window in the sudden, unexpected silence that surrounded them.

THE phone rang beside Nell. Pulling herself together, she gave Tom Craigie a quick glance and picked it up.

It was Robb at the other end, normal-sounding, entirely cheerful.

There was a moment or two wasted while Nell answered the boy's surprised questions as to why she was there. Then he was telling her, with a grin in his voice as if it were a joke on him, what had happened. He had rented a horse and gone for a ride in the country. It was months since he'd ridden, and maybe that had something to do with it, or maybe it was just that he had gotten a pretty bum horse, but anyway they'd taken a spill in a pasture and he, Robb, had been knocked out cold. "Cold as a dead rabbit, Miss Shipman. And when I came to, it was dark, and I had a heck of a time finding a farmhouse. . . ."

After a few moments Nell hung up. Relief was pouring through her as she told Tom Craigie what had happened. "But he's all right—he's not hurt. . . . Why, the poor kid," she finished, smiling, "he was just terribly lonesome for his mother and did the logical thing that would make her seem near. . . ." But she stopped then, and the smile left her face as she asked Tom Craigie: "What's the matter? What is wrong?"

Tom Craigie's eyes were dark with anger. He walked away, his hands clenched at his sides. "Riding," he said. "Jumping. Why, damn him. . . . Damn him. . . . I'm going to whale that kid. . . . Trying to break his own fool neck, as if it weren't enough that he killed his mother. . . ."

Nell stared at him. Then she said in a voice that seemed sharp and unnatural to her: "What—what did you say?"

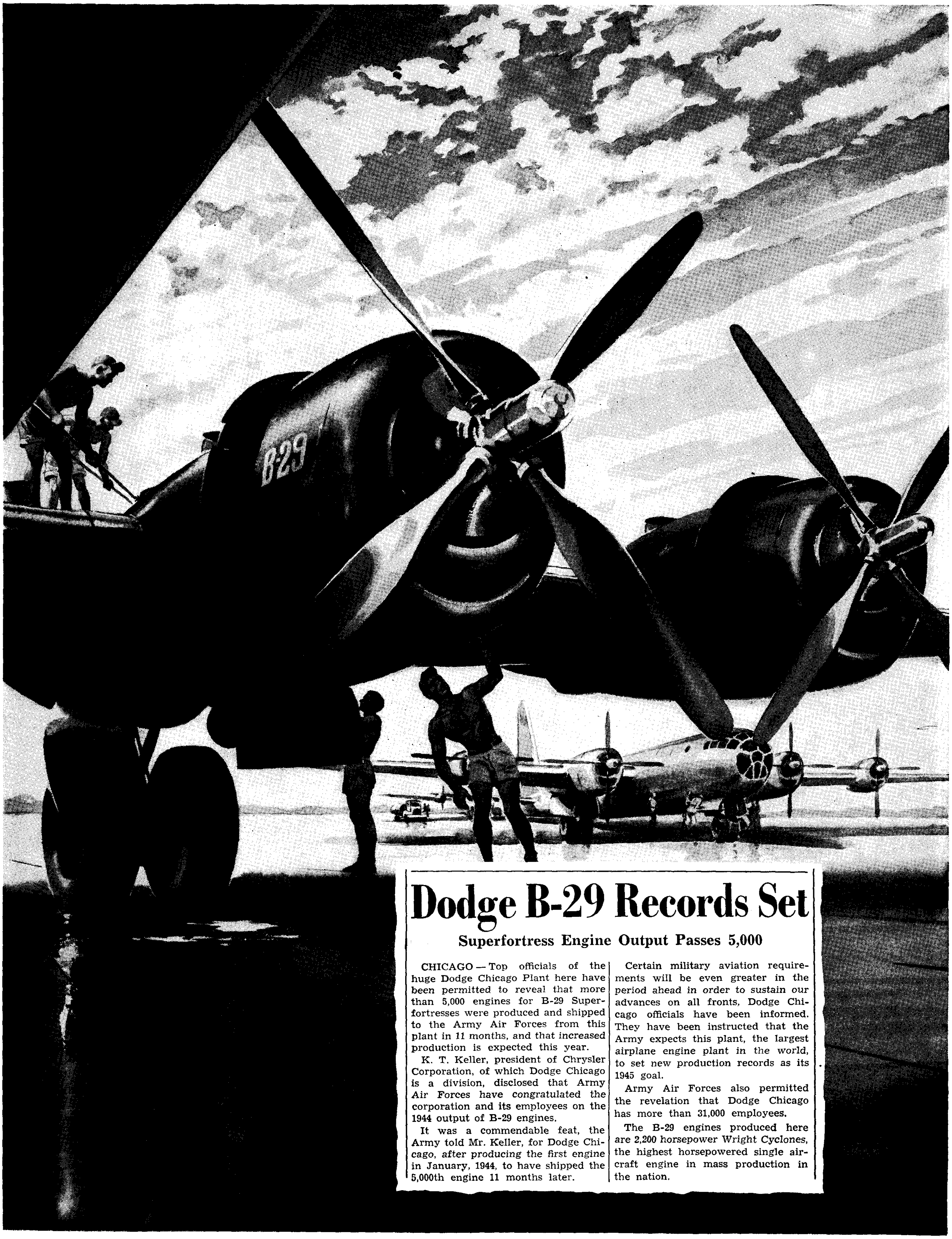
Instantly Tom Craigie turned around. His face was already under control, his anger forced back out of sight. He gave her a blank, disciplined look and said quietly: "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to say that. Where did you say Robb was—the old Granville place? Let's go and get him."

"No, wait a minute." Nell put up her hand to her head and continued staring at him. "No," she said, "you—you did mean it, I think. You said Robb killed his mother, and it wasn't just a—a way of speaking; you meant it. You believe what you said."

Tom Craigie came over to where she stood. He was in control of himself. He was as calm and controlled as the day she'd first met him. "Listen, Miss Shipman. . . . I've never said it to Robb, I've never spoken one word to make him suspect I thought it. But here are the facts: He's been sports-mad all his life, he's been into every kind of thing there was to go into. And then he got *her* crazy about it, and there had to be this foolhardy stuff on horseback—this jumping—and she'd follow wherever he went, over every kind of impossible thing. . . ."

"And that's why you've been so—so lukewarm about sports. And that's why you've been—so lukewarm toward Robb. Because you blamed him."

Tom Craigie gave her a controlled, expressionless stare and then suddenly shrugged his shoulders and flung out: "All right. It's true. I do blame him. And why shouldn't I?



Dodge B-29 Records Set

Superfortress Engine Output Passes 5,000

CHICAGO — Top officials of the huge Dodge Chicago Plant here have been permitted to reveal that more than 5,000 engines for B-29 Superfortresses were produced and shipped to the Army Air Forces from this plant in 11 months, and that increased production is expected this year.

K. T. Keller, president of Chrysler Corporation, of which Dodge Chicago is a division, disclosed that Army Air Forces have congratulated the corporation and its employees on the 1944 output of B-29 engines.

It was a commendable feat, the Army told Mr. Keller, for Dodge Chicago, after producing the first engine in January, 1944, to have shipped the 5,000th engine 11 months later.

Certain military aviation requirements will be even greater in the period ahead in order to sustain our advances on all fronts, Dodge Chicago officials have been informed. They have been instructed that the Army expects this plant, the largest airplane engine plant in the world, to set new production records as its 1945 goal.

Army Air Forces also permitted the revelation that Dodge Chicago has more than 31,000 employees.

The B-29 engines produced here are 2,200 horsepower Wright Cyclones, the highest horsepowered single aircraft engine in mass production in the nation.

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He did kill her." He flung the words out at her as if he'd held onto them too long, too carefully. "As much as if he'd fired a gun he killed her. . . ."

She watched him walk from her. And so that's the way it's been, she thought. Now I know. That's what has stood between them . . . that was the barrier. After a moment she said in a low, reasonable voice: "I wish I needn't care about it. Robb's not my boy. I wish it needn't matter to me what kind of accusation you—you flung at him."

"Flung?" Tom Craigie demanded. "I've flung nothing at him."

"Perhaps not in words." Nell followed him with her eyes reflectively and went on: "But you've gone on thinking it; you've gone on letting it warp your mind—and your heart. It's no wonder nothing could get through to him. Kindness that wasn't kindness because you had to force it . . . love that was all distorted out of shape because—" She pondered for a moment, struck by a new thought. "Yes," she decided, "yes, I suppose that underneath it all you do love Robb. I suppose you wouldn't have been so upset about him tonight if you didn't truly love him. . . ."

"What are you talking about?" said Tom Craigie with harsh bitter emotion in his voice. "He's my son—of course I love him! But what good is love against something like that? To be remembering all the time that if it hadn't been for him, she'd be here still—to be remembering that if it hadn't been for what he was, for what he did—"

"Oh, stop talking about what he did!" Nell cried suddenly with such sharpness in her voice that it startled even herself. "It wasn't what he did. It was what his mother was. Her very nature made her take chances, dive from—from trees, jump high fences. She was gay and spirited and wonderful—yes, wonderful like Robb—and nothing could have stopped what happened—or caused what happened. Because it was in herself to have it happen."

"You can be cool about it, Miss Shipman. . . ."

"Yes, I know. You loved her," said Nell. Her hands were starting to tremble and she shoved them in her pockets again. "And up to now I respected you for being the kind of person who could love someone that deeply." She shook her head. "But I know now it isn't right. No love should be carried so far that it lays you open to prejudice, to an absurd grudge, to making you believe that just because Robb took the lead over the jumps he was to blame for what happened to his mother."

She paused, and then went on in a lower voice, trying to make herself sound calm: "You shouldn't even love her now at all. No dead person has a right to living love. There isn't enough to go around in the world as it is, not even enough for a boy like Robb who's tried so hard to be what you wanted—"

"Where are you going?" said Tom Craigie. He looked suddenly white and quiet, and she wondered if anything she had said could possibly have got to him and changed his feeling.

"I'm going home," she answered, and walked across the room past him. "Go out in the country and get him now, go out and do your—your whaling as you said—but I don't want to be along." She crossed the hall and opened the door, and as the cold night air struck her face she felt her anger leave her and a simple straining anxiety take its place. Oh, Lord, if he'd just see it, she thought, if he'd just see it. . . . But she didn't have enough hope to turn back and find out.

ON MONDAY afternoon when Nell came out of school, the big black coupé she knew so well was parked at the curb.

"Hello, Miss Shipman," Tom Craigie called out amiably. "Have you got some time to spare?"

She turned from her path and walked over to the car. Robb sprang out to hold the door, grinning at her in a way that was half embarrassment and half delight. Tom Craigie said: "Get in, Miss Shipman. We'll drive Robb over to his tennis business, and then I'd like to have you come out and see a horse we were looking at yesterday. After all, if the kid is going to break his neck, it might as well be his own horse he does it with—don't you think so?"

"Yes, I do think so," said Nell, slowly meeting his eyes.

They rode over to the tennis courts and dropped Robb off. He saluted them with a sort of embarrassed gaiety and sprinted across the grass to where Nell's two friends were waiting for him.

"He doesn't know quite how to—to take you," said Nell.

"No. I guess he doesn't."

She turned to look at him. And suddenly, foolishly, tears came into her eyes, and she put her hand out and touched his arm. "But he will, I'm sure. After a while there won't be any strangeness. He'll get used to this—this new person you are. He'll get used to the feeling of being loved."

"Yes, I think so, eventually," said Tom Craigie. His blue eyes were questioning as he looked at her. "Do you think perhaps, Nell, that—that you will too?"

THE END

Supercautious People

THE PEOPLE	THE CAUTION
Bar Association members, Greensboro, N. C.	They urged the abolition of Bible kissing for court oaths, for fear of germs.
Musician, Lake Worth, Fla.	He had his Social Security number tattooed on his arm for fear he would forget it.
Head of Secret Service, Memphis	He sent agents to examine a rug woven to resemble a $5 bill to see if it violated the counterfeiting laws.
Burglars, Urbana, Ill.	They took all the money out of a confectionery shop register except the $2 bills.
Mayor, Erith, England	He refused to accept the job of choosing a beauty queen for a carnival.
Judge, New York	Sitting on a murder trial, he excused a man from jury duty because he was a tombstone salesman.
Octogenarian, Portsmouth, Ohio	He began paying his hotel room rent on a day-to-day basis for fear he might lose out by dying in the middle of the week.

W. E. Farbstein

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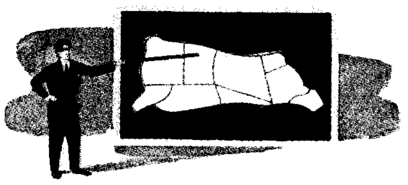
Management, what army men would call the intelligence center of the business unit, works ceaselessly to enable the individual worker to fit into the cooperative process of production and distribution where he can be most useful.



The stockholder, in making available his savings to provide superior tools to aid the worker, invests on the average in American companies, $6,000 to create work facilities for each worker.

Such joining of men and machines enables the average worker in this country to turn out more units per year than the worker in any other land.

For example, the cuts of meats which feed American families wing their way to the butcher shops because Armour workers have at their disposal such mechanisms as large circular highspeed knives, electric scribe saws, the moving viscera inspection table designed by an Armour engineer and first installed in an Armour plant, and the automatic lard carton filling machine invented by Armour.

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No other country in the world has gone as far as ours in lifting the productivity of the human worker through improving tools.

In 1880, when this modern power age was coming into being, we put 4/5 horsepower of electrical energy behind each employed person. By 1940, this was increased to 4½ horsepower per gainfully employed person.

What were the beneficial results of such increased use of mechanical energy and improved tools?

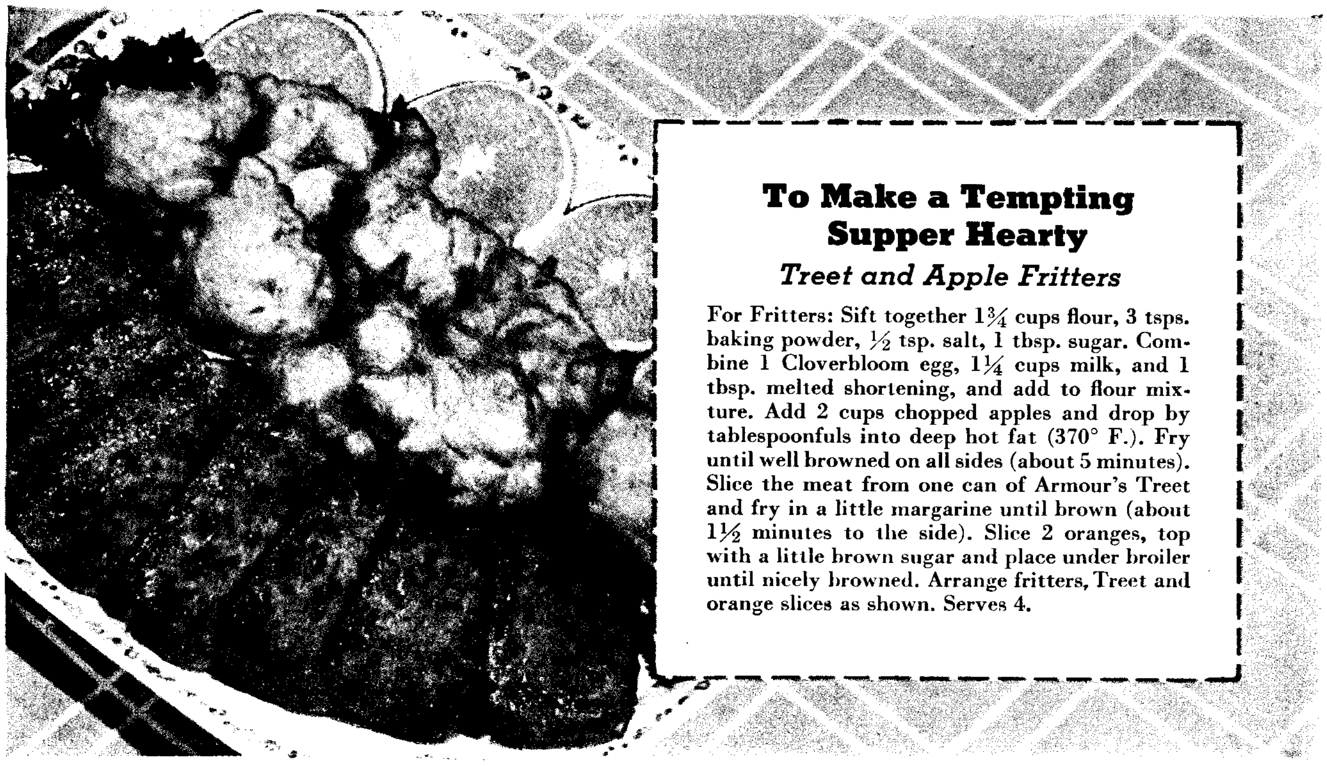
In the sixty year period the average production per year of each non-agricultural worker rose from 5 tons in 1880 to upwards of 22 tons in 1940.

Out of this stupendous rise in productivity came the upsurge in living standards of the people—the inclusion in the family budget of automobiles, refrigerators, household electric appliances, radios, better processed foods, and the whole Aladdin's Lamp of contemporary peacetime American abundance.

GAEastwood

President, Armour and Company

Eighth of a series of statements on the American system of free enterprise which makes possible such institutions for service as Armour and Company.



To Make a Tempting Supper Hearty

Treet and Apple Fritters

For Fritters: Sift together 1¾ cups flour, 3 tsps. baking powder, ½ tsp. salt, 1 tbsp. sugar. Combine 1 Cloverbloom egg, 1¼ cups milk, and 1 tbsp. melted shortening, and add to flour mixture. Add 2 cups chopped apples and drop by tablespoonfuls into deep hot fat (370° F.). Fry until well browned on all sides (about 5 minutes). Slice the meat from one can of Armour's Treet and fry in a little margarine until brown (about 1½ minutes to the side). Slice 2 oranges, top with a little brown sugar and place under broiler until nicely browned. Arrange fritters, Treet and orange slices as shown. Serves 4.

Treet is the meat

To Enrich a Casserole Dinner

Treet and Noodle Casserole

- 1 can Armour's Treet
- ¼ cup Mayflower Margarine
- 2 cups sliced, fresh mushrooms
- ½ cup chopped celery
- ¼ cup flour
- 2 cups milk
- 1 tsp. salt
- ⅛ tsp. pepper
- 8 oz. uncooked noodles

Lightly brown celery and mushrooms in melted margarine. Blend in flour. Add milk gradually and stir until thick. Add seasonings. Cook noodles in boiling, salted water according to directions on package. Cut 4 slices from loaf of Treet and dice remainder. Add cooked noodles and diced Treet to cream sauce. Place in casserole and arrange Treet slices on top. Bake in 350° F. oven about 30 minutes. Serves 4.

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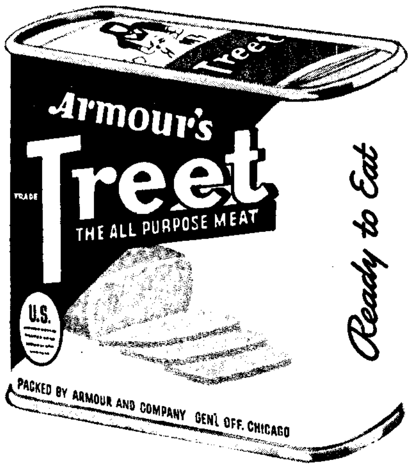


Buy War Bonds and Stamps

Journey into France

Continued from page 20

if he knew that I was writing about him and praising him this way, I'm afraid I'd lose him as a friend, for he keeps our secrets and expects us to keep his."

To me, this letter is a testament of man's faith in man, inspired by faith in God, evidenced by service to country; and the vastness of that service struck me as I flew over our invasion fleets! The air-sight of these ships, covering great squares of miles, is unforgettable.

Protecting warships, cruisers and destroyers were on all sides of the ships carrying troops and supplies. Airplanes zoomed before, above and all around the great flotillas. Everyone who was to take part in the invasion, everyone who knew anything about it, was tense, yet breathed a spirit of confidence in success and also nurtured well-founded hopes that our losses would not be severe. But, I reflected, there *would* be losses, and they would be severe to those who sustained them.

I wished to go with the troops who were to land on the first day of the invasion; I just missed the opportunity, but I did go to France a few days after the first landings, and thus was able to see more people and visit more places than if I had gone on D-Day. I had the choice of flying or accompanying troops on a landing ship. Naturally I wanted to go both ways, but the time element prevailed, and I chose the two-hour air route in preference to the two-day boatride. Among my fellow passengers in the plane were a general and Ambassador Robert Murphy, who were going to France on a mission.

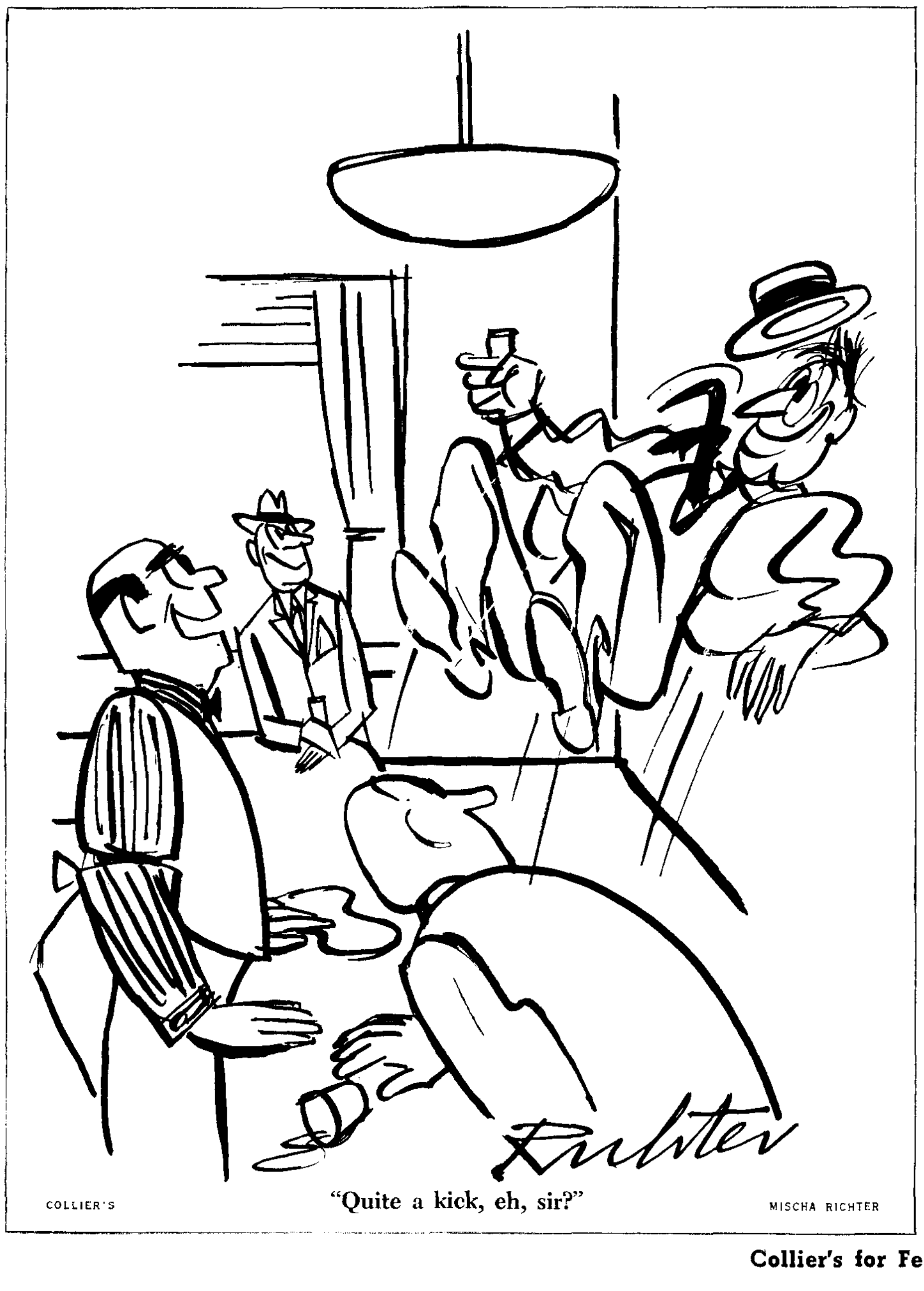
It was an indescribable thrill seeing the coast of France. We reached it at Cap d'Antibes and flew westward along the coast of the Riviera over the isles of Saint Margaret and Saint Honoré. We flew very close to the shore line at Cannes and about a mile above it. American warships were bombarding, and we could see the flashes of flame with bursts of smoke from the ships, and also the pall where the missiles fell. Cannes itself was then still occupied by the Germans.

We flew west and southwestward following the coast for many miles and landed on the first airstrip that the Allies had bulldozed out of French soil in this invasion. It was just being completed and was heavy with dust from the bulldozers that were still working and from planes landing and leaving. We went by jeep into the interior of France on our way to meet General Alexander M. Patch, commander of the Seventh Army, whose headquarters were about sixty miles away. From our landing places near Saint Tropez we drove to the shore at Cavalaire, an Allied landing beach still teeming with craft and alive with invading troops.

Warm Welcome for Americans

We found General Patch conferring with General Lucian K. Truscott at his corps headquarters. We were near the town of Rians, and here I said my first Mass on French soil. The altar, built by the boys themselves, was set up under a clump of trees in an open field. Mingled with the American soldiers were many French peasants from the neighboring countryside forming a deep semicircle around the homemade altar.

This was a part of France which few Americans had visited even in peacetime, and these Frenchmen were tearfully happy as Ambassador Murphy and I spoke to them in their own language. As we rode along, everywhere we were greeted with joy and enthusiasm; and I think General Patch and Mr. Murphy could be elected officials in many liberated towns and cities if one were to judge by the warmth of their reception! However, the American policy and desire is to help the French people re-establish themselves and then leave France to the French.



COLLIER'S "Quite a kick, eh, sir?" MISCHA RICHTER

General Patch flew back to headquarters in his cub plane, a plane so small that it can take off and land almost any place; and we returned by jeep. During my days in southern France, I was the guest of the general, who had just been nominated a lieutenant general by President Roosevelt. Tall, thin, baldish, with light blue eyes and deep characteristic parenthetical wrinkles on his face, he is a rhythmic, tireless human dynamo. The picture of him is deeply engraved in my memory. I sat with him one evening, as he listened to a broadcast about himself and the accomplishments of his Seventh Army, utterly thoughtless of himself, the hero of Guadalcanal, and now the heroic spirit of the Seventh Army.

Always in closest personal contact with his officers and men, the general gets places, not only in his cub plane and jeep but by his own rangy strides. He gets things done by example, by direction and I think also by "jet-propulsion." Once he said to me: "We have violated all the rules in the book of war, but in the circumstances it was the right thing to do."

By his startling, stunning tactics, General Patch breached some coast defenses and others he cut off and surrounded. Fanning out his forces, his men plunged ahead in all directions, save to the southward. He inspired every officer and man, regardless of fatigue or shortage in food and equipment, to continue the advance with maximum energy and endurance so that the day of victory might be speeded.

One of the chaplains whom I met in southern France told me an interesting story about the advance. It was so rapid that frequently in new bivouac areas the bodies of dead German soldiers were found, and Father B—— and a sergeant found two on the spot they had picked to pitch a tent. They were ready to bury the two bodies and, taking hold of them, were startled to find them actually alive and armed! The sergeant commanded them to get up and walk ahead of him, and he delivered them to a major and they became prisoners of war.

However, my admiration for this initiative and courage was a bit dampened, when I heard the story of some Germans who wished to surrender to an American officer who was so tired he said, "Please come back tomorrow."

Unfortunately the stories tinged with humor are far outnumbered by those tainted with tragedy. From many persons I heard almost unbelievable stories of Nazi cruelties. The Germans forbade chaplains to administer to innocent people condemned to death as hostages, and one French priest was shot by the Nazis when he attempted to aid one of the wounded German soldiers! War crazes the brain as well as the heart, and in war men act first and reason after.

One night the Gestapo entered a monastery, ordered the priests to assemble, accused them of having concealed arms and demanded to know where they were hidden. When no one replied, the officer ordered five of the eighty-five priests to be shot, and all of the eighty-five stepped forward! Then he picked five of his own choosing, who were tortured and then executed with a machine gun in the presence of their companions.

Twenty Nazis Kneel in Prayer

In contrast there is one unbelievable story I *want* to believe. An American soldier told me: "I saw twenty Nazis pray! During a service near Aix, I counted twenty Germans kneeling in prayer alongside my buddies, and it was good to see that there are some Germans who believe there is a greater ruler than Hitler and a greater power than Nazism."

It was in Saint Maximin, where I had stopped at the famous shrine of Mary Magdalene, that the mother, father and wife of an imprisoned Frenchman came to see me. The father (a veteran of the last war) and the mother were bowed with age, but they were also bowed with grief, and grief, too, had aged the youthful wife. Tearfully they besought me to intercede with the Allied authorities to save their son and husband who that morning had been arrested as a collaborationist. I realized my incompetence to

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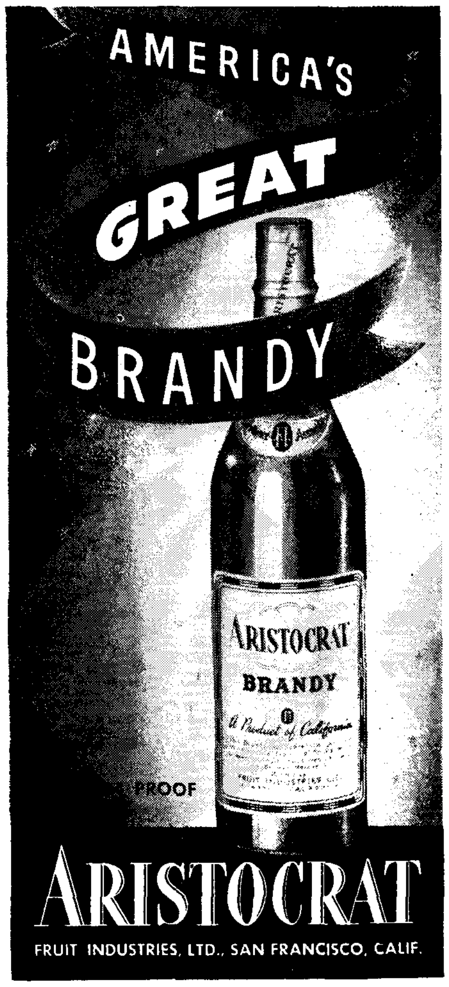

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judge, and my inadequacy to act. But I did recommend them to someone I knew, and asked him to listen to their story.

These people were weeping because their son and husband would, they thought, be sentenced to ten or fifteen years in prison. What happened to that man I had no way of finding out, but I was made to realize that present-day tendencies are to outmode prison sentences. For earlier that very morning, I had seen the bodies of four Frenchmen lying side by side on the road. One was very young; all were shoeless but otherwise fully clothed; and all had been shot. They may have been killed by Germans as spies, or by Frenchmen as collaborationists; they may have been patriots or traitors.

I spent one day near Toulon, still in German hands and strongly defended. German shells shook the altar and shook me, as I was saying Mass in a French home that had been requisitioned by the military. A French priest, who had lost a leg in the service, had turned a dining-room table into an altar and opened the French doors that led on to a piazza so that the soldiers actually manning batteries around the house and in the garden could hear the service. About a dozen French soldiers were on the piazza, and other groups—soldiers and civilians—were in the garden. Added to the noise of cannon and machine-gun fire was the volley that ended the lives of two French collaborationists.

Afterward, I had a breakfast of hard salami and sour wine.

Among war's most pitiful scourges are the hatreds bred among peoples of the same nations. One man who knew many Germans before the war and continued his association with a German officer in occupied France said he maintained his contact with the enemy for the welfare of his fellow countrymen. It was substantiated that he saved several of them from execution and had others liberated from prison. Today he himself is in prison as a collaborationist, but he hopes that when he is brought to trial the court will be convinced that he was loyal to his country.

I talked with a young French girl who had spent four years in New York as a salesgirl. She was patriotic and returned to France to drive an ambulance in the Medical Corps of the French army. We discussed France, her internal problems, "collaboration," and "purification," which is the process of eliminating collaborationists, and I told her the story of the old parents whose son had been jailed. I expected that she would feel as bad as I. But I was mistaken.

"He should have thought of his mother, father and wife before he collaborated," she said.

I told her that I still believed that accusations are not convictions and that everyone is entitled to a fair trial before punishment, especially if the punishment be death.

Liberation is More Than Victory

Every Frenchman and every well-wisher of France hopes that the liberation of France will be her resurrection and will re-establish her in greatness. But the realization of this hope and prayer is a longer and more involved process than the march up the Rhone Valley and down the Loire, the Seine and the Somme to the Swiss border and Berlin. Liberation must mean more than the defeat and expulsion of the Germans. It must mean salvation, regeneration and peace. And to us Americans, liberation must mean more than the destruction of French towns and the killing of French people, and, if in driving the enemy from their strongholds our advancing armies have been obliged to damage homes and churches, it has been our wish to destroy the wolves, and not the flock.

For miles and miles we drove through peaceful countryside. Excellent roads there were, shaded by sycamores, maples and poplars. Great groves of pines and cork trees covered the hillsides and valleys; for, as the saying goes, "with the cork and the vineyards in this region, the people produce everything except the bottles." We covered considerable territory in plane and jeep, and even in a sedan, for the Germans had not had time to damage the roads. They had, however, placed pikes in apparently every field in southern France to obstruct an airborne invasion.

In some parts of France it was hard to realize there was a war until suddenly a shattered, shell-scarred village loomed before us. And one of the most gruesome scenes was a cemetery with its monuments and its graves burst open from a recent bombing. It was a dead town with its dead unburied. I talked with a solitary Frenchman outside the spattered ruins of his home.

I asked whether it was a German or an American bombardment that had destroyed his home, and he answered, "Not the Germans, not the Americans; war destroyed it! But I am going to rebuild it."

War is the world's enemy and we are waging war to destroy war. On this trip I got close to war and closer than ever I should be. One man with me said, "We are avoiding danger, going toward it!" War's awful, grimy, gory side was evident everywhere. With all the modern means of war, man is magnificently successful in destroying man. I saw paratroops and other airborne troops who had been shot as they plunged down through the sky and crashed or were crushed against the great pointed stakes that had been planted in every level spot. I saw shrapnel-gouged and torn infantry soldiers.

One soldier, who looked like a schoolboy lying on his litter, whispered to me, "I know I am dying, Father, and my only sorrow is for my mother. Tell her, please, I offered my life to my country and to God, and He has chosen to accept it. I have no bequest to leave her except the assurance of my faithfulness to duty." His own life ending, he did not revile or blame anyone. He did not envy those who were to live longer, and his selflessness is a challenge to all who would dare corrupt that bequest with anything less than a just and lasting peace!

I saw truckloads of German prisoners roll by. Most of the prisoners were young—so young that at the war's outbreak they could not have known what the war was about—and they never will know. Some looked surly, bold and defiant, but most of them were subdued and bewildered, the product of Nazi education and now its dregs. One day when I was with General Mike O'Daniel, he described the campaign, its results, its progress and its objectives. He swept his hands over the region that only that day had come into Allied possession. And as his fingers pronged the map, the armies of the Allies were pronging the land, seeking to touch fingers with American and French armies from the north and clasp them over the heart of France, and squeeze the enemy from her land.

In my days in France, from Saint Tropez to within three miles of Toulon, and into the interior as far as Aix, I saw some of the "fodder" of victory. All that I have read in the Bible describing war or death never made the grotesque impression on me that the dead German soldiers made as I saw them matted in masses awaiting burial.

Some of the Germans had been killed only that day. There were others that had been dead longer. They had obeyed Hitler's orders to take root in the ground! The smell was indescribably terrible, and the sight was indescribably awful. The country people were burying the decomposing bodies under the supervision and with the aid of men and boys of the French Forces of the Interior, who wore civilian clothes with distinctive FFI arm bands. They had cloths over their mouths and noses, but it was impossible, I am sure, to separate the stench from the air.

Mass Burial of the Dead

From wheelbarrows and from carts, bodies and parts of bodies were dumped into great holes. Sometimes bodies were fused together in a solid, shapeless mass of clay. One German soldier, for some inexplicable reason, seemed to me to resemble the traditional figure of Mars. He was sprawled in the mud, his left hand under his sunken, battered head, his right hand grasping his bloodstained canteen, and blood, too, drooled from his mouth. Death was pouring more blood into the chalice for Mars, already drunk, to drink.

I thought of our own dead, wounded and missing. I thought of our cemeteries and hospitals; and I thought of our homes. I thought of falling bombs on Warsaw, Rotterdam, Antwerp, Belgrade, Coventry and a thousand other places. I thought of bombs on Milan and Berlin. And I thought of what bombs could do to New York, Chicago and all America.

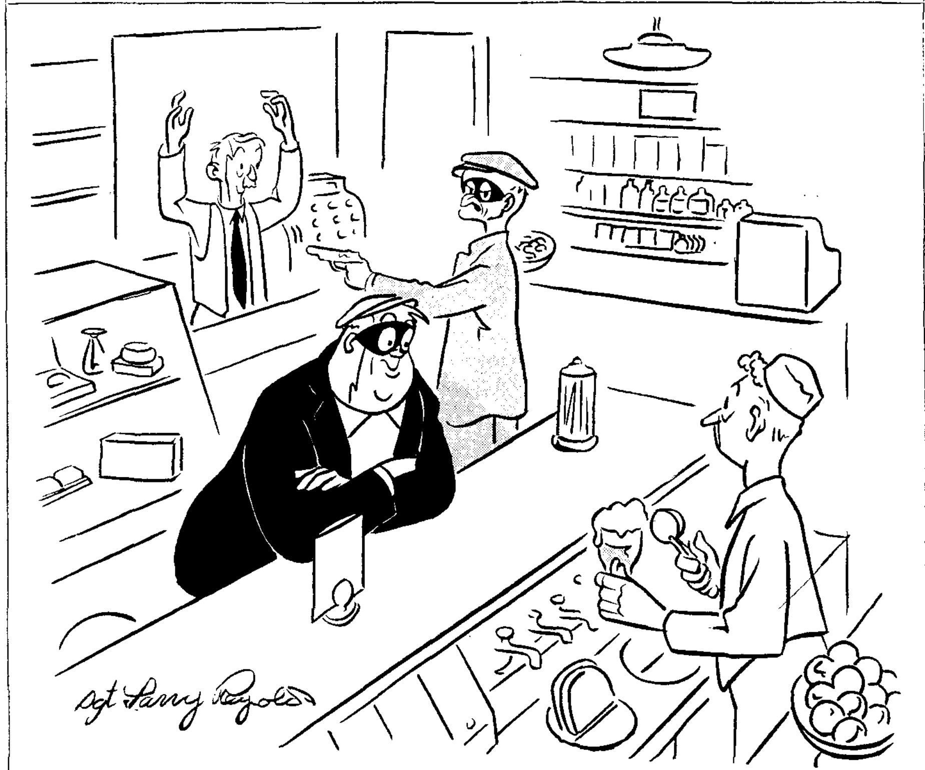
What has happened to civilization? Can humanity save itself? Can something peaceful grow from the fertilization of the cannon fodder of the youth of all nations? Can we weave a strong, unbreakable peace from the weak, broken threads hanging from the fabric of war?

Our leaders and we ourselves face the challenge of all the dead.

And as I drove in silence through lanes of dusty rhododendrons along the Mediterranean to board a plane for England, I prayed God that we the living shall meet that challenge, and that the souls of all the heroic dead may find eternal rest from the hell they found on earth.

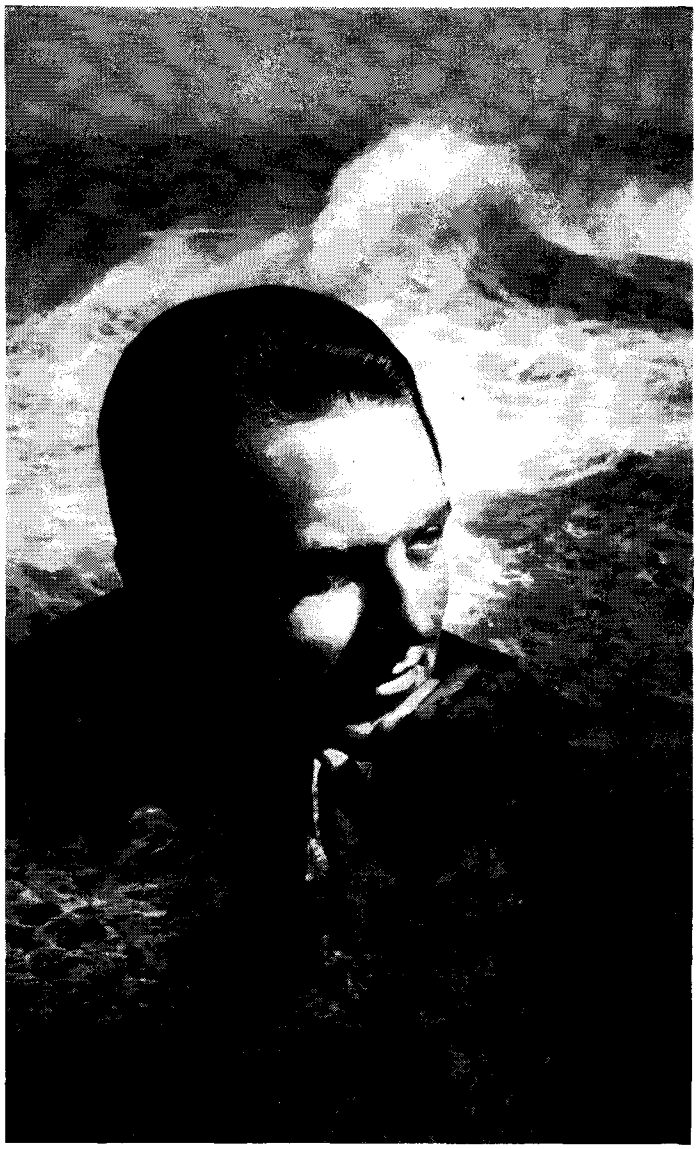
THE END

BUTCH by SGT. LARRY REYNOLDS



"Don't give him no mor'n four scoops, boy. He always makes hisself sick"

COLLIER'S



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SHE THOUGHT OF A QUIET PLACE IN THE PINES

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Russia vs. Britain in the Mediterranean

Continued from page 19

Russian-occupied zone of Iran—even when the person involved is of such high rank as Doctor A. C. Millspaugh, head of the American delegation to Iran and chief adviser to the Iranian government. The American obtained permission to make the journey into Russian-occupied Iran but he was confronted with so many Soviet-generated difficulties about air passage that he was obliged to forego his mission.

Russia is gradually asserting her new power and prestige in the world, and the process provides important and dramatic news. Russia won't let us tell the story. To assume because of this, however, that the Soviets are gestating dark plots to Bolshevize Europe, the Eastern Hemisphere or the whole world, is a dangerous deduction.

It's dangerous, because whether or not Europe—and America—will be plummeted into another war when nations have sufficiently recovered to fight again, depends on how well Britain, Russia and America get along in the next quarter of a century or so. If Europe abandons its traditional democratic practices and adopts Communism, it is unlikely to be as much because Russia wills it as because of social, economic and political forces at work on the Continent. And for the time being, these forces are not Communistic.

Russia long ago abandoned the world revolutionary idea in favor of a more practical and more profitable *Realpolitik,* or a policy of co-operation with the great powers, Great Britain and the United States, which would better enable her to acquire the stature of a great power herself. One of the things Russia had to do to help herself to achieve the dimensions of a world power of first rank was to slough off the Comintern, Moscow's internal machinery for world revolution. This, by the spring of 1943, she could afford to do—and did.

The Comintern was abolished at least as much because Russia desired the good will and confidence of Europe, Great Britain and the United States, as because the Comintern no longer served any practical purpose. In the first place, the revolutionary social, economic and political changes which were the principal objectives of the founders of the Soviet Union were already under way everywhere, or nearly everywhere. And secondly, Russia saw that the direction of those changes wasn't toward Marxian Communism anyhow. In her own country, Marxian theories and the exigencies of power politics were found to be often incompatible. Russia couldn't, for instance, completely wipe out the profit motive in individual enterprise and was obliged to set up machinery to encourage individual effort in production.

Groundwork for Revolution

Nevertheless, the Russian Revolution of 1918 did stimulate the leftward trend in Europe. The Communist cells organized by the Comintern existed and provided the nuclei for what became the resistance movement against the Axis when Europe was overrun by the enemy. This movement, best expressed by the Partisan phenomenon, wasn't Communist in its objectives. Its aims were democratic: establishment of republics and the overthrow of kings and the purification of the nations concerned with the elimination of all collaborationists and native Fascists and Nazis. It amounted to a revolution against Nazi-Fascism.

I have talked with Communist leaders in France, Italy and Greece, and have studied the Yugoslav situation at close quarters in Bari and Cairo. None advanced a Communist program. None wanted to see his country sovietized if for no other reason than that Communism as a political technique is unworkable in Mediterranean countries.

Yet, in Rome, at a dinner one evening, a British Allied Commission official spent hours telling me of the danger of a Union of Soviet Socialist Republics of Europe. It was no good explaining to him that countries like Portugal, Spain, France, Italy and Greece love their sovereignty too well to enter into such a scheme. He pointed with alarm, instead, to the use everywhere of Communist symbols like the sickle and hammer and the red flag.

Employment of these symbols by the resistance movement in Europe is understandable to anyone who has lived in Europe during the past ten or eleven years and witnessed the rise of Fascism and Nazism, and experienced the war and the war-within-the-war, or the revolution against the Axis. Those symbols were the symbols of action against the Nazi and Fascist tormentors.

Moreover, ask any European which of the Allied powers has done the most to crush Germany and he will answer, without hesitation, "Russia." This is unfortunate. It is inaccurate, perhaps. But that's the way the people feel. This mass emotion about Russia is one of the USSR's chief assets in Europe, and if Great Britain and the United States continue to support the right-wing, reactionary and often downright collaborationist elements against the leftists, the masses of Europeans will turn toward Moscow for help and for the attainment of their democratic objectives. In which case, the idea of a world revolution in the Marxist sense will have new impetus.

If Russia actually presents a "danger," it is not as a world Bolshevizer. The USSR doesn't "threaten" democracy. It does challenge imperialism, more specifically British imperialism.

New, conservative Russia, powerful and market-hungry and determined to fulfill her ancient destiny as a world power, has re-emerged from the darkness of the years between 1917 and 1942. It is the same old Russia in some ways, and this is visible in the Czarist cut of her officers' uniforms and the revival of decorations in the Russian army and in a thousand other small things on up to the important business of Russia's return to the religion of her fathers.

In the Middle East, perhaps better than anywhere else, it is possible to observe the refurbished Russia at work. For two years now, the Middle East and the Levant have been free of war or war's dangers. The area is in its postwar phase and provides a test tube for the observation of the workings of power politics, which is merely a conventional designation for the scramble for markets, sources of raw materials, political friends and possible military allies that follows the big wars.

In the Middle East, the race is on and it i a merry gambol.

It is difficult to figure out just how Americ is faring in the power-politics game in th Middle East, but from what slight evidenc is available, it is possible to deduce at leas that countries like Egypt, Palestine, Syri and Arabia won't be exactly exclusive British markets after the war. More definite conclusions must wait until the several score o experts sent into the region from Washington have made their reports and analyses an recommendations and have gone home. Righ now they clutter up the place, antagonize th British and are in turn antagonized.

"The Mustachioed Man"

But Russia, concerned with political an spiritual matters and keeping her economi cards very close to the chest, is doing quit well. She had a fertile field in which to sow The general European feeling that Russi has won the war practically singlehanded i rather too common among Egyptians, for instance, and these particularly ought to knov better. To Egypt's fellahin, Joseph Stalin i "Abu shanab"—meaning the mustachioe *man. When a disgruntled laborer wants t* frighten an employer, he says, "One day th Abu shanab will come, and I shall have m revenge."

Pictures of Stalin are common in Ara shops where once you saw only the physiognomies of Mr. Churchill or General Montgomery and His Brittanic Majesty.

Far from playing the role of inciter to rio and revolt, Comrade Novikov hobnobbe with royalty, kissed hands, clicked heels, at from Limoges china and walked on rare rugs During his long stay in Egypt, Noviko behaved in a manner designed to disarm th most suspicious tories. He was the true representative of a power which intends to liv and prosper in a capitalist world. At a performance of the film, Stalingrad, he sat besid Princess Irene of Greece, the gorgeous Russian-born blonde who was a Paris mannequi before she married Greece's Prince Peter, relative of the same Czar Nicholas who wa murdered by the Communists. She wa "Your Royal Highness" to Novikov, and h was "Excellency."

As Minister to Syria and Lebanon, Novikov duplicated his social conquest. In Damascus and Beyrouth he was feasted and banqueted by both governments, and both formally asked him to convey to Stalin their

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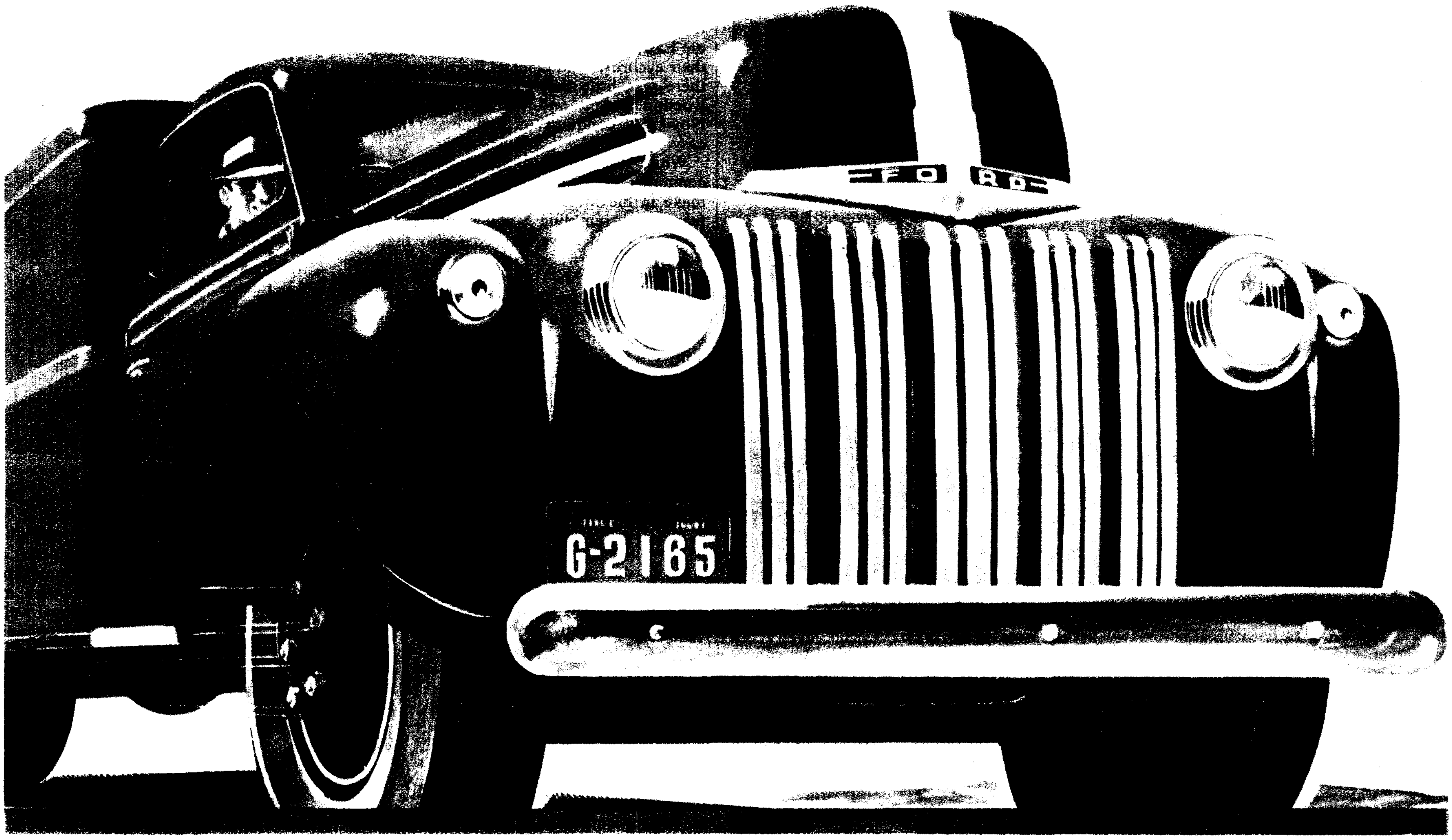

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thanks for Russia's contribution to the defeat of Germany. With British prestige at low temperature in the hot lands of the Middle East, old-line Empire civil servants raised their eyebrows and clucked their tongues, but there was little they could do. The Arabs worship power, and the Russians have it. Novikov's conquest of the Levant was an easy task.

While Russia enjoys wide prestige among common people and the politicos on the make in the Middle East, there is still some fear and trembling among the moneyed pashas. When news reached Cairo that the Russians had crossed the frontiers of Thrace into Greece before the British had landed, Bank of Athens shares dropped ten per cent on the Cairo Bourse. The report was false but the shareholders rushed to unload, certain that Greece's banks, backed by forty-five million gold pounds' worth of credits held in London and New York banks, would be nationalized.

One of Russia's assets in the Middle East is the presence of several thousand White Russians. One of Novikov's first acts on his arrival in Cairo was to issue a communiqué to Egypt's 3,000 White Russians, to the 2,000 scattered in Syria and Lebanon, 2,000 more in Palestine and about 1,000 in Arabia, inviting them to register at the Soviet legations, with the promise to let bygones be bygones. Only a few wealthy stiff-necked die-hards failed to do so.

After Novikov's preliminary spadework, Russia sent a separate minister for Syria and Lebanon in the person of Daniel Solod, a personable fellow who was professor of Semitic languages at Leningrad University. Russia, unlike Britain or America, wisely sends diplomats into the Middle East who speak Arabic. In one case in the Cairo legation, the man involved, Abdel Rahman Sultanoff, not only speaks Arabic but is himself a Moslem. Sultanoff goes to the mosque every Friday and sees to it that he is seen. He is short and thin, with a long nose, and he knows the Koran by heart. From the sacred book he derives numerous parallels between Communism and Islamic theology.

Russia as Friend to the Jews

To escape damnation, a good Mohammedan must share his wealth with his poorer fellow. Sultanoff's job is a cinch. In Palestine, too, Russia finds friends easily. Zionism is probably the best example of applied Socialism extant outside of Russia, and maybe even including Russia. There are other affinities. The Russian armies have liberated millions of Jews. In Jerusalem the story of how a delegation of Rumanian Jews handed a priceless Talmud to the Soviet general who liberated them, to be sent to Stalin, is well known. Stalin diplomatically accepted the Talmud with a message saying that he would keep it, together with his special copy of the Holy Scriptures, "for the Soviet has always regarded Jews and Christians as equal members of the human race."

There is no fear of Russia in Palestine. On the contrary, Palestine, bitterly disappointed with a repressive British policy which prevents the achievement of a national Jewish state in the full Zionist sense, turns to Russia not only as a friend in court when the decision for a permanent settlement of the Palestine problem arrives, but even as a possible vassal of the new great power in the Mediterranean. One prominent Zionist put it this way in a talk we had one afternoon in Shepheard's Garden in Cairo: "We know how bad the British are and we will take a chance on the Russians if it comes to that. Anything is better than what we have."

Some 70,000 Armenians in Lebanon look to Russia as their protector; 200,000 others are scattered throughout the rest of the Middle East. For many years, members of an ill-treated minority of good craftsmen, mechanics, skilled laborers and merchants, they hold their heads high now. Armenia is a republic in the USSR. During Novikov's tour of the Middle East, the Lebanese Armenians asked if it would be possible for them to be repatriated, and negotiations to that end are under way. All over the Middle East, they are hastening to register as Soviet citizens at the six embassies and legations
and the six general consulates of the USS
Whereas all British and American le
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military attachés, the Russians send o
diplomats and professors. They impart to
Oriental mind the idea that they are int
ested only in the moral and political welf
of the people to whom they are accredit
This has produced at least one interesti
phenomenon. When Egyptian laborers ha
a complaint to make against their employ
they draft a memorandum to him and se
a copy to the Egyptian Ministry for Soc
Affairs. But a copy is also sent to the Russi
Legation. None is sent to the British E
bassy or the American Legation. The So
ets' diplomatic representative has become
unofficial champion of Egypt's workers.
Tass, the official Soviet News Agen
maintains two correspondents in Cairo. Eg
doesn't make news for American or Brit
correspondents unless there is a cabinet cri
or a revolution. But Russia considers Egy
social and political life sufficiently import
to set one of the Tass men, Nikolai K
solowsky, to making a full-time study of
working and living conditions of the Eg
tian peasants. His reports reach Moscow
the Soviet diplomatic pouch; no Egypti
censor would pass them.
In Turkey, Russia has Ambassador Ser
Vinogradov, a fat, red-faced man with a lo
nose and clipped hair. Vinogradov spea
softly but wields a big stick. Russia, he sa
wants solid frontiers against aggression fr
the west. Russia's soldiers, he says, will s
to that. Russia also wants to "protect"
Orthodox Church, as she used to do un
some twenty-five years ago. Vinograd
doesn't come right out and admit it, b
Vinogradov could say, "We'll see to tha
Istanbul, formerly Constantinople, is st
the spiritual capital of the Russian Orthod
Church. Its Patriarch is first in the Orth
dox hierarchy, with the Patriarch of Ale
andria second. Moscow's Patriarch is on
fifth in the hierarchal line. Vinogradov
strategically placed.
Behind Russia's religious revival, there
undoubtedly a desire to reunite the Gre
and the Russian Orthodox Churches whi
split in 1589, following the rift betwe
Rome and Constantinople. The Gre
Church is powerful in the Balkans. Rejoine
the two churches would form a powerf
counterpoise to the influence in central a
western Europe of the Roman Catho
Church.
In Rome, Pope Pius XII watches t
growing spiritual power in the Orient wi
considerable concern. He, too, would li
to restore to the Mother Church its "wa
ward children," the Greek and Russia
branches. Last June 2d, he as much as sa
so in a speech in which he declared th
Christianity might have done more for ma
kind if we had not had vast schisms and t
waste of religious energy which have o
curred during the centuries when some ha
forsaken Mother Church.
But Rome's cause is weakened by ma
factors, not the least of which is the person
attitude of the lower clergy. In central a
western Europe, with the exception

Answers to Legions of "Logists" Page 38

1. Races
2. Pedigrees
3. Watches
4. Poisons
5. Living organisms
6. Reality
7. Inorganic substances
8. Shells
9. Germs
10. Women
11. Birds
12. Fish
13. Fossils
14. Plants
15. Theories
16. New words
17. Spirits
18. Antiquity
19. Obituaries
20. Heads

ance. the priests seldom participated in e resistance movements. Greek Orthodox iests. however, shared the people's struggle ainst the enemy and against Nazi-Fascism. iere were many Orthodox priests in the ierrilla bands of the EAM in Greece. In thens. a leading patriot was the Orthodox itriarch, Archbishop Damaskinos.

The priests of Italy, and of Spain par- ularly, have much to learn from those of reece. Yugoslavia and, to a certain extent, om those of France who, although their urch preached against Communism, were t afraid to join the Partisans in the com- on fight against Nazism.

The Soviet's resumption of relations with e Orthodox Church and her resumption of ussia's ancient role as protector of the rthodox faith is not therefore a mere at- mpt to woo the good will of the religious tions of the world, but part of a bigger ent in world history: Russia's hard-earned storation to the status of a great power.

The Dardanelles Question

And, as a great power which intends to irsue the inherently selfish interests the le demands, Russia must have or attempt obtain the warm-water ports she lacks. ie is guaranteed transit for her ships rough the Dardanelles by the terms of the ontreux Agreement of 1936. She may, owever, make a bid for Istanbul, capital of e Orthodox Church and an excellent port, at least for its internationalization as a ee port. Against Turkey's objections Rus- i may pertinently ask: "Well, what did you to help win the war?"

The Mediterranean is as vital to Russian a communications with the western world it is to Britain for her Empire communica- ons. As a mature great power, Russia must irsue her own interests, and these most cer- inly include access to the manufactured goods and raw materials of the Americas by way of the Mediterranean and the Atlantic.

Turkey is aware of Russia's powerful proximity and of the probable nature of her demands. This is why, out of Ankara there pours a steady stream of Russophobia and an equally potent current of propaganda about how Turkey helped to win the war by not fighting.

Russia's self-interests as a great power require her to seek markets. Novikov and Solod and Sultanoff and their successors have seen and will see to the creation of the good will which is a prerequisite of profitable international trade. Russia's activities in the Middle East haven't been limited, though, to handshaking and ego patting and social uplift. By mid-October, a Soviet Trade Commission had completed negotiations with Iran for the exploitation of markets in the Russian zone, or northern third of the country and the development of large oil reserves located there by Soviet engineers. This has caused the British much trepidation, but it doesn't seem to worry the Americans in that area very much.

Well, there it is. Russia is a great world power. Her claim to her new stature in world affairs, and therefore to the postwar swag, is measured in some twenty million dead and a highly successful war against a determined enemy which destroyed a good half of Russia or caused it to be destroyed.

Britain and the United States can say "Yes," to Russia's claims or they can say "No." If the answer is in the affirmative, it is altogether possible that between them, Britain, Russia and America can keep Europe warless, happy, and prosperous for fifty years or more. If they deny Russia's aspirations, power politics being what they are, a clash between Russian and British imperialisms is inevitable, with obvious consequences to the United States.

THE END

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

American artillery. One SS *Obersturm- innfuehrer* (lieutenant colonel) was indig- int about Grasshoppers. He said that it is t uncommon to see them behind German ies. When many guns start shaking the irth, Grasshoppers climb up regularly from istures and apple orchards.

Altitude means a lot to the artillery. Like ie fighter pilots, artillerymen know of a ecial advantage that is synonymous with titude. Among other things, it often means efilade protection for the guns and visibility r the observer. Often it means range. Ob- rvation is the main advantage, though, and gitments have battled for days to secure one illtop favorable for artillery spotting.

Soldiers all know that planes like Flak Bait nd Who Dat? play a role out of all propor- on to their size. Near the front, eight- unned Thunderbolts might patrol near by hile one like Li'l Sourpuss staggers for ltitude with a load of generators, radio, bat- ries, maps, binoculars, parachutes and aunting a large buggy-whip antenna scarcely ontemplated in the plane's original design.

Nazis set flak traps for them. Messer- hmitt 109s and Focke-Wulf 190s some- mes evade the friendly fighter cover and ioot them down, because German strong oints might be pulverized, mechanical trans- ort might disintegrate, indirectly caused by ne little Grasshopper.

THE crews live a rugged life behind the battle lines, moving with the guns, sleep- ig on the ground, flying unarmed. When inding on a strange site, they don't mind live ows in it, because Grasshoppers which have inded on antitank mines aren't here any iore. They often land down-wind, espe- ially when it is uphill. They have lots of in when they must take off down the hill nd down the wind; they say it is like the oller coasters back home.

In taking off from tight spots and over high bstructions, pilots study the wind very care- ully and sometimes squeeze over the tree- ops by very gentle S-turning. They often fly to a new site with an L-4 so stuffed full of K-rations, ropes, bedrolls, pup tents and camouflage netting that its sides bulge, and an aeronautical engineer might be baffled trying to discover where the center of gravity has disappeared to. Before flying, some of them just hold the tail off the ground and if it "hefts" all right, they take off.

After landing near the front, the Grasshoppers taxi quickly beneath sheltering trees or hedges. A hatchet is standard equipment for clearing the way and providing leafy cover. Camouflage netting is quickly draped over the wings and tail. A dark cover is placed over the windshield, stakes are driven and the Grasshopper is bedded down. Many times Focke-Wulfs have flown directly over them only to find that the Grasshoppers have disappeared into the landscape.

ONE Grasshopper pilot landed and yelled out, "Scrub one Messerschmitt!" The Messerschmitt 109 had dived. The Grasshopper went down in a loose tailspin, then pulled out very abruptly. Apparently the late Messerschmitt pilot had tried it also.

They do not always escape. Focke-Wulf 190s have attacked them with four Mauser cannon and have blown Grasshopper and crew into small pieces. They have no armor protection. They rely on friendly fighter cover, antiaircraft fire, concealment, alertness and their ability to fly around haystacks.

There is no one who would deny that those early experiments of the Field Artillery, with the assistance of the Civil Aeronautics Administration in the initial training of Grasshopper crews, were not highly successful. These crews are veterans now.

Some Grasshoppers, perhaps, have helped to direct almost as many tons onto Nazi heads as a thousand-bomber raid. The little ships are proved veterans of this war and when the big Libs and Forts reach their Valhalla, I think they will reserve some space there for the Grasshoppers like Who Dat?, Flak Bait and Li'l Sourpuss.

THE END

FOUR REASONS WHY Fleischmann's makes America's Most Delicious Martini!
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4. Fleischmann's Mixability!

The result is, a gin that's "mixable." So crystal clear . . . smooth . . . delicate —it never "masks" flavors, always lets you enjoy the "hidden taste" of Vermouth, fruit juices and other mixers. What a difference!

You find all 4 only in

FLEISCHMANN'S...

Distilled from American grain. 90 Proof. The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation, Peekskill, N. Y.

a Garden for your Head

BY
MARIANNE
TUTEUR

THERE is much that can be said about women's hats, and some of it can even be printed. But probably the most vital thing you can say about them is that they are designed to attract men. Most men either fail to realize this, or take sadistic delight in using the knowledge to abuse the lady's choice. They have often referred to women's chapeaux as aviaries, chicken roosts, jam-ons, pancakes, kellies and holy Joes. In a despairing effort to beat them to the punch, we've called these "head gardens."

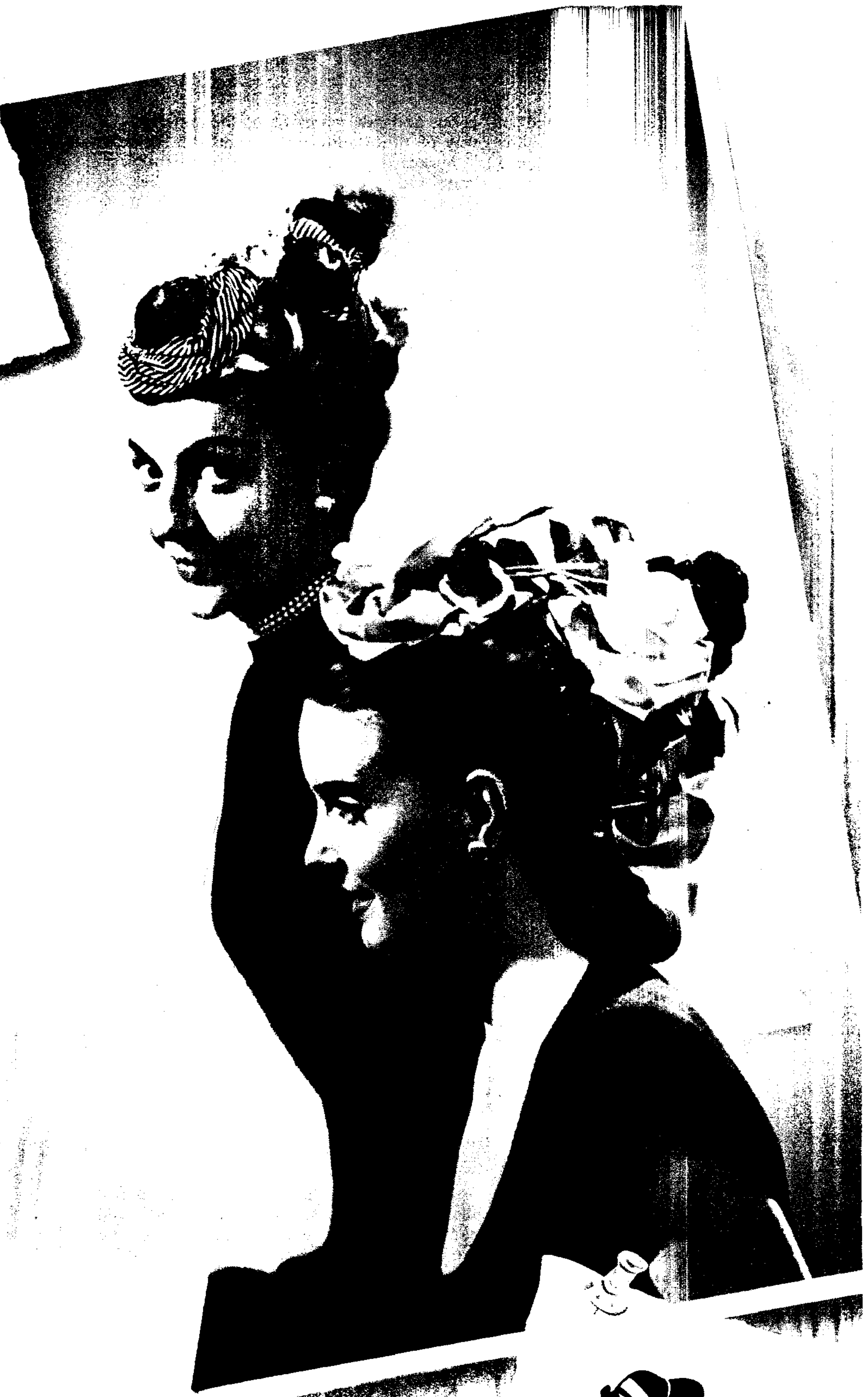
The spring choices, as you can see, tend toward hats built low on the head. And a low silhouette means that the man in a movie does not have to nerve himself up to that agonizing moment when he taps the lady in front on the shoulder and says: "Please, lady . . ."

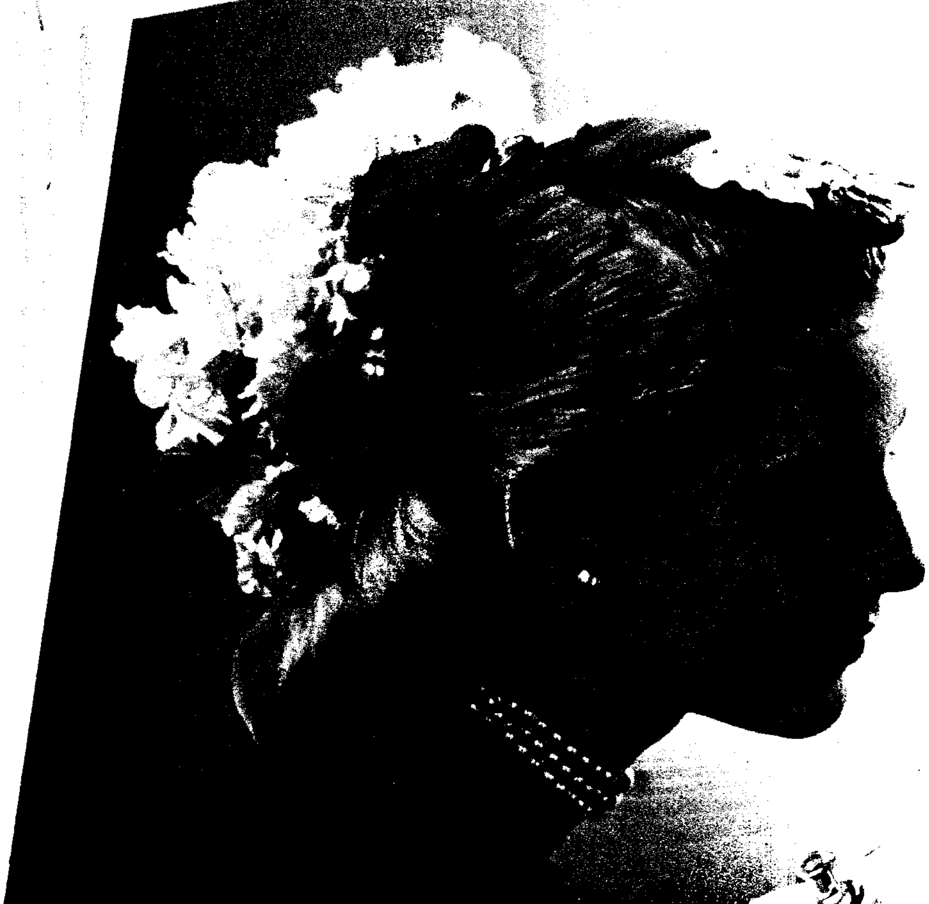
What the women will like about them, of course, is that they make elaborate use of flowers and, for a change, an off-the-face hat actually travels to the nape of the neck.

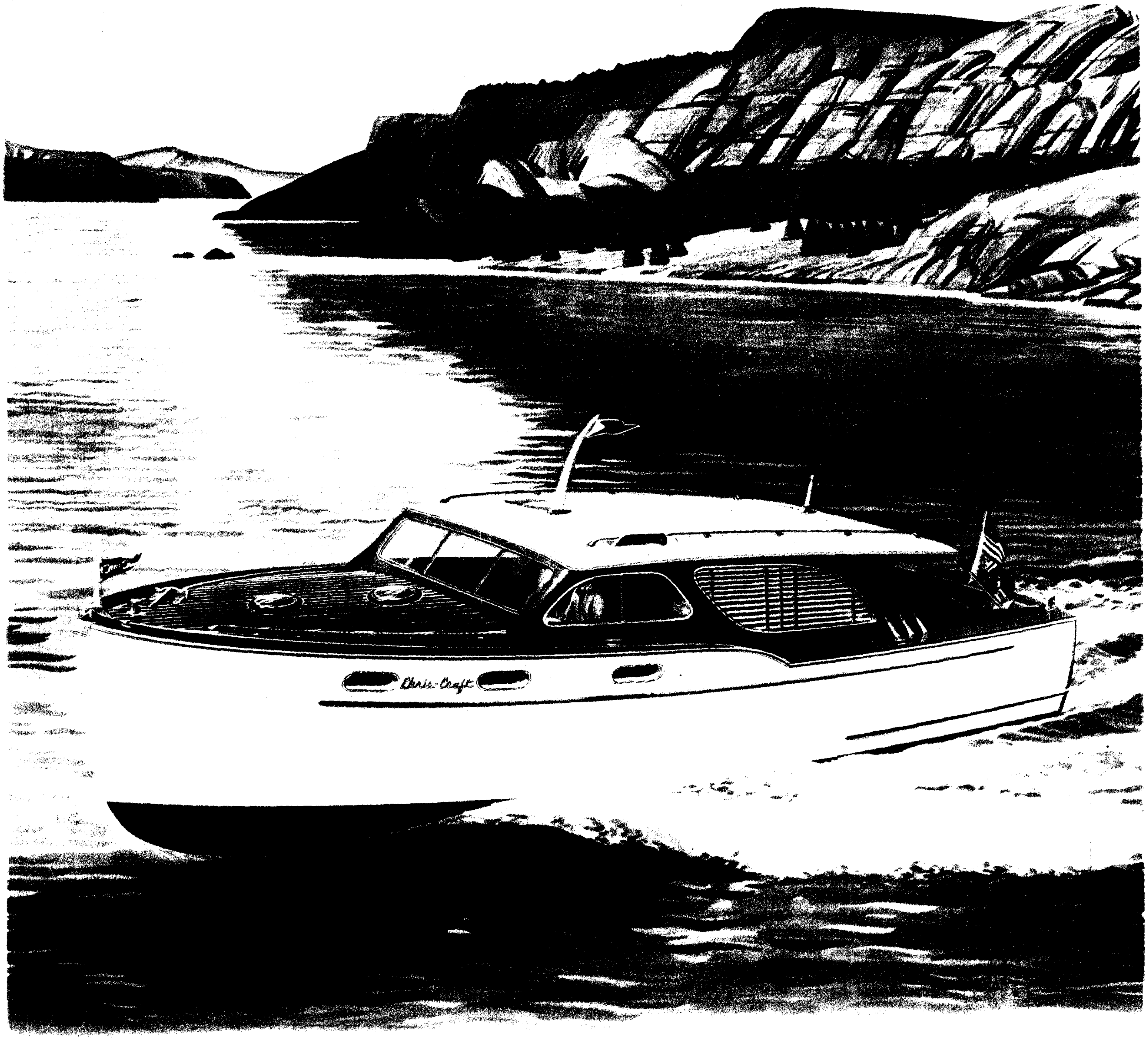
The idea for these came from the ancient Greeks. That's digging pretty far back, but the ladies of Helen of Troy's day had a fixed idea that feminine hair had a fatal fascination for the boys. Thus, when they arrayed their heads with garlands, they were careful to leave as much as possible of their tresses showing. It worked out well—at least in Helen's case—and this spring the women of America will try it again.

A man just walked by and saw these pictures. "Victory gardens!" he sniffed. You see? ★★★

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY PAUL D'OME
HATS BY WALTER FLORELL







New Chris-Craft 36-ft. Double Stateroom Enclosed Cruiser

And even this picture does not tell the story. For there are 2 complete staterooms forward . . . built-in dinette . . . complete ship's galley . . . you can sleep 6 in solid comfort and cruise where you choose at speeds up to 23 m. p. h. Ready after Victory. See your Chris-Craft Dealer for details. . . . We are 100% on war work now.

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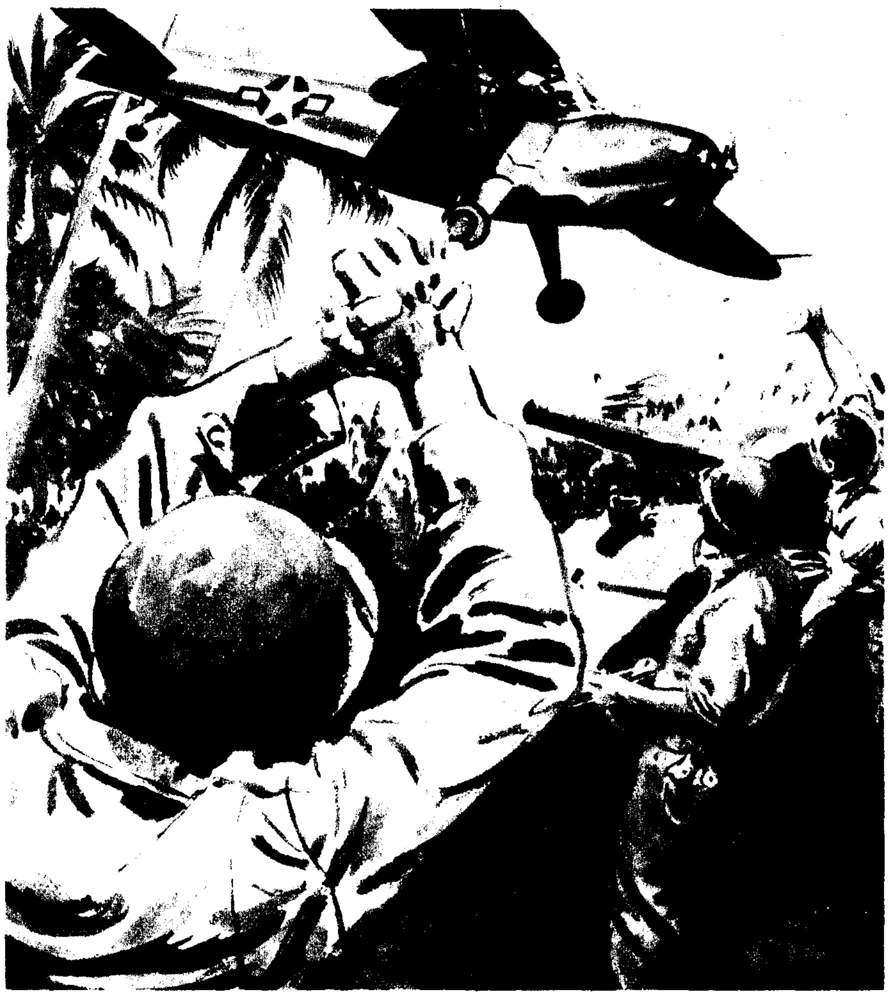
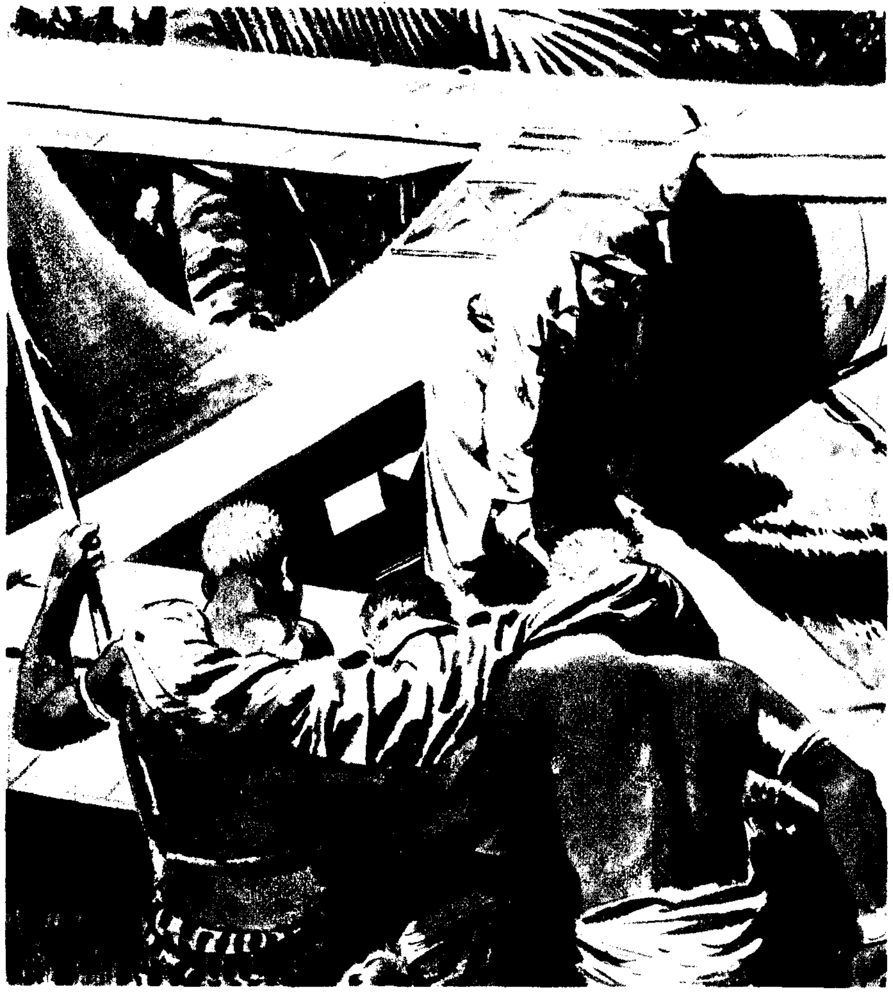
CHRIS-CRAFT CORPORATION, ALGONAC, MICH. ★ WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDERS OF MOTOR BOATS

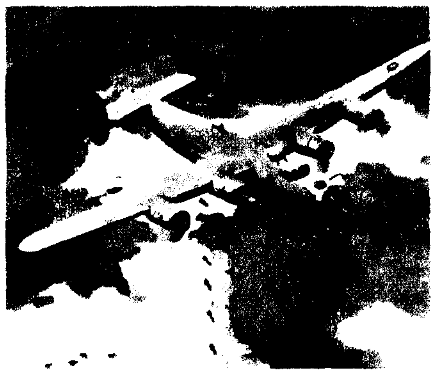
How'd you like to own a "Flying Jeep"



1. **The Army nicknamed** this amazing plane the "Flying Jeep." It can take off and land almost "on a dime." They use it for many jobs: as the "eyes upstairs" for artillery units . . . for laying Signal Corps wire over jungle and impassable terrain . . . and for photo and reconnaissance work. It has even hovered over battling tanks in Burma, observing and directing the conflict from the air.

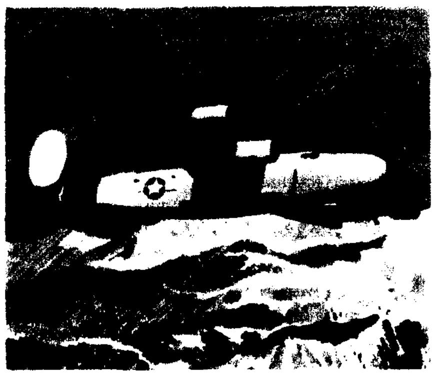


2. **When the Army wanted** a flying ambulance to evacuate casualties from small jungle clearings and inaccessible battle zones, the versatile "Flying Jeep" took on *this* job, too. Many a wounded American boy is alive and well today because this tiny Consolidated Vultee plane speeded him to the base hospital in *minutes,* instead of the hours it would have taken stretcher bearers to make the arduous trip.



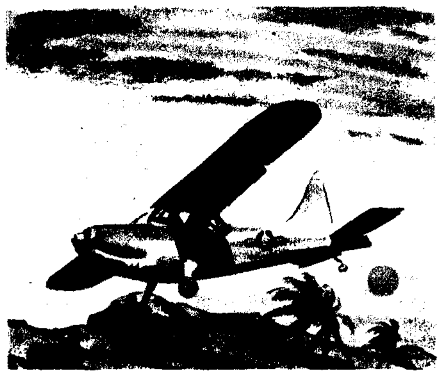
LIBERATOR . . . ***4-engine bomber***

The giant Consolidated Vultee Liberator bomber, with over 3000 miles flying range, tremendous firepower, speed, and multi-ton bomb load, has been blasting the Axis with devastating effect from Berlin to the South Pacific.



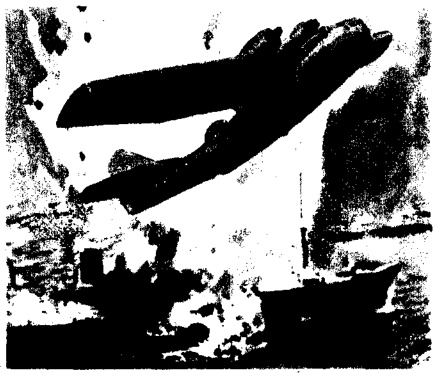
LIBERATOR EXPRESS... ***4-engine transport***

This cargo-passenger version of the famed Liberator bomber can carry many tons of military equipment for thousands of miles, nonstop. It is daily shuttling personnel and supplies across both the Atlantic and the Pacific.



SENTINEL . . . ***"Flying Jeep"***

The Consolidated Vultee "Flying Jeep" is a glowing example of how a peacetime plane went to war. Modified to perform a hundred-and-one combat tasks, it has proven to be one of the AAF's most versatile light planes.

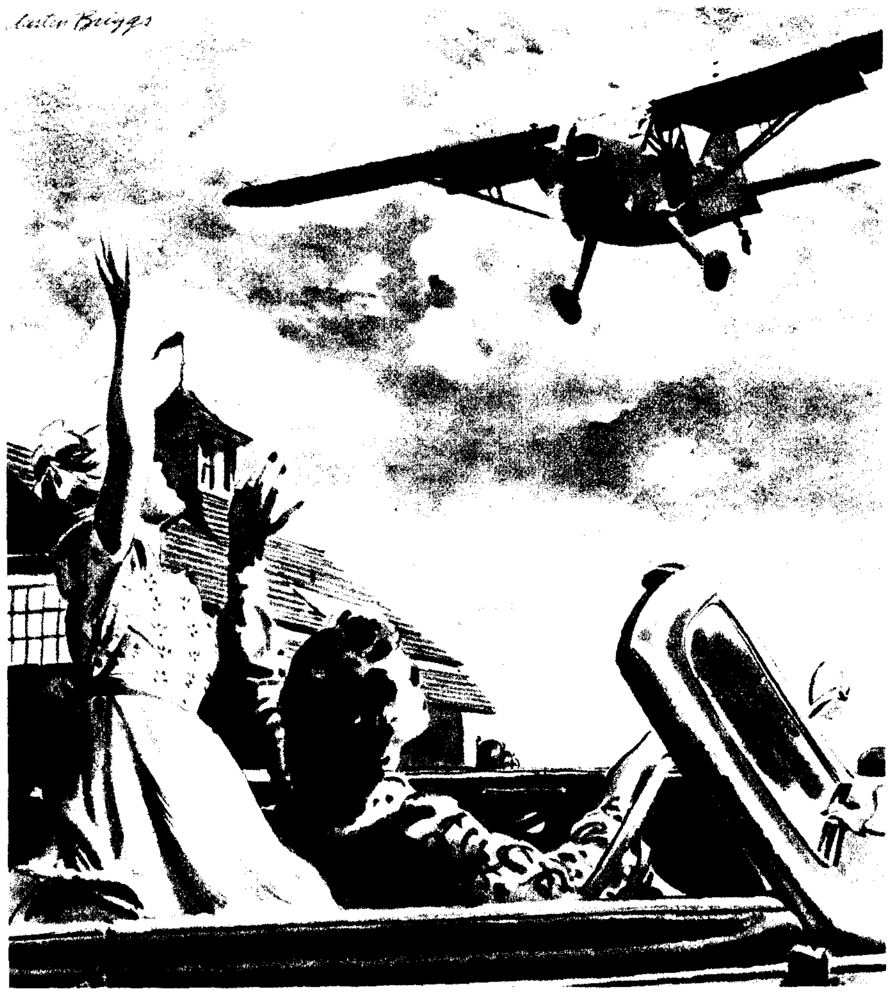


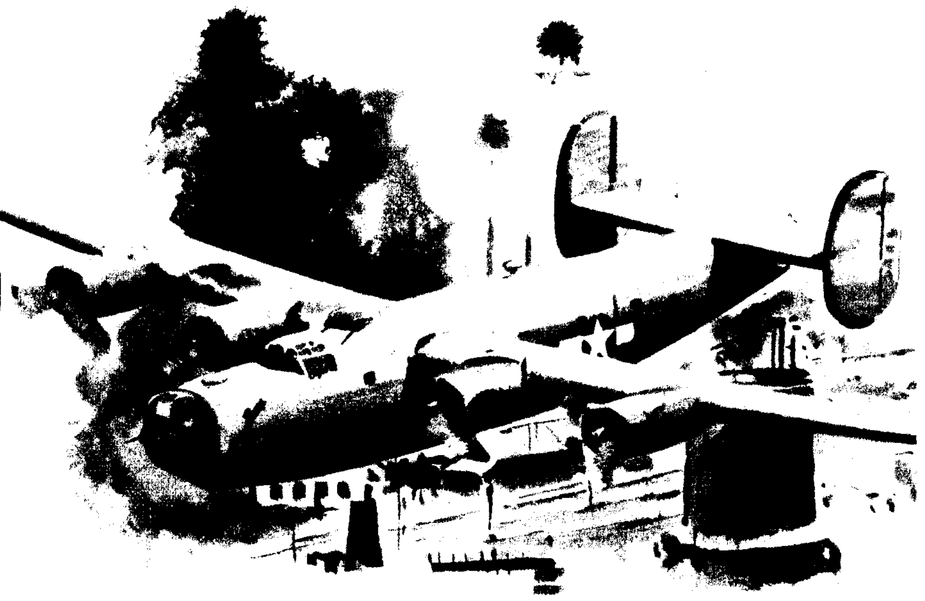
CATALINA . . . ***patrol bomber***

The twin-engine "Cat" is the Navy's most famous patrol bomber. It has turned in a glorious performance record, not only as "Eyes of the Fleet," but as a torpedo plane, long-range bomber, rescue plane, and transport.

CONSOLIDATED VULTEE AIRCRAFT

after the war?





4. **Less than four and a half short years ago,** America had no 4-engine bombers such as the Liberator. Today, our Air Power, with its thousands of bombers and fighter planes, is the most effective weapon the world has ever known.

The Japs and Germans didn't think a nation so unprepared could produce *so much, so fast.* If they ever start another war, they will not forget their fatal error. They will know that to win, they must knock out the United States *first. We shall be Target Number One!*

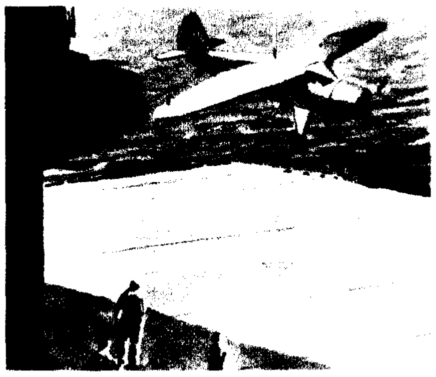
But they will not be apt to start another war if we keep America strong, invincible. The mere fact that we *possess* and *maintain* a powerful Army, Navy, and Air Force will discourage such unprovoked attacks as we suffered at Pearl Harbor.

Above all, American Air Supremacy must be maintained at peak efficiency.

For it is one of our best guarantees of a lasting peace in a world where vengeful sparks of aggression may still be smouldering a generation hence.

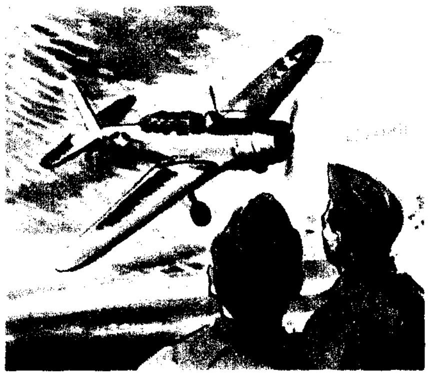
3. **Your postwar "Flying Jeep"** may not look exactly like this. But you can be certain it will be safe, easy to fly, and an economical family plane. Well suited, too, for vacations, inter-city travel, for aero clubs and "Fly-it-Yourself" stations... for farmers, sowing and dusting crops... for forest patrol and fire spotting... for policing and traffic control... and for survey work... an ideal all-purpose small plane.

No spot on earth is more than 60 hours' flying time from your local airport



RELIANT . . . *navigational trainer*

A favorite plane of many private flyers in peacetime, the wartime version of the Reliant is now widely used, especially by Royal Navy pilots, for all-important instrument-flight instruction and navigational training.



VALIANT . . . *basic trainer*

The Valiant is a swift, rugged two-place basic trainer, in which practically all of the Army and Navy pilots in this war received their basic training. This dependable trainer has a service ceiling of 21,000 feet.

Don't miss it! The screen version of Moss Hart's great stage hit—presented by 20th Century-Fox, in association with the United States Army Air Forces. "Winged Victory" is the name given by the heroes in the film to the Consolidated Vultee Liberator bomber used in the picture.

MOSS HART'S

Winged Victory

PRODUCED BY DARRYL F. ZANUCK . . . DIRECTED BY GEORGE CUKOR

(All the planes shown here were designed and developed by Consolidated Vultee)

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Member, Aircraft War Production Council

HERRING ARE Silli

BY CLAY PERRY

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BERT DE VE

A fishing port on Lake Superior, world's roughest lake—a summer vacation spot and fishermen's hell in winter

"Silli" means herring to Michigan's colorful Finns, but don't let it mislead you. Fishing in Lake Superior is a man-sized job. Here are the men who are keeping the Army in fillets

WHEN America thinks of commercial food fishing, it thinks of its seacoasts. Yet fresh-water commercial fishing in the United States, under the impetus of war, has become big business. It has grown up swiftly from haphazard operations out of Great Lakes ports to a co-ordinated industry that furnishes thousands of tons of fine food for both armed forces and civilians.

Most important of the inland fishing states is Michigan, with 1,600 miles of shore line (more than any seaboard state) on three vast Great Lakes. An investment of $3,000,000 in more than 1,100 boats and gear keeps 3,000 fishermen at work gathering an annual harvest of herring, lake trout and whitefish, that averages 30,000,000 pounds a year and nets the hard-working fishermen more than $4,000,000.

Prize food fish of the Great Lakes is the Lake Superior herring, the firm succulent variety that commands a premium price anywhere in the world. Even in normal times, Lake Superior herring, along with whitefish and the huge lake trout, command a wide market, even in the seacoast states.

Ideal fishing grounds for herring are in the lee of northern Michigan's Keweenaw peninsula, which juts its rugged 45-mile length straight out into the cold blue waters of Superior, the world's biggest—and roughest—lake. This peninsula shelters a large bay from the fierce nor'westers—although not from the equally severe nor'easters. Here, within sight of a land of lakes, forests and mountains that is a vacation paradise in summer and a fishermen's winter, is one of the most important sources of fo for the Army.

While lake trout and whitefish are year-round for Upper Peninsula fishermen, herring provide th hectic and hazardous action. The midwinter season i and severe—three or four hard-bitten weeks of lashin blizzards, bitter cold and sometimes sudden death a aster, as hardy fishermen gather millions of herrin the huge schools that gather to spawn on the ree shoals off Keweenaw's southeastern shores.

Keweenaw fishermen are a tough and colorful lot are mostly second and third generation Finns wh managed to retain their nationalistic identity, custor language since their ancestors came to this land yea to fish, farm and work in the forests and the deep mines.

They need to be hardy and brave.

The 1943 herring season got off to a heartbreakin with the worst storm in thirty years, just as the run v ginning. A three-day howler, sweeping across 200 n icy lake, washed so much sand into harbors and po huge dredges had to be hired in a hurry to clear the v the boats, while docks and other equipment were damaged and some ports were made useless.

When the run was at its height, a lashing 55-mi stopped it almost entirely, forcing most of the fisher pull their nets and run for their lives.

Bigger and Better Herring in Season's First Ca

The 1944 season on herring opened a week late the warmer weather. However, the fishermen were when their first netting showed that the herring we ning larger in size. The Michigan Conservation I ment's figures for the total catch of herring in all thre —Huron, Michigan and Superior—are 7,249,190 pou

But the price went even below the 1943 ceiling o cents per pound, despite the fact that OPA regulation lifted, and no ceiling price was imposed for "herring round." The reason for this is believed to be the fa big city packers, a month before the 1944 run started, carry-over of 2,500,000 pounds of lake herring. Ne less packing went on full blast, with the Army taking the same amount as the year before, and three filleting operating to provide frozen fillets.

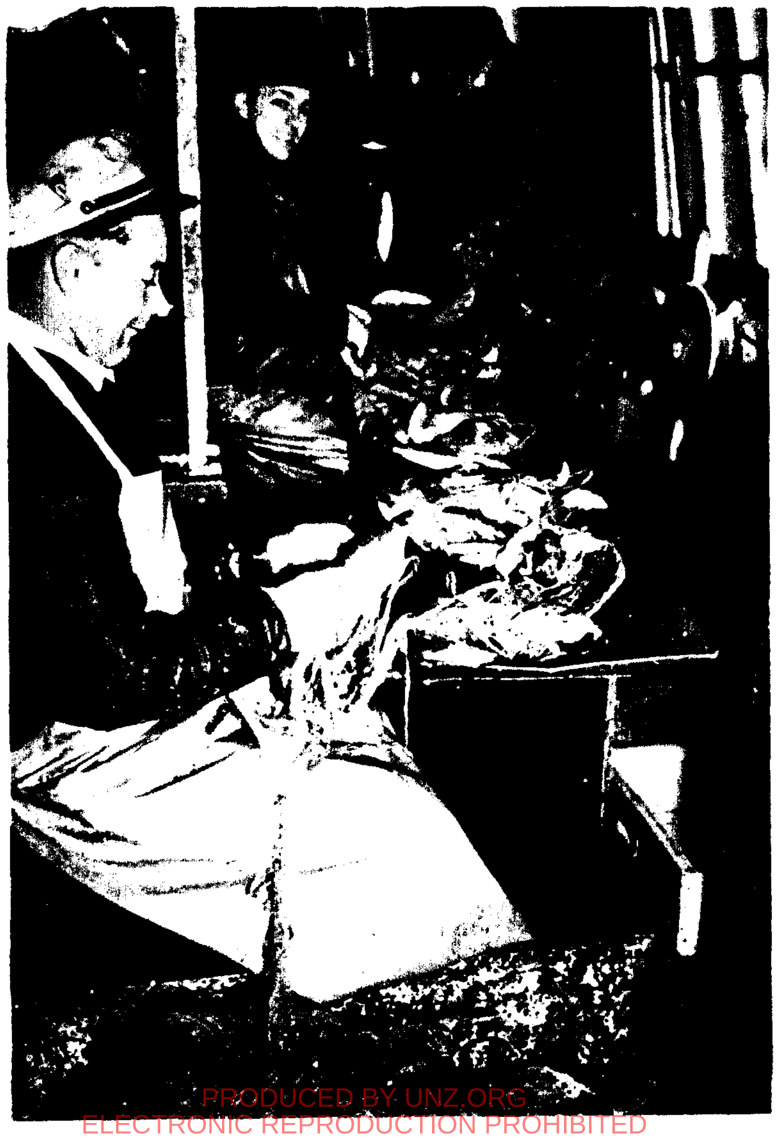
A midwinter trip to the Big Lake with Captain Tormala, out of Portage Entry, is an unforgettable ence. His boat, the Superior, is a 35-footer, with beam, enclosed against the weather from stem to metal-sheathed to combat ice. It is owned by Captain and his brother, Aldrick, manned by a Finnish crew

The Superior leaves port before dawn in the teet knifing gale, with snow driving before it. The boat several gangs of 40 nets, each 250 feet long, 35 to 40 wide, fitted with buoys and anchors. Thrust out f hatch near the bow is the bristle-toothed "lifter"— powered—that drags up the loaded nets. A barrel of has been heated, it will be thrown on the lifter to from freezing. Amidships is a roaring fire in a tiny st which always simmers a pot of *kaffi*, the superb Finni fee.

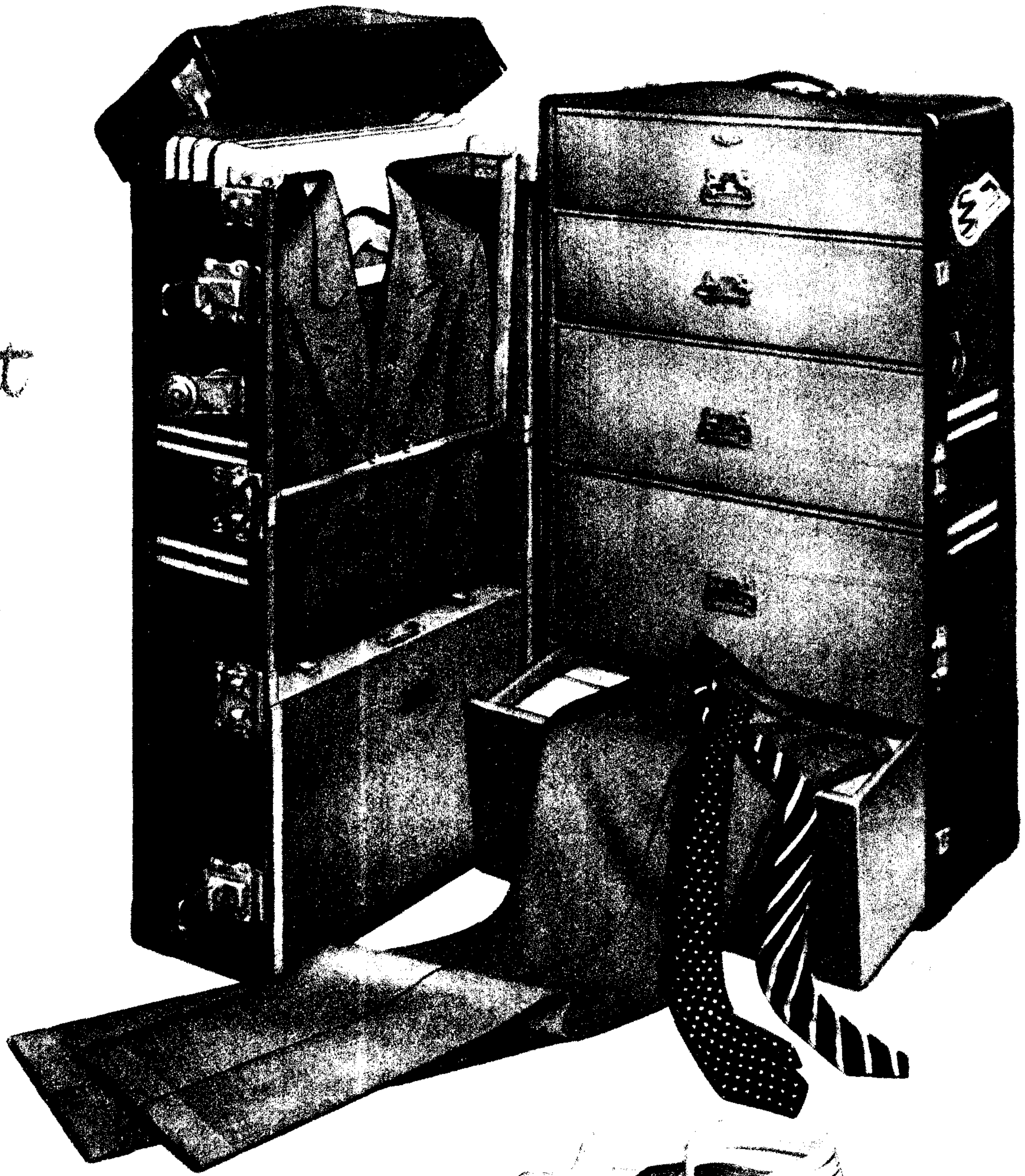
Captain Tormala heads into the hammering, po waves and screaming wind which toss the boat badly ing his course for his chosen reef. Inside, the crew h stove and hang on. An hour or more of this, and hatch is opened—and the icy blast roars in.

Out go the buoys, as tall as a man, anchors, and th nets, unfolding from their trough. Down they g fathoms, the legal limit of depth. Nets are of Sea cotton and cost $500 to $600 per gang for materials The fishermen weave them and they handle them wit care.

"Paava!" growls a veteran crewman, which is a F "hello" to the cold and tumultuous winds. "We get



At far left: Aldrick Tormala mans the lifter cylinde pulls up the nets with their load of herring from K naw Bay, Lake Superior. At left: Captain Henry mala, of the boat Superior, picks herring out of th



A good detective might "see" a man this way

He's about five feet nine (because those trousers in his trunk have an inseam of 30 inches)

He weighs about 155 pounds (because the waistband of those trousers measures 32 inches)

He's light-haired, blue-eyed (the colors of his shirts and ties make that a pretty safe bet)

He's suave, well mannered (his fine, custom-made shoes would indicate that)

He's cultured, well educated (you can be sure of that by glancing at the books he's reading)

He's a keen judge of good whiskey (a very simple deduction. That bottle of Walker's DeLuxe Bourbon is a complete giveaway)

HIRAM WALKER
SINCE 1858
LEE'S LIEUTENANTS
DOUGLAS SOUTHALL FREEMAN
Distillers Since 1858
Walker's DeLuxe
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
Distilled by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc. Peoria, Illinois
Faith, Reason & Civilization
Harold J. Laski

Walker's DeLuxe These two words mean a **great** straight bourbon

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GLYCO-THYMOLINE

silli (herring) maybe. Plenty *raha* (money)—maybe."

It takes several hours to set the four long miles of gangs—some big boats set twice as many—and we head back to port for a big meal of fresh herring—or as a special treat, lake trout baked in a pit of hot stones, or whitefish, fresh or smoked.

Next morning, we head out for our reef again. There is a heavy swell from the previous blow, and the wind is rising with the sun. Sharp snow pellets hammer at the hatches and glass windows as we plow out to see how many tons will be lifted that day.

Over the nets, a hatch is opened, and the first net is hooked to the curved teeth on the lifter cylinder. The motor is started, and the net begins to rise with its load of herring caught by the gills—a flopping, squirming, shimmering bouquet of fish. They roll in over the cylinder, and the crewmen grab them hand over hand and "choke" them free, tossing them into wooden boxes. They work at mad speed, barehanded in the icy gale.

These Finns, among the best fishermen in the world, will handle 20,000 to 30,000 fish, one by one, in a day's *haula* (haul).

On this particular day our 5-man crew took in four tons of herring. One day last winter, 32 tons were delivered at the Great Lakes Fisheries packing plant. We also *karistaa*—that is, set the nets for tomorrow—and paying out these miles of web from a pitching boat in a blizzard, near dark, is something to give a Gloucesterman pause.

At the home dock, trucks are waiting, and the catch is hurried off to the packing plant at Houghton or Hancock or one of the smaller ports, to be cleaned, boned, filleted, day or night, and then quick-frozen for shipment to the Army Quartermaster Department. A by-product of packing is delicious herring roe—as good as Russian caviar.

Michigan's big lake trout are taken in nets, by trolling and by bobbing through holes in the ice. The ice angler is a human polar bear, scorning the huts and stoves used elsewhere. His only shelter—if any—is a tiny triangle of canvas set up to the wind.

Many an ice angler—sometimes whole squads of them—is carried out on drifting floes. Some drown, and thrilling rescues are common, the fishing boats crashing through the ice to get to the marooned men, with the Coast Guard racing to help.

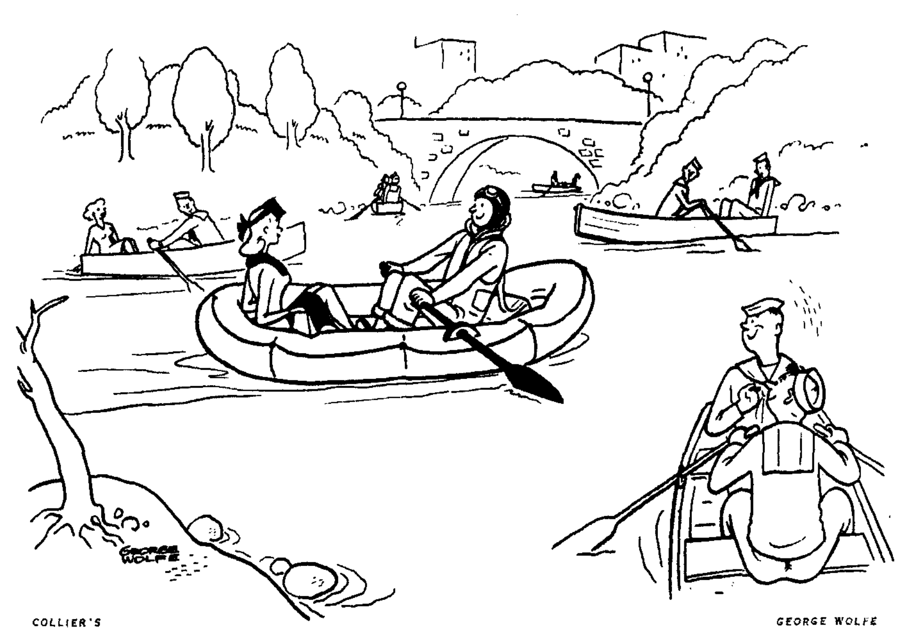
Lake trout caught through the ice run up to 25 or 30 pounds, but the biggest are taken by deep trolling in summer. Many 50-pounders have been taken by sports fishermen, and a commercial fisherman once brought in a 56-pounder.

Deep lake trolling for trout has become a national sport, and Keweenaw held the first National Trout Derby in 1941, with 1,200 entries, a colorful two-week fiesta that will be resumed after the war.

Lake Superior leads all the lakes in big trout. It yielded the first seven of ten prize winners in the Field & Stream contest for 1941 and 1942. The biggest lake trout entered in the 1944 contest, 53 pounds, came from Lake Superior, and an even larger one, 54½ pounds, was caught but not entered. Commercial catches of trout in Keweenaw waters have jumped from 45,323 pounds in 1940 to over half a million pounds annually in the past four years.

"All very fine," says the Finnish fisherman, "I'll take herring."

THE END



COLLIER'S GEORGE WOLFE

Any Week

Continued from page 4

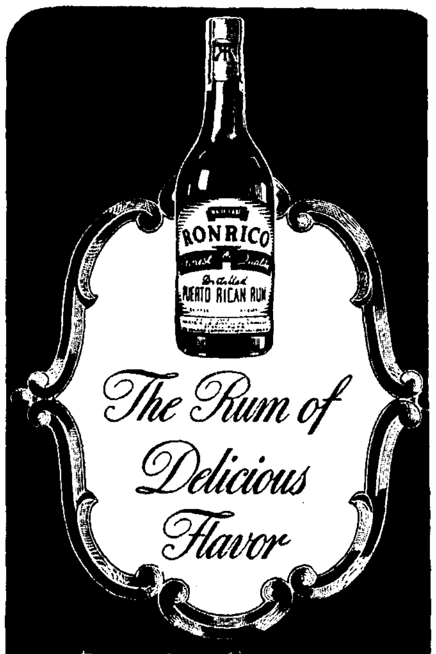
winning the war when our all-too-alert readers began to sound off. By wire and telephone they're demanding that radio commentators, state legislators, ticket speculators, night-club operators, hotel clerks with no rooms, tobacconists with no cigarettes, lobbyists, mayors and even columnists be put on ice for the duration. And we've just heard from an un-American wretch who thinks that all future profits to manufacturers of war matériel be declared out of bounds, too.

WE MUST regretfully report that Quentin Reynolds did not bring back that Jap he captured in the Pacific. Both had been in the jungle a little too long. "One of us smelled awful," says Mr. Reynolds, "and both agreed to part without further argument."

THIS department is foolish enough to like the story of a soldier who wandered from theater lobby to theater lobby in New York asking in ringing tones: "Anybody here from Painter, Wyoming?" After he had done this several nights, a Red Cross lady accosted him. "You poor boy," said she, "you must be very homesick. Maybe we can help you." Said he brightly, "Oh, that's okay. I feel fine. I'm from Lawrence, Massachusetts, myself." Said she: "Then why—" Said he even more cheerfully: "Oh, I just wanted to know if there was anybody around from Painter, Wyoming."

ARRIVING late at night in his New York hotel, Mr. Cord H. Thewie of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, was about to enter the wrong room when a passing bellboy warned him. "Sorry, sir, that's a conference room. Big meeting going on." Mr. Thewie wanted to know what sort of a meeting could be in session so late. "I'm not sure, sir," said the young man. "Some kind of big shots in there finding out how to blame the German breakthrough in France on the C.I.O."

AND a very significant letter from a Mr. Hatchaway in Ogden, Utah. Here it is from beginning to end. "Sirs: Just got my Collier's. The man was right." . . . W. D.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Easy Street

Continued from page 21

Father coming down the street from work and I saw that he had someone with him. I might have seen all that would happen by the way Father was walking, for he was breezing along, swinging his arms, and he had his hat and coat off. Also there was a cat walking along with them, but I didn't think anything of it at the time. I was trying to make out who the stranger was.

He was a tall man, and thin. He wore a wisp of a brown felt hat over one ear at an angle I had seen only in the movies on race track touts or millionaires. It was twilight and I couldn't see much else. Perhaps Father was bringing home the president of the railroad? I stood up, but as they came closer I knew.

It was a tramp. His coat and trousers were wrinkled and spotted, but they had a style. He walked up the street like a leaf blowing and the cat stalked beside him.

Father was on the loose! And so soon. Even then I was glad that Mr. Johnson was safely in his own house behind his own scrim curtains, perhaps reading the paper that he always brought home so carefully creased. For Mother had asked Mr. Johnson to keep an eye on me. Mr. Johnson admired Mother, I knew that. He liked the trimness of Mother in her polka-dotted percale housedresses, he approved of the scalloped borders of mignonette and dwarf marigolds in her garden. He probably felt that she had made a mistake about Father, and, of course, she knew he thought these things. Mr. Johnson was safe as a church and when he said he would keep an eye on me he meant it!

"Nora, my dear," Father said, coming up the walk with the tramp, "this is my friend, Mr. Brown. He's going to stay with us for a few days."

I drew back and looked at my father in a way I had seen Mother do, but there must have been something lacking. It didn't have any effect.

Mr. Brown had picked up the cat. "A love of a cat," said Mr. Brown. "A little black love. Cats are psychic," he said to me. "They can tell what you're thinking."

"Can they?" I said, but I had to laugh because Mr. Brown knew, too, what I had been thinking.

"Come in, Nora," Father said. "Time for dinner and a saucer of milk for the cat!"

That was the first of the evenings Mr. Brown spent with us and it was a fairly conventional evening. After dinner they talked of railroading about which they both knew a great deal, from different points of view, of course. Mr. Brown had been all over the west riding the rods, and he knew all the main lines and spur tracks from here to California. When he came into Conorra, though, he didn't have to be riding the rods. He could rest on top of the boxcars as all the tramps did hereabouts because they knew that Father wouldn't have them put off.

"You are known, Mr. Killorin," the tramp said, "from here to Portland, and known favorably!" He meant among the tramps, naturally. I wondered if it was a compliment. Mother wouldn't have thought so!

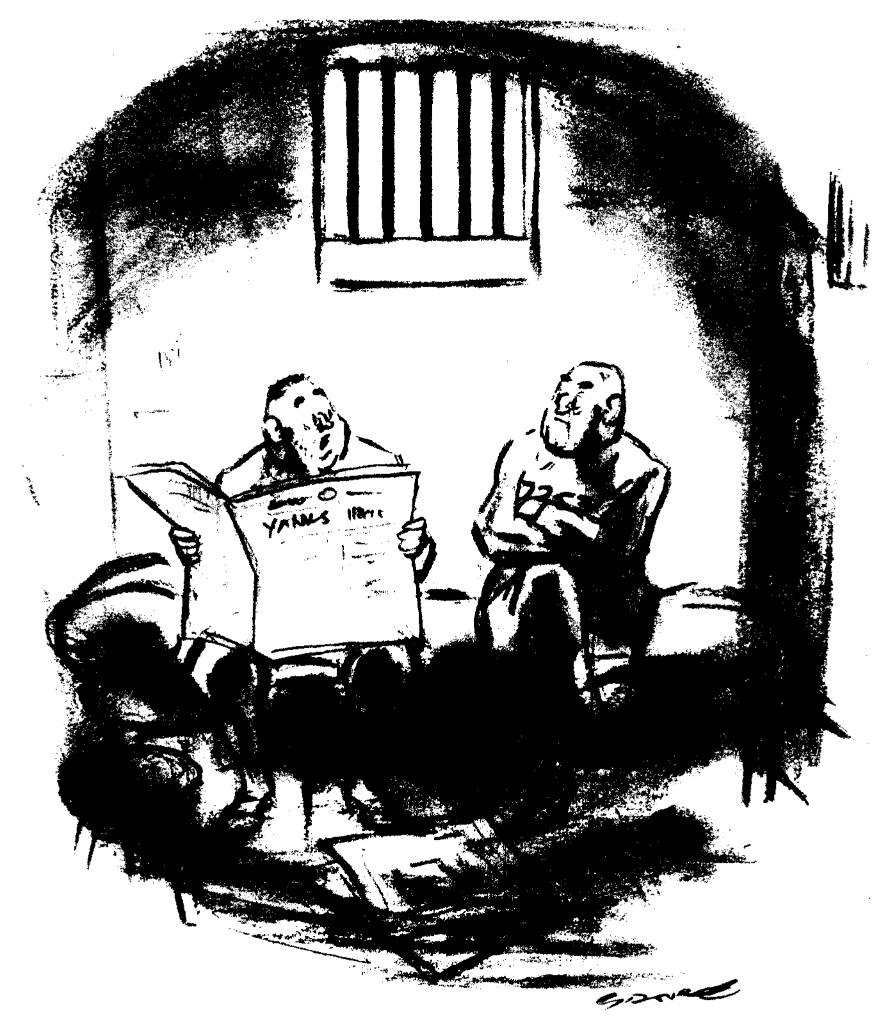
But I had always loved to watch the tramps come rolling into Conorra on the tops of the red boxcars. Some were on their stomachs with newspapers under their heads for pillows, and some were on their backs with their toes turned up. These last made a better silhouette against the sky and I imagined that Mr. Brown was of that type. As I say, he had a certain style.

WELL, that was the first night, and although the cat sat on the davenport, the house still had the milky sheen of order over it that Mother always kept. I didn't know yet what Mr. Brown would do to us. I didn't know that he had a hypnotic effect on cats. I didn't know that our front porch roof was so made that a cat could get up on it just like nothing but could not get down by itself under any circumstances. In fact there was a great deal I didn't know.

"I'll sleep in the yard," Mr. Brown said. "I prefer it. Better air."

I watched him curl down on the ground by Mother's marigold beds. He had a blanket. We insisted on that.

"Good night," I said, and then I thought of Mr. Johnson who always came to admire



COLLIER'S "Well, what *are* we going to do with the Germans? What *can* you do with people like that?" LEONARD DOVE

"WHY DOESN'T MOMMY STAY HOME ANY MORE?"

That's a difficult thing to explain to a youngster. The answer is her Mother has to go out and work now in order to maintain a comfortable home, because the benefits she receives from Social Security are not enough even for her minimum needs. This little girl's Daddy, in a vague sort of way, overestimated the amount of the benefits which Social Security would provide, and failed to supplement these benefits with an adequate amount of life insurance. He didn't translate his vague ideas into specific facts about "dollars and cents."

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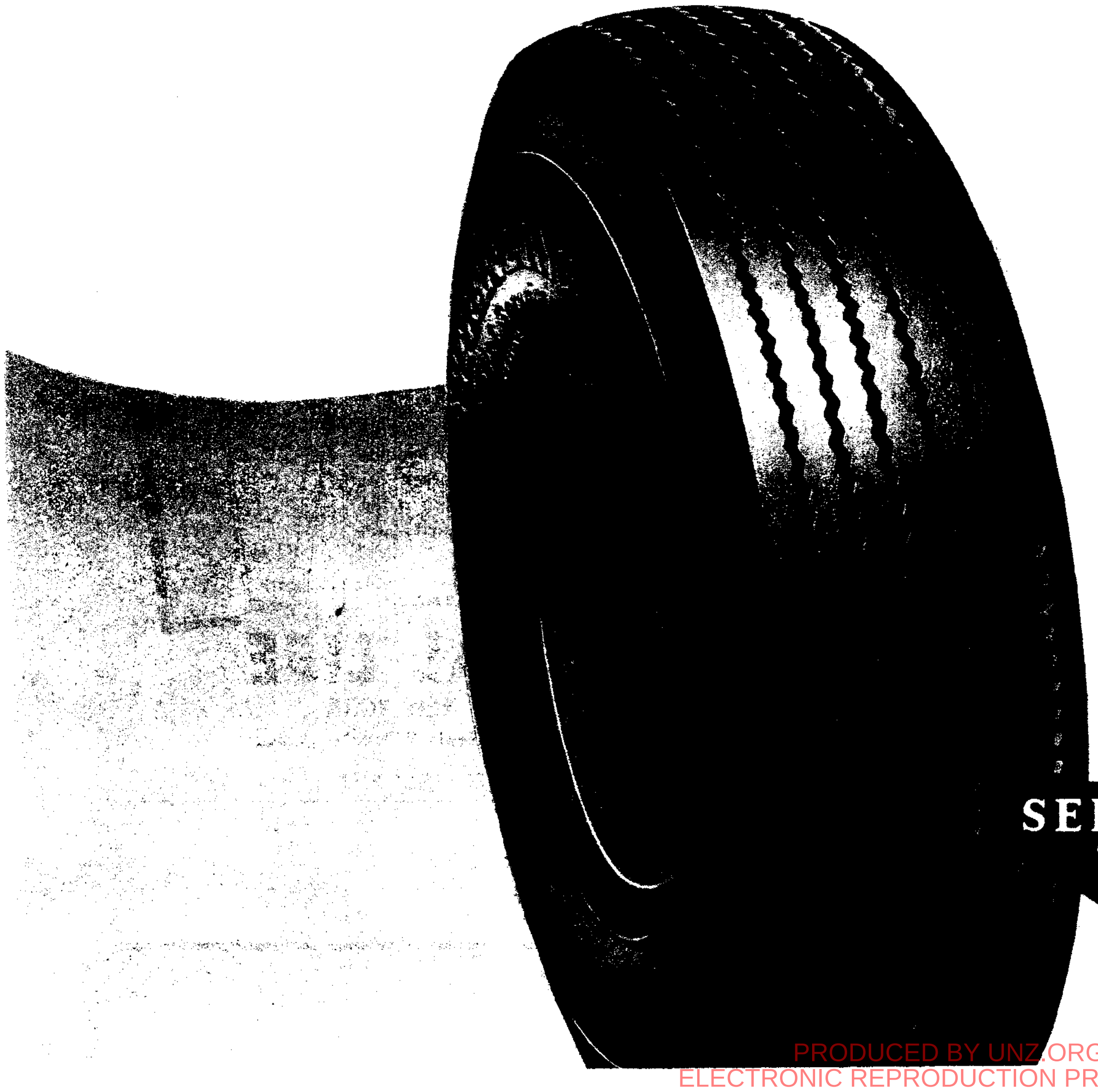

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Iother's marigold beds the first thing in the iorning.

In the morning two things happened that idn't usually happen. Father told me to rder a case of beer at the grocery store and ie cat was on the front porch roof. Mr. rown was in front, too, attempting to get ie cat down. Mr. Johnson was in back adiiring the marigolds. I went outside at once ecause I knew that Mr. Johnson wouldn't ay in the back yard very long. He was too irious. I rather liked the cat just then beiuse he had been the means of taking Mr. rown out of the back yard before Mr. Johnon saw him sleeping there.

"A lovely cat," said Mr. Brown, looking ward the roof. "A proud and fur-trimmed it!"

"How will he get down?" I said.

"That's what we must figure out," said Ir. Brown. "It will take time."

But it didn't. There was a bushel basket y the steps and I picked it up and held it up s high as I could and the cat jumped into it. Ir. Brown called out "Bravo," Father came the door and waved a dishtowel, and just ien Mr. Johnson came around the corner of ie house and I noticed for the first time the ay he looked at us. I remembered quite a w things that I had promised Mother I ould do when she was away, and this wasn't ne of them. Not at all!

UR days fell into a pattern while Mr. Brown was with us. After breakfast Faier went to work and Mr. Brown left the ouse, too. But not to go to work. I don't now where he went. He never said, but he ouldn't stand the house and he didn't like ie yard very well, either. But the house ally seemed to frighten him and he got out s fast as he could in the mornings. The cat llowed him away. The cat followed him ack at night.

"It's something," he said, "out of the air— ut of the past. I see a cat, the cat sees me. he cat follows me. It has always been so."

Father was regarding the cat, and he said iddenly, "It has a sour expression. Let's ill it Drummond!"

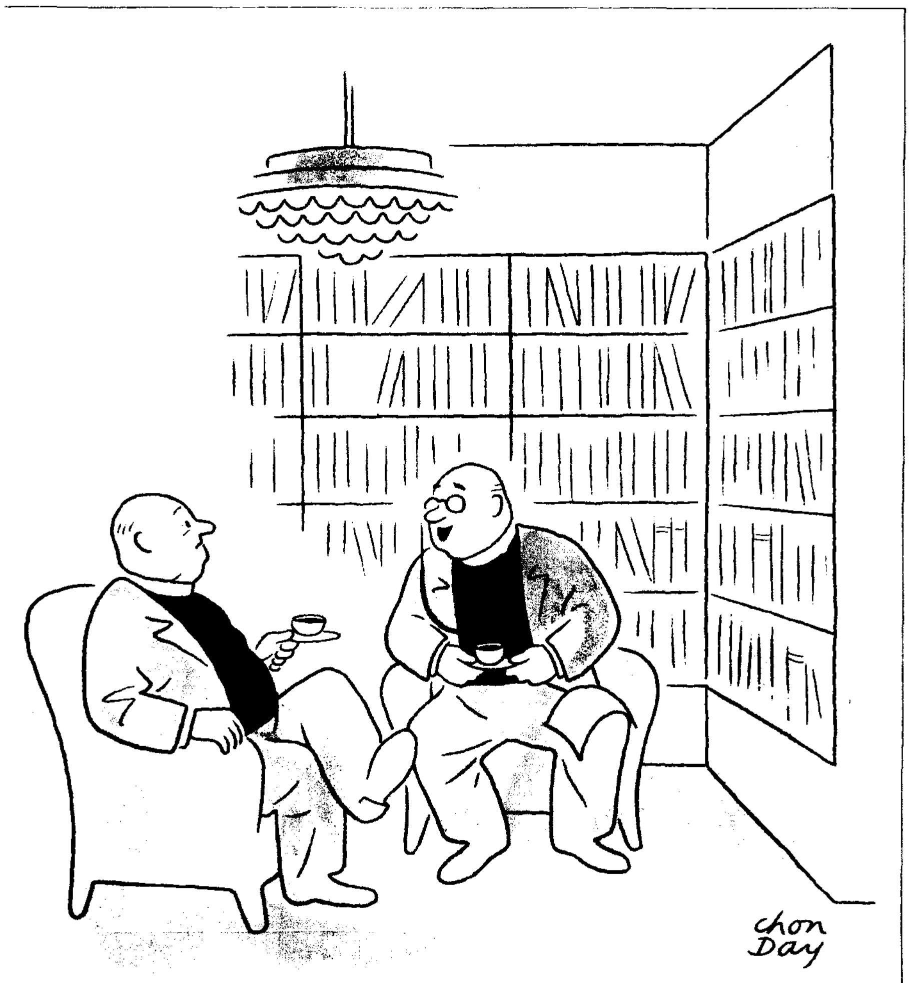
We were sitting at the table after dinner ien, and Father and Mr. Brown were having ome beer. They hadn't begun yet to play ibbage to see who would take charge of the it. This night they were just chatting, and Ir. Brown had been trying on some of Father's clothes to see how he would look if he were respectable. He had on Father's best suit and shoes. The suit that Mother had made Father buy because she was so sure that he would get the promotion.

I looked at the suit and I remembered how carefully Mother had picked it out. Now the cat, Drummond, was sitting on the knee of the pants. It did have a sour expression, and Mr. Drummond did, too—I had seen him once—but Father would never have named a cat for Mr. Drummond if Mother had been there. I began to feel very uneasy. Were things going too far? What would Mother say to me if I let Father disintegrate while she was gone? What if he did something while under the influence of the tramp that would make him lose the promotion? How long was the tramp going to stay? Why was Mr. Johnson peering out of his window into our house as we sat there?

I went to the window and, after nodding to Mr. Johnson, I pulled the blind down.

Three days had passed in this way when Father had the fight with Mr. Drummond. To speak about the fight, I have to speak about Mr. Brown and the effect he was having on Father while he stayed with us. It was very noticeable. Mr. Brown was opening Father up, making him expand. Mr. Brown made life so simple that you forgot how complicated it was. With Mr. Brown it was a matter of eating once in a while, of sleeping, and he felt that sleeping outside was by far the best way of life, and also of getting cats. Since getting cats was for Mr. Brown as easy as breathing there was nothing difficult about any of it. Father began to feel this and in such a mood he was perhaps not capable of dealing with Mr. Drummond who was a detail man, as full of the sense of time as a wrist watch. Father and Mr. Drummond had always had fundamental differences and now with the tramp to bring Father into full bloom it came out in the open.

On the night of the fight I found Father standing in front of Mother's picture in the bedroom. Mr. Brown hadn't come in for dinner yet and Drummond was out in the yard waiting for him. I could tell that something was wrong with Father. He picked up the picture that showed Mother in her best suit with a fox fur over her knees. No one could tell that it was a very old fur. She was holding it carefully so the worn spots didn't show. She was so pretty and she liked things nice.



COLLIER'S "Have you read any bad books lately?" CHON DAY

"Your mother, Nora," said Father slowly, "shouldn't have left us this time."

"She didn't want to," I said.

"No, she didn't," Father said. "I believe I won't get the new job she was counting on."

Well, it turned out that Mr. Drummond had ordered Father to clear the railroad yards of tramps and to keep them clear henceforth, and that Father had called Mr. Drummond a cotton-brained old busybody. We stood there looking at Mother's picture and it didn't seem as though Father could possibly have the job now. I knew how Mother would feel. It wasn't that she wanted everything. She wanted only a few things that everyone else took for granted, a new washing machine and the dining-room furniture refinished.

"She thought it would put us on Easy Street," Father said, and I knew that he was sorry. I heard Drummond howling down in the yard and it sounded very dismal. Mr. Brown must be coming along.

Father heard it. "Don't mention this in front of him," he said. "It might make him feel bad since it was about tramp-transients, you know."

But Mr. Brown came in as light as a dust mote, as easy as a puff of wind, and this time he told us where he had been. He had taken a short trip on top of a boxcar over to Mayburg and he was able to tell Father all about the shipping there.

We had dinner as usual and we didn't mention the fight. I think that Mr. Brown knew that something had changed, however, because he was restless. Drummond felt it. He sat watching Mr. Brown, although usually Drummond lay as relaxed as a fur rug when Mr. Brown was in the house.

"This cat," Mr. Brown said. "Something will have to be done with it sometime."

It was true. I had thought of the same thing myself.

"Don't you ever keep a cat yourself?" I asked, "for your own? Until it dies?"

"No," Mr. Brown said. "I lighten their lives in passing you might say. Then I leave them at a creamery. It's the perfect place for a cat. There are always rats at a creamery, and there is always milk. Makes a perfect diet for a cat. I've thought it all out."

He went to the windows and threw them up. He looked far out down the road. He tapped his feet on the floor. I thought he might jump out the window then and be away, but he was only thinking of it.

"Let's play cribbage," he said to Father, "to see who takes the cat to the creamery."

So they started to play. The cards slapped the table, Drummond prowled, and once or twice I thought I saw Mr. Johnson standing at his window with a pair of field glasses. I was drowsy and I thought of Easy Street. It didn't seem to be anywhere at all and yet I thought that Mr. Brown knew where it was. I thought that Father had glimpsed it, but he didn't guide himself by that, and I thought that Mother's idea of Easy Street was a different thing entirely.

IT MUST have been while I was drowsing there that Drummond got outside and ran away. Drummond was sensitive and if Mr. Brown had said that he was going to leave him at a creamery Drummond would know it and do something.

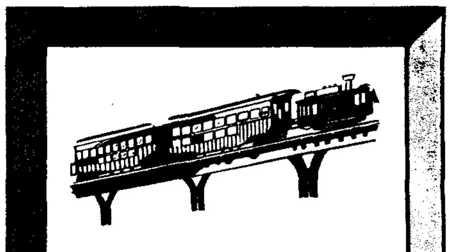
When the game was over Mr. Brown missed Drummond. Mr. Brown had won and that meant that Father would have to dispose of the cat. Mr. Brown went upstairs. He came down wearing Father's best suit again and the glittering shoes. He looked fine, he looked like a million dollars, but he was concerned about Drummond.

"When did he go out?" he said.

"I didn't notice," I said.

"We must go out and look for him."

He and I went. Father didn't have the heart for it. Outside, it was a wonderful night with patches of smoky fog lying across the cattails in the swamp across the street. The elm trees threw shadows like black ink and low in the sky hung a moon as big as a washtub and as golden as a squash. Around us as we walked we could hear the low moaning of cats. I think that every cat in Conorra was out that night and a lot had come in from the neighboring towns. They hung together on back fences and separated with a



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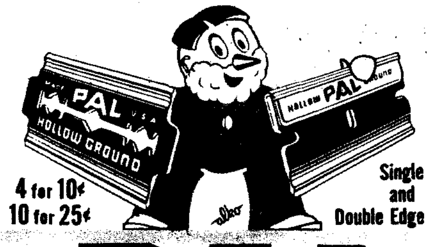

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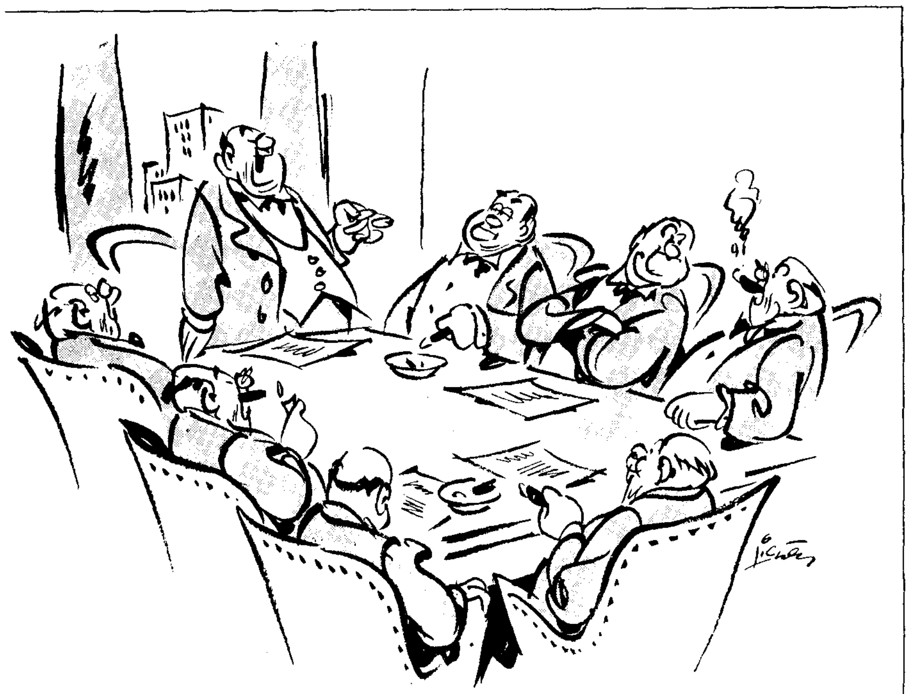


"I have just discovered, gentlemen, that our trusted treasurer, Mr. Terwilliger, has been dabbling in Wall Street and has cleared a million net. I suggest we fire him immediately and make him a member of the firm"

COLLIER'S GEORGE LICHTY

'een gleam of eyes. Silver needles of claws ɪg into flower gardens. They sat on fence ɔsts with their paws doubled under them ‹e feather pillows and their tails curled .sh-like around them.

We didn't see Drummond. We walked 'ound the square blocks where in the moon- ght the cement was covered with a frost : tiny diamonds. Few people were out. It as late. Walking ahead of us was one man noking a cigar. In the middle of the block e saw Drummond under a bush. He saw s, too, but he didn't move.

"Hi, Drummond!" Mr. Brown called.

The man smoking the cigar turned around. he cat crawled under the bushes.

"Eh?" the man said, stopping and waiting ɔr us—and horrors!—it was Mr. Drum- ıond, the general superintendent. It was ather's boss, Mr. Drummond! I stopped reathing and I thought of Mother and Mr. ɔhnson and the beer bottles under the sink : home. I thought of Father and the new ɪb that he wouldn't get, and I wondered hat Mr. Drummond would do to the job ather had now after this. For Mr. Drum- ıond had the power to do anything, and I new it wouldn't be good!

Mr. Brown walked forward without losɪg a step. "I am just calling my cat, that's all," he said, and he said it in a loud voice.

There was a silence. I could see the cat's paws under the bush. I could see Mr. Drummond's eyeballs as his eyes flew open.

Then with a noise like a small paper bag being exploded, Mr. Drummond started to laugh. He almost strangled on it, "A kidder, eh?" he said to Mr. Brown. "Just calling my cat—ha ha—that's very good? Railroad man?" He slapped Mr. Brown on the back. "Must be. Your daughter? Well, well!"

You never had to answer Mr. Drummond. That was one of the things Father objected to about him. He thought he knew it all. He fell into step beside us and there was nothing to do but walk along with him.

"What line you with?" Mr. Drummond asked. "Milwaukee? N. P.?"

"Neither," Mr. Brown said. "I don't stick to any one of them."

Mr. Drummond was impressed. "Maybe that's a good idea," he said. "Appreciate you more if you're independent. You an old-timer?"

"Thirty years," Mr. Brown said.

Mr. Drummond glanced at Father's suit, bit the end off a cigar, offered one to Mr. Brown. "Must do pretty well?"

"Pretty well."

Mr. Drummond was taking Mr. Brown for a railroad big shot. He had taken the suit and the shoes and the distinction of Mr. Brown and turned them all over in his mind to make Mr. Brown out a big shot. This was true, but not quite in the way Mr. Drummond thought.

"Good railroad men are hard to find," said Mr. Drummond. "I'm looking for one now."

That was the job everyone in Conorra had thought Father would have—until the fight.

"Mr. Killorin here is a good man," said Mr. Brown. "I've heard about him in railroad circles as far away as Portland." I knew what he meant, but Mr. Drummond did not!

"Killorin?" Mr. Drummond said. "H'mmm—hot-tempered."

"Spirited," Mr. Brown said.

Mr. Drummond cleared his throat. "Take yourself," he said to Mr. Brown. "You seem like a steady man. Why not come in and talk to me? We might fix something up."

Mr. Brown stiffened, and it was right then and there that I saw how you get on Easy Street if you're the kind for it. He didn't draw a breath. He didn't wink an eyelash.

"I couldn't consider it, sir," said Mr. Brown.

I heard him in amazement. Mr. Brown needed a job if anyone did. But Mr. Brown was frightened. He was as frightened now as I had been at first. That was queer.

Mr. Drummond turned away at the next corner after inviting Mr. Brown to come down and look over the railroad yards as his guest the next day. We found the cat at our heels, but I had forgotten the cat. I wanted to talk to Mr. Brown.

But he picked up the cat and crooned to it. "A darling," he said, "a little black love."

"Mr. Brown," I said, "didn't you want—"

"I've got to get out of here," Mr. Brown said. "That was risky."

"Mr. Brown," I said, "why—?"

"Gosh!" Mr. Brown said. "He almost offered me a job! In another minute he might have offered me a job!"

He held the cat to his breast like a protection, and the night was very still. I could hear Mr. Drummond's footsteps echoing far away and small. We were alone, Mr. Brown and I, and I felt all alone because of this—the thoughts that had been going through Mr. Brown's head when he was talking to Mr. Drummond must have been very different from the thoughts that went through mine as I listened.

MR. BROWN didn't want a job at all, and I had been thinking of Father and wishing that he hadn't called Mr. Drummond a cotton-brained old busybody, even if he was one. I felt alone because Mr. Brown lived on Easy Street with his worn clothes and his crazy hat and a cat forever at his heels. I didn't know how to be there with him. I had been raised all wrong for it!

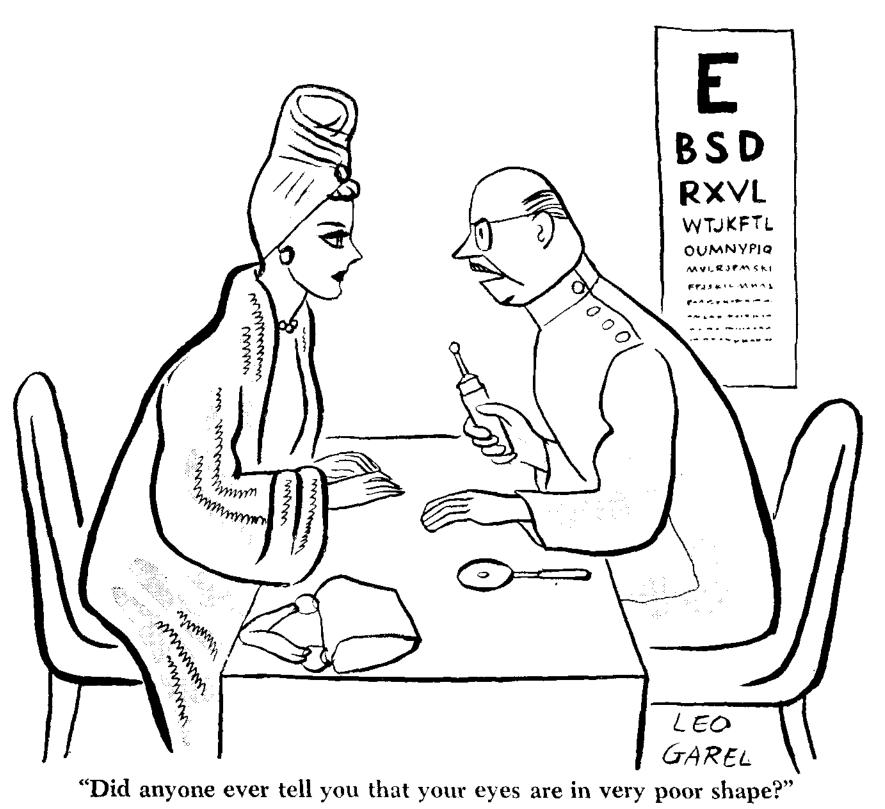
When we got near home, Mr. Johnson was standing in the street looking for me. "I promised your mother," he said. "It's too late for you to be out!" But Mr. Johnson was also a very curious man. "Say," he said to Mr. Brown, "I've been wondering—if it isn't too much to ask—who are you?"

"I'm a railroad man," said Mr. Brown, "retired!"

Mr. Brown left the next day, and Father and I had a busy time because Mother wired she was coming in on Number 4 that night, and we had to take Drummond to the creamery and fix the house up before she got home. Mr. Johnson helped me with the house, and later it got all over town that Father had been entertaining a railroad big shot and that they had lived very well while he was there. Mr. Johnson meant the beer, I think.

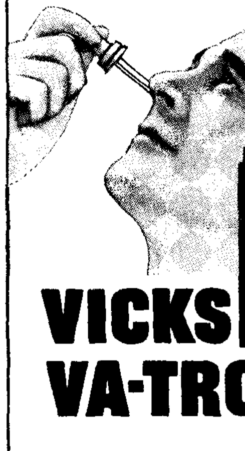
Father got the promotion, and there was more money in it, of course, and I could see right away that Mother thought we were living on Easy Street. But instead, I could see Easy Street vanishing into a faraway point on a dim horizon. It was bordered with wild roses like five-pointed stars, and the dust of it was soft as brown velvet. People were walking down it, too, but somehow I didn't think that I would ever walk there. For I remembered a cat on a roof and a tramp calling, but Mr. Johnson was coming down the walk and I had turned away.

THE END



"Did anyone ever tell you that your eyes are in very poor shape?"

COLLIER'S LEO GAREL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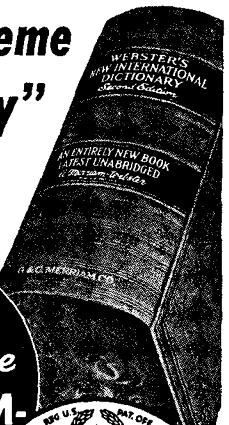
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Somewhere We'll Find You

Continued from page 23

bailed out over the wreck, strapped the engineer's back, hired native stretcher-bearers from a near-by village and personally led the party on a perilous three-week journey over the mountain passes back to India.

Curiously, wild animals are not a very serious menace. You can go for days in the jungle without seeing a single snake. The real dangers to downed fliers are the malaria mosquitoes, the ticks, the ever-present jungle leeches, which could bleed wounded men to death (the only way to remove them is to jab them with the lighted butt of your cigarette). The leopards and the great man-eating tigers leave the average jungle traveler alone; though there is a disconsolate report at ATC headquarters, filed by a luckless pilot who was gored in the rump by a wild elephant. He has the scars to prove it, he says.

There are fantastic tales told by these survivors who make their way back after weary days and weeks on the trail. Typical is the day-by-day diary kept by Sergeant Ernest D. Barnes, engineer on a crashed C-87.

"I was sitting opposite the cargo door," Barnes' diary says, "with Sergeant Flannigan directly behind me. Just before the crash, the plane went into a sharp pull up, the left motor cut out, and the left wing dipped. In the crash, Sergeant Flannigan was thrown completely over me. Immediately after the crash, I jumped out of the plane, expecting it to explode. The right motor was on fire. I went back into the plane and pulled Sergeant Flannigan out of the plane. I had to move several rice sacks to get him out. He was not unconscious, but dazed and helpless.

"Fire had broken out inside of the plane, and the cargo was burning. I went back into the plane and tried to get the radio operator. His body was in flames and I was unable to get it. I could not find the crew chief. The entire load had been thrown to the front of the cabin against the bulkhead, and the crew chief must have been buried underneath it. The front end of the plane was smashed and burning, and I was unable to help anyone else.

"I laid Sergeant Flannigan out on a log that the plane had knocked down, went back in the plane and took out a cartridge belt with first-aid pouch, and the little first-aid kit. Sergeant Flannigan had had some teeth knocked out, and his ear was badly cut. I dressed his ear with the bandages from the first-aid pouch. I then thought of one parachute which had been in the back part of the cabin, and I went back in and found it. The entire inside of the cabin was burning now.

"As I worked, I heard the rescue ship circling overhead. With strips torn from the parachute, I spelled out the word HELP on the left wing. Thinking possibly this could not be seen from the air I climbed on the top of the burning fuselage and spelled out HELP US and then MAP.

"The circling plane dropped two parachute packs. One of these stuck in a tree and we were unable to get it, but the other contained blankets, rations, cigarettes, first-aid packet, flashlight and adhesive tape, and a quart of whisky, which came in very handy, and I'm not a drinking man!

"The fire had burned out in the tail end of the ship, so we slept there. We had seen some tracks which we believed to be elephant tracks. We managed to close the cargo door to keep out the cold wind, although the door had been sprung. The rice and cargo at the front of the cabin burned slowly all night. Cans of condensed milk in the cargo kept exploding throughout the night, and landed in the bushes with a rustling sound. I think I jumped each time I heard that rustle.

"February 19th: This morning we put out panels COME GET on top of the fuselage. Then we went out to get the second parachute pack which had lodged in a tree, about forty feet off the ground. I tied a stone to one end of a shroud line, and threw the stone through the shrouds hanging in the tree. One good yank, and the parapack came down. This pack contained blankets, a large first-aid medical kit with splints, extra bandages, maps with our location marked, two jungle knives and C-rations. From the maps, we knew we could eventually get out.

"The rescue ship came circling overhead again, and dropped a pack containing a small radio and extra batteries. I set up the radio according to the directions dropped with it, and was I glad to hear someone from the circling plane talking back to me! I was a happy man. Nothing—not even the whisky—gave us such a boost in morale.

"The plane asked us if we could live there for two weeks. I said we could but we sure didn't want to, and that both of us were able to travel. A flight surgeon in the plane gave me instructions over the radio for treating Sergeant Flannigan's ear. After they left, we heated C-rations for supper, and built a little campfire on the floor of the plane to keep us warm. Some of the cargo was still smoldering inside of the plane.

"February 20th: After breakfast of more C-rations, I went up into the burnt-out cockpit, and got two skulls and a few bones. These were scattered, and there was nothing recognizable as a skeleton. There was a little seared flesh recognizable as a part of a man's rump. I collected all I could find and buried them in a shallow hole about fifteen feet from the plane.

"The rescue plane returned today, and told us to take seven days' rations, plenty of matches and move downstream. Help was on the way, they said, and would meet us at S——. They dropped a marked map. Going downstream was pretty tough—the stream was about knee-deep, swift, and the rocks were very slippery. We stopped about 4:30, built a fire and bedded on the ground.

Natives to the Rescue

"February 22d: About 2 P.M. we ran into a straight gorge, where the water was quiet but about 15 or 20 feet deep. We tried to climb up and around the gorge, but the ledge pinched out, so we had to come back. Then we planned to build a bamboo raft large enough for one man, and line it down through the gorge with rope made by tying parachute shrouds together, and then go through one at a time. We just got back to the upper end of the gorge when four natives appeared. They took our packs and led us back upstream about half a mile, and on a trail up and over the ridges. They walked us until about 8 P.M. to reach a village, the first we had seen. Native women came out with torches to light our way into the village.

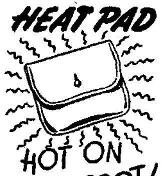
"We slept that night in a three-room *basha*, probably the headman's. The *basha* was built with bamboo-pole floors, several feet above the ground, and was very clean. There were three rooms, with sandboxes and open fires burning in them.

"The natives took wonderful care of us, and gave us their rice beer to drink, which was surprisingly good. Their friendliness continued to amaze us. Although we could not understand each other's speech, they showed great ability to interpret our sign language, and soon we were understanding theirs: a crooked index finger meant: 'We have to go over a mountain,' and crossed index fingers meant: 'We must cross a stream.' They guided us from the village and across the mountains to S——, where the rescue party was waiting with medical aid and a jeep. The enlisted men gave us their shoes to wear while ours were dried, and for the first time we slept in regular beds. The next day we started back to our base."

And so these men of the rescue unit work ceaselessly day after day to take the peril out of Himalayan flying: to locate the survivors of each jungle crash and bring 'em back alive. Over and over again a group of bedraggled airmen stumbles into some outpost in Assam, saved by the omnipresent mercy ship. So common are these rescues in Hump flying today that their squadron mates barely look up as the walkout party staggers in the door. "Look at them lucky guys," they mutter enviously, "drawing six dollars per diem for a month."

THE END

"Oh Lemuel—get the LIGHTNINGPAK!"



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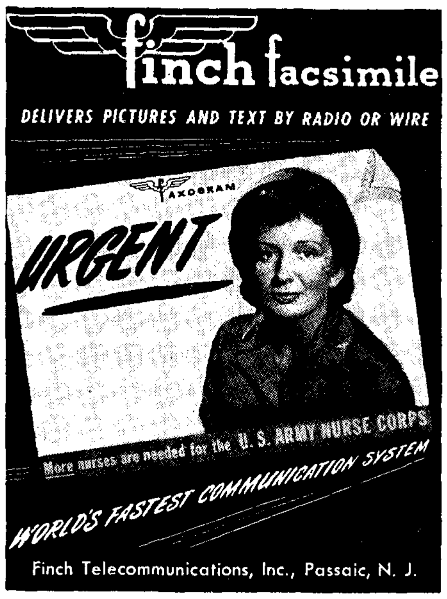
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LAWRENCE A. MONAHAN

Corey Ford be- a godfather—to amesake, Corey , son of Captain . (Chick) Snook

'NLIKE certain astrological publications which invite you to read "tomorrow's news today," Collier's does ιim to know the future. Nor do we t to explain the occult powers of our contributor, Major Corey Ford (co- with Captain Alastair MacBain of here We'll Find You, p. 22).

nonths, Corey has written pieces about v named Chick. When Corey first met Chick was an air cadet in Texas, and wrote of him, by nickname only, as of John Doe of the Air Forces, using eer to typify the experiences of flying Then Chick, in fact as well as in an met a girl named Pudge.

ourse they married, and Chick went off wars. Corey, rambling around the reported on Chick from time to time. a moment of prescience, he wrote that telephoned her husband across several nts announcing that she was about to baby.

ıe time of publication, so both Chick dge aver, the incipient baby was pure license on Corey's part, mentioned as one more typical experience of Air men. But nature, ever obliging to us Corey, came through shortly after son for our hero. We said "Gosh!" e major said that he'd be darned. But the fact.

his time, Chick, whose full name is ı C. N. Snook, was in India, and much ted. Being unable to pass out cigars on eat day, he delegated his duties to who chanced to be back in this coun- orey took train, tube, ferry, trolley and ıt to Mountain Lakes, New Jersey. ly passed out cigars, also brandy, and ed for the christening. The boy was Corey. Soon after, the major flew across the Pacific and presented the father with pictures of the happy hospital scene. Chick still hasn't seen his boy, but he has helped organize that new, that world-wide, that popular outfit called Ain't Never Seen My Baby Club.

Pudge, at this writing, is an avid Collier's reader. "I want," she says, "to be among the first to know, if we are going to have another baby."

THIS week's mail brought us several heartening compliments. Secretary of the Navy Forrestal, writing to Quentin Reynolds, praised the three-part article, America's Greatest Naval Battle, which was co-authored by Quent, George E. Jones, Frank D. Morris and Ralph Teatsorth. This article, Forrestal said, was big enough and good enough to deserve four by-lines.

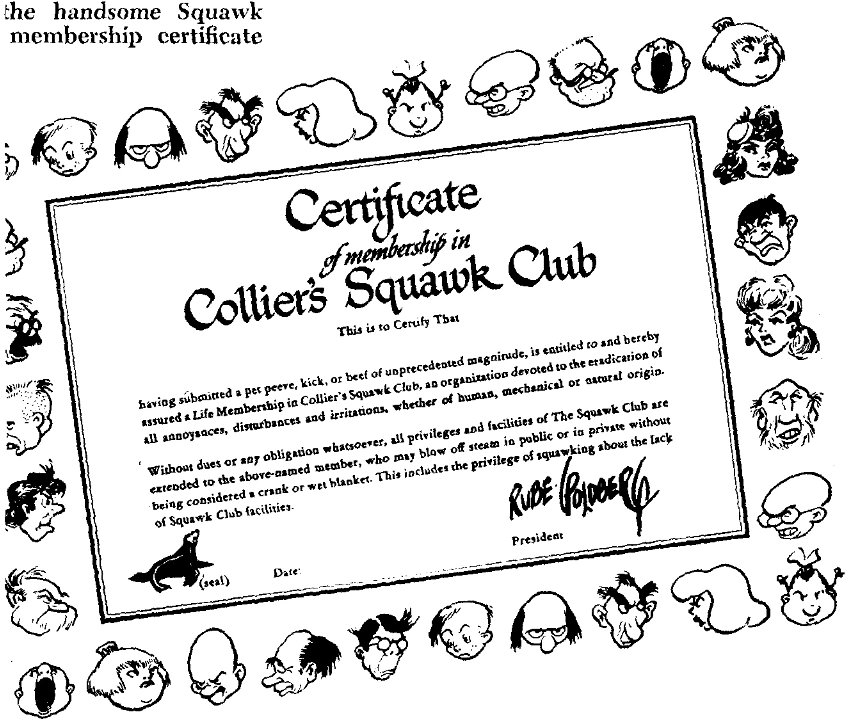
A Detroit resident tells us that the late Wendell Willkie's sympathetic article on Negroes is often quoted by that city's Negro leaders. "Such encouraging expressions by white leaders are a help in controlling our serious race problems," he says.

And up in Canada, the article Kyle Crichton wrote last year on the evils of wartime horse-racing is widely quoted as part of a campaign to close down Canadian tracks.

COLLIER'S Squawk Club grows and multiplies. You see on this page the certificate of membership that you, like hundreds of other disgruntled Collier's readers, will be entitled to, when and if you send in your most acute squawk.

Granted your beef is big enough, Rube Goldberg will illustrate it (as on page 59), and send you a signed, countersigned, sealed and decorated, if not gilt-edged, document of membership. . . . A. P.

Goldberg faces deco- the handsome Squawk membership certificate



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Collier's Squawk Club

This is to Certify That

having submitted a pet peeve, kick, or beef of unprecedented magnitude, is entitled to and hereby assured a *Life Membership* in Collier's Squawk Club, an organization devoted to the eradication of all annoyances, disturbances and irritations, whether of human, mechanical or natural origin.

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RUBE GOLDBERG
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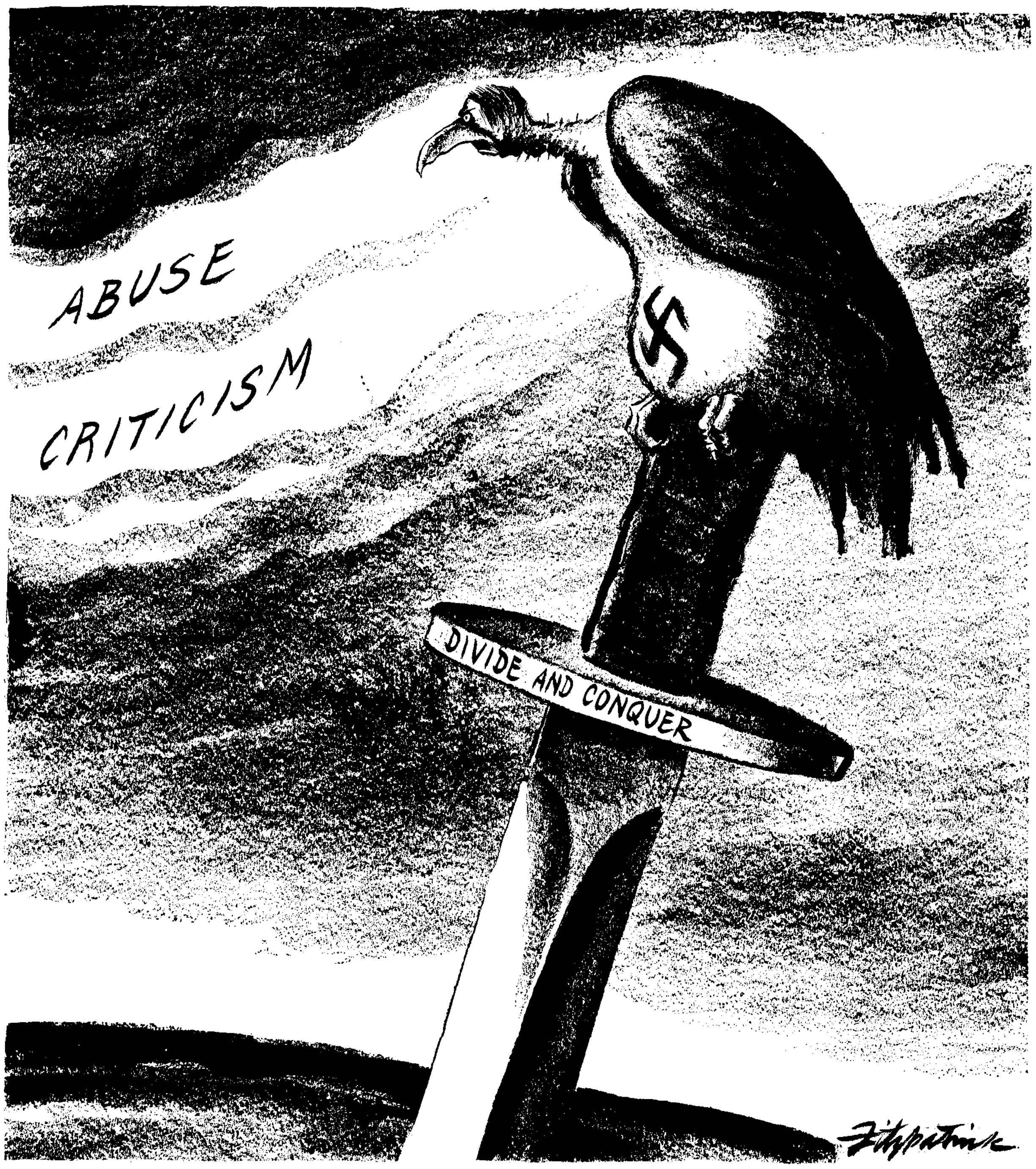

WHY TWIST THE LION'S TAIL? - WIN THE WAR

FOR the first time since we entered the war, Americans have felt free lately to shoot hard words at our British allies. It is doubtless a great pleasure to let go. A sort of moratorium on name-calling by us and the British was set up after Pearl Harbor. By common consent we agreed to fight the Japanese and the Germans, and to stop trading hard names with our allies.

People who kept on abusing the British after Pearl Harbor were denounced as America Firsters or isolationists. They were not popular.

But this winter we have discovered that we don't see eye to eye with the British, or with the Russians either for that matter, on a number of affairs. We denounced the British for abandoning the Poles to the Russians. We worked up a lather about the British interference in Greece and Italy, but what we were prepared to do as an alternative in any of these situations was none too clear.

Critics began to quote Churchill's remark that he did not become His Majesty's first minister in order to preside over the dissolution of the British Empire. Why that remark was so disturbing, it is hard to say. Mr. Stalin surely would have said no less for Russia. Certainly no American President would admit that he was going to abandon the Monroe Doctrine, much less preside over the dissolution of the Union.

But Mr. Churchill's crisp remark has proved useful to any American who wanted to raise a little hell with our British allies.

Maybe the time has come once more to speak politely to our comrades in arms. It is evident that we need the help of the British and Russians in our two wars against the Germans and the Japanese. The British and the Russians need us, too. Maybe we shall all three do better if we try to reach agreements where we now differ, rather than resort to abuse. The war is yet to be won.

Your Car After the War

RECENTLY the New York Times queried its readers, via a detailed questionnaire published several times, on how they would like their postwar automobiles to perform and to look.

The answers, we thought, were most interesting and significant.

What the great majority of the customers demanded, many of them in loud and picturesque language, was greater safety, and especially more visibility in both front and rear. Larger windows, slimmer windshield and doorposts, a better view over the engine hood—these were the majority specifications.

Most conspicuous by its absence was any concern about flashy appearance in postwar cars. The feeling evidently was that if good-looking cars happened to result after incorporation of all feasible safety features, that would be fine; but let's have more safety at a cost in looks.

All of which indicates a major change in U.S. m torists' ideas of what a car is for and what it should t Time was when many of us took a naïve pleasure having big, shiny, slick-looking cars that would ma the neighbors gnaw their fingernails with envy, and t bad about how much gas and oil one's car ate up, how risky it was to drive, or how cramped and u happy it made the passengers after a few miles.

Those days seem to be gone; presumably began get going right after the bombs showered down Pearl Harbor. It will be okay by us if they never con back.

Our successful auto makers always were able meet shifts in public taste, and we have no doubt th they'll be able to meet this one. We should think they be glad to try, too, and be rather relieved that most us have outgrown the state of mind of the lady in tl old story who had a glittering monster of a new c and said the only thing she didn't like about it w that she couldn't sit on her front porch and watch he self drive by in it.

U.S. Stockholders

IT SEEMS that Secretary of the Treasury Hen Morgenthau, Jr., is passing proud about the 7 000,000 U.S. War Bond holders and the 50,000,0 income-tax payers—rather preens himself on these iten now and then, as the head of a big business conce would take pride in his company's assets, prospec stock distribution, and so on.

Why not develop something from this Morgenth conception of the government as a business with 7 000,000 "stockholders" and 50,000,000 contributors its support?

The Canadian government has already begun act like a business concern toward its own citizens, stockholders. In the last week of 1944, the vario Canadian government departments rendered specif and detailed reports of their activities during the yea

The Minister of Agriculture analyzed total far income for 1944, told how many farm men and wom had gone into war work, and covered such importa matters as production and marketing. Munitions an Supply told how it had spent its money and what had got for it—314 ten-thousand-ton ships (for e ample), 3.640 tanks, 67,221 gun barrels, and so o Tax receipts and bond sales were reported in detail Mr. Morgenthau's Canadian opposite number, Finan Minister J. L. Ilsley.

Thus, any Canadian who cared to look over the reports got a picture of the state of his government of the end of 1944.

Why can't we have something like that, only bette You can get a well-rounded picture of how our ow government is doing each year, but you can't get easily. You have to be a good deal of a student newspapers, magazines, the Congressional Record, t annual reports of secretaries of the various depar ments, maybe a Washington newsletter or two, and on and so forth.

Couldn't we have one yearly volume, incorporati all pertinent facts and figures on what the governme had done in the preceding year? To be a success, would have to be put out by a staff of competent a nonpolitical editors; should carry plenty of illustratio and pictographs; and should sell at a low price.

How about the new Congress giving some thoug to this idea? After all, for better or for worse, gover ment affects more and more of us all the time in mo and more departments of our lives. We badly need reliable, understandable and complete periodic pictu of what government is doing for us and to us.

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Blended Whiskey
Golden Wedding

Today there's new enjoyment in the grand old name Golden Wedding,
a lighter, finer flavor to sip slowly...something to remember with pleasure.

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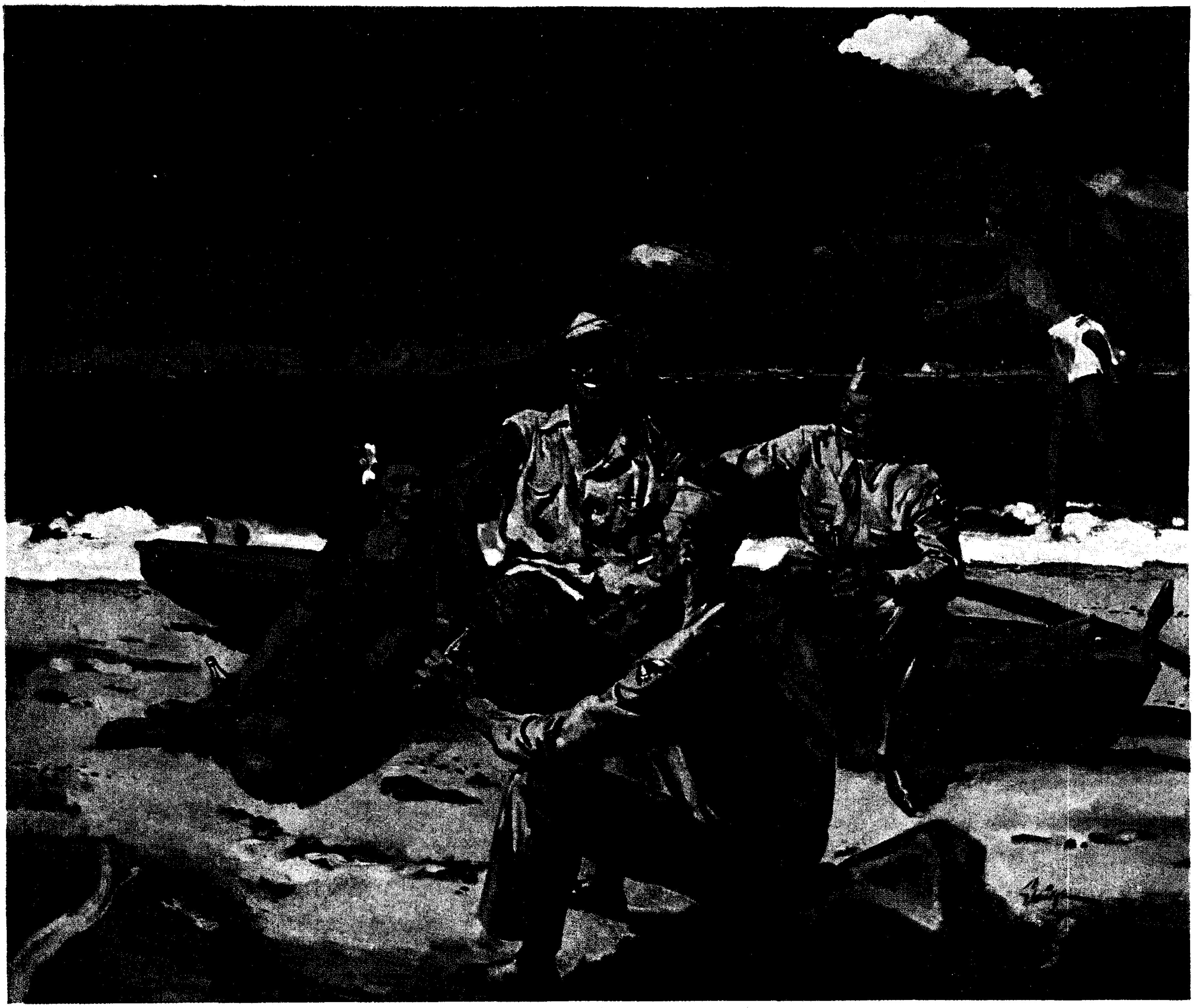
'Eia ke ola...Have a Coke

(HERE'S HEALTH)

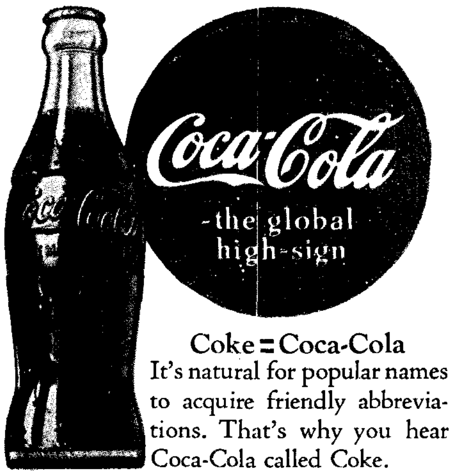


...or winning a welcome in Wailuku

Here's health is the happy expression of Hawaiian hospitality. Just as friendly is the *Have a Coke* of the Army flyer. In these three words he says *We're pals.* On a Hawaiian beach, where fishermen toss their nets in the sea...just as in your own home...Coca-Cola brings friendly refreshment to all comers. In Wailuku or Wichita, Coca-Cola stands for *the pause that refreshes,*—has become a symbol of a friendly way of living. Keep Coke on hand in your refrigerator—for your family and your guests.

* * *

Our fighting men meet up with Coca-Cola many places overseas, where it's bottled on the spot. Coca-Cola has been a globe-trotter "since way back when".



Coke = Coca-Cola

It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called Coke.

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